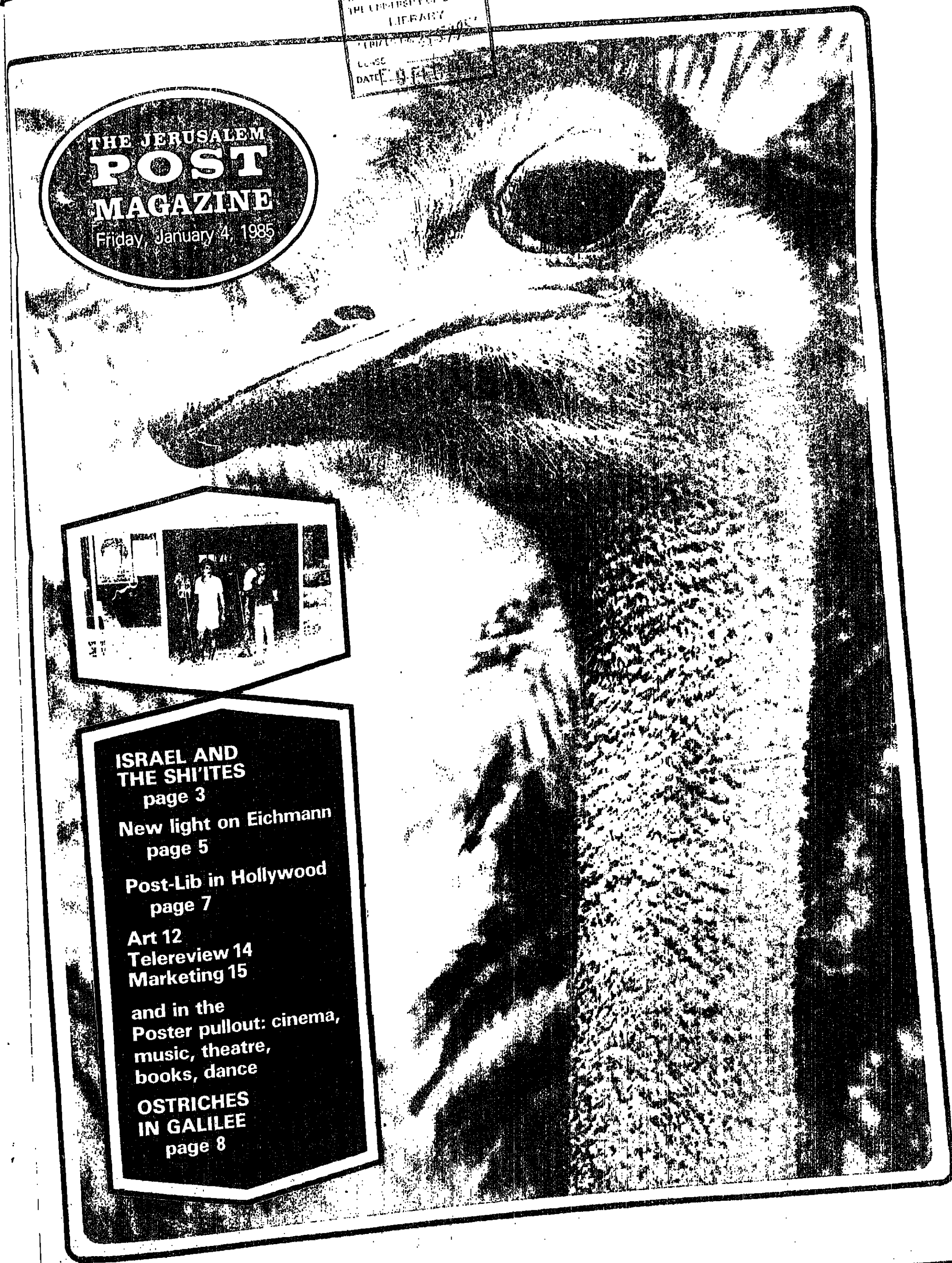


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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE
Friday, January 4, 1985



**ISRAEL AND
THE SH'ITES**
page 3
New light on Eichmann
page 5
Post-Lib in Hollywood
page 7
Art 12
Telereview 14
Marketing 15
and in the
Poster pullout: cinema,
music, theatre,
books, dance
OSTRICHES
IN GALILEE
page 8



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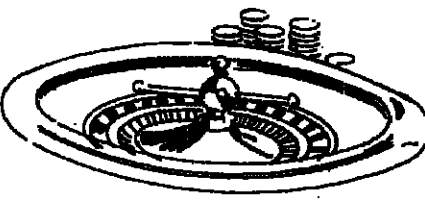
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TIMETABLE

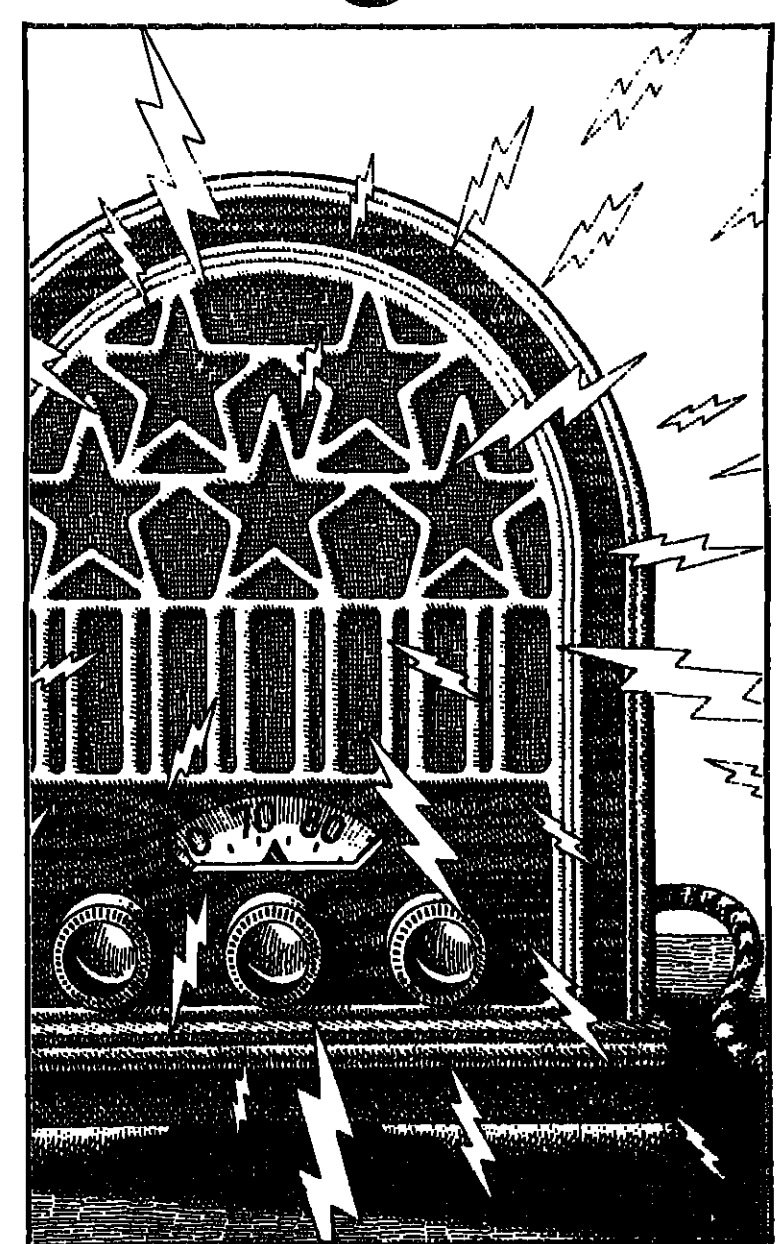
From Tel Aviv				
Day	Flight	Dep.	Arr.	
Monday	12008	01.00	09.30	
To Tel Aviv				
Day	Flight	Dep.	Arr.	
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Making waves



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

radio's central switchboard.

One listener misunderstood the programme's self-promotion slogan: "Invest a few hours in Channel B and save money." He reportedly called in to find out how he could invest in Kol Israel.

THE CHIEF editor of *Lo B'chol M'hir* is Kol Israel's Yosef Rubin. But the voices are those of co-editors Yoram Alper and Rami Yitzhar. It's a shame we can't see them as well, as both would look very good on the small screen.

On the other hand, radio permits an immediacy which is almost impossible with television. Many of their consumer news flashes are live, and reports of lower prices are phoned in from the field as soon as they are discovered. The communications coordinator is Ora Oved.

I was surprised to hear this called a "low budget" operation, despite the fact that the programme has two field workers in Jerusalem, two in Tel Aviv, and has just added teams in Haifa and Beersheba as well. There is even a central computer to process information, but this is financed and staffed by a private company called Lugo, which imports IBM equipment, and which will get publicity on the show in exchange.

Nor surprisingly, *Lo B'chol M'hir* gets hundreds of letters every week. It had to stop broadcasting its direct telephone number after the Communications Ministry warned Kol Israel that this was overloading lines to the entire neighbourhood and threatening a total breakdown. People can still phone in through the

which we have just attacked their prices as high, that's their problem, not ours," Yoram Alper told me, when I spent an hour at the studios in Tel Aviv last week.

THE MANAGERMENTS of the big supermarket chains do their best to play down the influence which *Lo B'chol M'hir* may have on the shopping public. Officials of both Super-Sol and Co-op have told me that "very few people will give up the convenience of their neighbourhood supermarket in order to save a few shekels by running across town to some obscure shop on a side street."

I'm not so convinced, especially when the savings can run into hundreds, if not thousands, of shekels.

When it comes to the crunch, the big chains are not as unworried as they try to appear. Recently, the programme gave publicity to the fact that a small private market called Kol-Bu-Mat in the Ramat Gan Oasis shopping centre began selling meat products at prices well below those at Super-Sol next door. Super-Sol retaliated by slashing their prices to 150 per kilo below those of Kol-Bu-Mat - but only at the Oasis branch. *Lo B'chol M'hir* refuses to publicize this retaliatory price cut on the grounds that the sole object is to try and force a small competitor out of business. "When Super-Sol cuts its prices throughout the chain, we will announce this," Alper told me. But according to one of its officials, Super-Sol has no such intention at present. It views the Ramat Gan price war as "a local problem, which we will deal with locally."

"If their ads happen to appear in the same part of a programme on

I WITNESSED another example. *Lo B'chol M'hir*'s influence last week. On the morning of my visit, there was a live interview with Eitan Arcus, an Argentinian immigrant who runs a service called *Hil'ham* for marking car parts, including identification numbers to deter thieves. It offers the service in specific locations in Tel Aviv and Ramat Gan for \$9,500. This is just a third of the package-deal price of a Tel-Aviv competitor, Identear, whose service, however, includes coming to the client's home and providing him with a kit to mark his household valuables.

The following day, Identear appeared on the programme with an offer just to mark a car on one special day at a price matching or undercutting *Hil'ham*'s. It put its offer into practice on Tuesday.

However, *The Jerusalem Post* apparently has some consumer clout of its own. Identear director Koppel is making a one-week special offer to readers of this column in the Dan region, from Netanya to Holon. For \$9,500, plus \$4,500 to cover travelling costs, Identear will send a mobile unit to the customer and mark a minimum of 20 parts on his car. This is just under half its full package-deal price. To order, phone 03-268094 or 03-254685.

Koppel continues to maintain that his firm's normal higher price is still a good deal. It involves marking between 20 and 25 points on the car, rather than the 14-16 offered by his competitor, and should one of its marked cars be stolen and not found within 72 hours, Identear will provide free car rental for a week. In addition, Koppel says the marking kit for household goods in the package deal is itself worth \$12,000.

Actually, the Israel Police will mark your car parts (though not the windows) and your household appliances, carpets and paintings free of charge, as a service of its community relations division, headed by Sgan Nitzav Avraham Hemmo. He told me there is a waiting list for the marking of household goods, as this is done by Civil Defence volunteers, but there is soon going to be a publicity campaign on the marking of car parts.

THE ISRAEL Consumer Council, which co-sponsored the original "consumer day" on the radio, continues to be a partner in the programme, but on a smaller scale. Each day, it provides *Lo B'chol M'hir* with a comparative survey of several food stores in a given community and its field workers check a "shopping basket" of 20 or more items at each store, rather than zeroing in on single items the way the radio's own staffers do. As a result, the Consumer Council shopping-basket figures show less dramatic differences from shop to shop.

The council believes this gives a more accurate price picture. "Consumers shouldn't run out and buy everything at a certain shop just because it is cheaper on a particular brand of shampoo," chairman Dov Barzilai told me.

The difference is mainly one of approach. Strictly speaking, the Consumer Council's moderate and balanced "shopping basket" method is probably more fair. But the Israeli consumer, long indifferent to the idea of comparing prices at all, may need to be shocked into action by the dramatic tactics of *Lo B'chol M'hir*. Its bold statements of price differentials for specific products are eye-openers indeed. Even if we cannot run across town to take advantage of every bargain we hear about, the repeated drumming gets its message across. There are vast differences in

DOV BARZILAI held a press conference last week to mark his return from the 11th world congress of the International Organization of Consumers Unions (IOCU) in Bangkok. His council was only one of three Israeli consumer organizations participating. The other two were the Histadrut's Consumer Protection Authority and the small independent Israel Consumers Association.

The Consumer Protection Authority was elected to serve on the governing council of the world organization, even though its chairman, Nuzhat Katzav, was too busy here at home to go to Thailand. But she had done a great deal of preparatory groundwork for the authority's election, feeling that it was unrealistic for Israel to continue to be represented on the governing council by the virtually budgetless Consumers Association, even though this was one of the earliest members of IOCU, which claims to represent five billion consumers.

The newly-elected world chairman of IOCU is Rhoda H. Karpotkin, director of the well-known Consumers Union of the United States.

Barzilai reports that there were no participants at the congress from Arab countries, although there were a number from non-Arab Moslem lands. The IOCU world congress met once in Israel, in the mid-'60s.

FROM HIS observations of reports from other countries, Barzilai concludes that "we in Israel can be proud" of what we are doing in the consumer field, not only in terms of organizational activity, but also our widespread radio coverage of consumer affairs. "When I spoke to others about consumerism in a state of inflation," he added, "they hardly understood what I was talking about."

On the other hand, Barzilai was surprised at some of the topics which occupy the attention of consumer organizations in other countries. Anti-smoking campaigns, drug use and alcoholism are a major concern of many of them.

Another thing that surprised him was that in Third World countries, the promotion of breast-feeding is a major consumer issue. This is because of their need to combat active sales campaigns by commercial companies for infant formulas, which can result in an increase in infant mortality in places where conditions of nutrition, hygiene and sanitation are low. Consumer groups there are fighting to convince women that their babies have the best chance for proper and safe nutrition with prolonged breastfeeding, and they encourage workplaces to make special arrangements for nursing mothers.

Actually, I was less surprised than Barzilai to hear that breast-feeding is a consumer concern in many countries. I once devoted an entire marketing column to this most non-commercial of enterprises, and years later continue to get frequent requests for the addresses of La Leche League and other groups in Israel which provide free counselling to mothers who want to nurse their babies.

Among the many resolutions passed at the IOCU congress was one calling on public authorities of all countries to phase out lead in petrol as soon as possible, in order to reduce air pollution. Japan has already done so, and the U.S. and E.E.C. countries have taken decisions on this path. Petrol in Israel is still the leaded type, but our authorities consider its elimination too costly an undertaking at present.

Martha Meisel

price. It pays to pay attention before

current account holders (not just those on salaries) can now overdraw up to 10% of their current account limit. (interest rate currently 10.3% per month.) Have you started banking at First International Bank? Details in All Branches

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THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL BANK
OF ISRAEL LTD.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, January 11, 1985



Homecoming, a painting by Jerusalem artist Yossi Stern, was inspired by the aliya of Ethiopian Jewry. The artist has donated 300 colour reproductions of the work to be sold in aid of the absorption of the new immigrants. Details in today's Jerusalem Post.

Ethiopian immigrants page 3

Eichmann's "confession" page 6

New Negev museum page 8

The Rambam at 850 page 10

Art 12, Telereview, Nature 14,

Marketing with Martha 15.

In the Poster pullout: cinema, theatre, dance, music, books, bridge, chess.

מקדאס אל-אחל



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8 nights - half-board only \$999!**

Includes:

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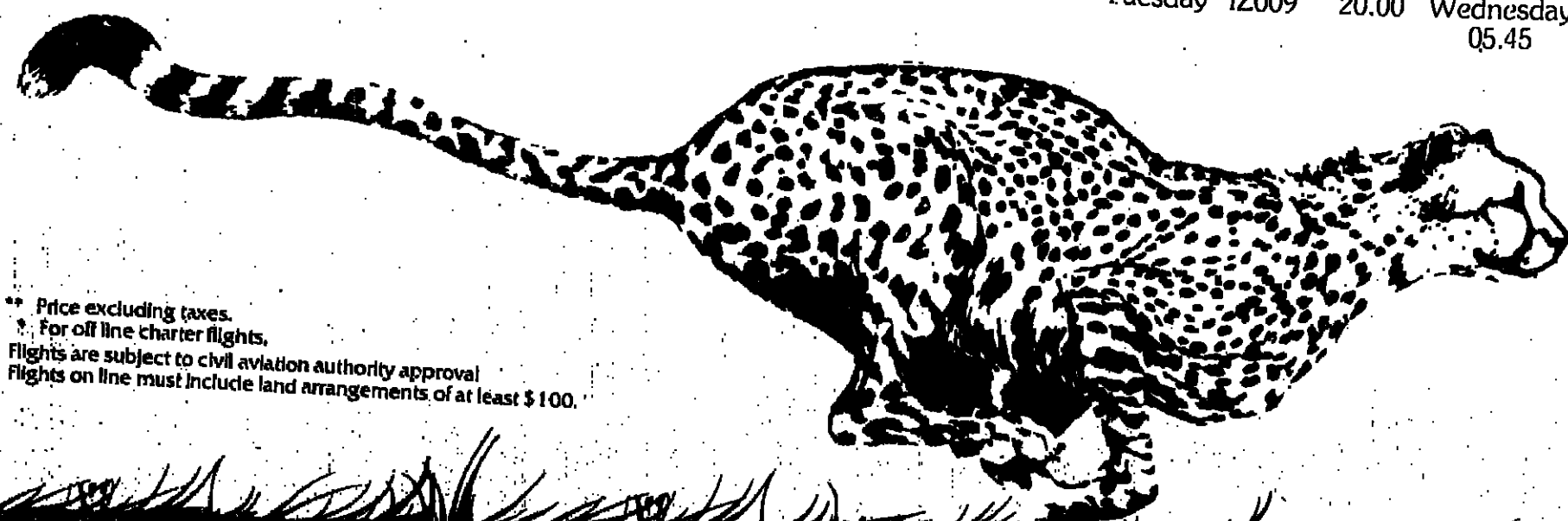
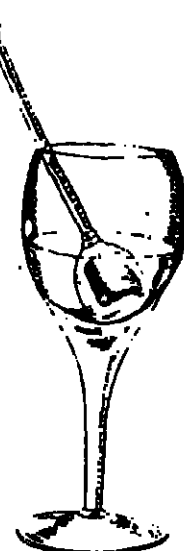
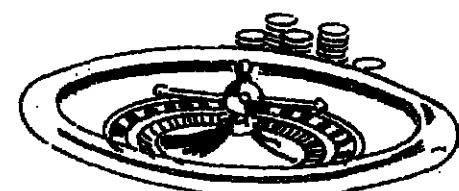
TIMETABLE

From Tel Aviv

Day	Flight	Dep.	Arr.
Monday	1Z008	01.00	09.30

To Tel Aviv

Day	Flight	Dep.	Arr.
Tuesday	1Z009	20.00	Wednesday 05.45



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** Price excluding taxes.
† For off line charter flights.
Flights are subject to civil aviation authority approval.
Flights on line must include land arrangements of at least \$100.

HIGH UP on the Carmel Mountain, just south of Haifa and overlooking the blue waters of the Mediterranean, lies the Yemin Orde Youth Village.

The centre, close to the artists' village of Ein Hod, surrounded by a natural forest, is a veritable haven of peace.

The tranquil atmosphere makes it hard for the visitor to imagine that there is anything wrong in the world, let alone that several thousand kilometres away in famine-stricken Ethiopia people are dying of malnutrition and disease.

But to many of the village's young boarders, themselves Ethiopian Jews, the tragedy is a painful reality that haunts them even in this lull of Eden.

Although the young Ethiopian immigrants comprise only a quarter of the 400 boys and girls in the village, their concern for the welfare of relatives and friends now stranded in Ethiopia is shared by all.

The bond that has developed between the different groups is so strong that when they heard that the airlift had been halted, the shock waves reverberated through the whole community.

Most of the youngsters had known about "Operation Moses" in advance, but had remained tight-lipped for fear of jeopardizing the rescue.

For those who had hoped the airlift would see them reunited with their families, the news of its stoppage because of the widespread publicity was a bitter pill.

Now, all they can do is pray for a miracle or a sudden shift in African politics.

Of the 100 Ethiopians at the youth village, 26 are still without their parents. To make matters worse, they have now lost all contact with their families.

Even the lucky ones whose parents got through are angry with the government for lifting the veil of secrecy that had shrouded the operation, with those who let the cat out of the bag, and with the media for publicizing the story.

THE DESPONDENCY of the children prompted the staff to set up a group called *Kvutza Tikva* (Group of Hope). As one of their first activities, the members have drawn up lists giving the names, last known addresses and a brief description of relatives to be passed on to the Jewish Agency.

Dr. Chaim Peri, director of Yemin Orde, also organized a debate on the publicity issue in order to allow the youngsters to let off steam. The discussion centred on the values of democracy and the price that sometimes has to be paid for preserving that privilege.

"We tried to show the children that freedom of speech, which is an integral part of democracy, is a valuable asset despite what it had cost them," he said.

A similar discussion was held about a recent television report in which some Israeli children described the Ethiopian Jews as "filthy people."

"We didn't want our kids to suddenly start feeling inferior because of a silly remark so we blindfolded a group and asked them to guess each other's country of origin simply by smell. Obviously they were unable to do so," said Dr. Peri. "At first the children regarded the exercise as a joke but afterwards when we debated the subject, they understood the message."

ANOTHER EXAMPLE of the unconventional methods employed by the staff to convey concepts and philosophical ideas was something



HOME COMING

Text by DAVID RUDGE. Photographs by ISRAEL TALBY

they devised last April.

For several weeks, the staff allowed a lamb to roam around loose. The animal was soon "adopted" by several of the children, who gave it food and took it for walks.

Then Dr. Peri suggested that the lamb be offered as a sacrifice, in line with the Ethiopian Jewish custom marking the first day of the month of Nissan, but only if that were the wish of the majority of the community. He proposed that the matter be put

to the vote.

The youngsters were encouraged to set up quasi-political parties, for and against the slaughter. The campaigning was spirited and vociferous.

The Ethiopians were divided on

(Below) Yemin Orde computer lesson. Other photographs from Safad, or Arkia immigrant absorption centres.



the issue, but the majority of the other children, drawn from 16 different countries, voted to spare the lamb.

The object of the exercise, said Dr. Peri, was both to test the attitude of the youngsters after they had been exposed to western influences, and to demonstrate the importance of the democratic process in which all votes count. As for the lamb, it was transferred to the village zoo, where it has lived in blissful ignorance ever since.

THE UNUSUAL teaching methods combined with conventional schooling seem to have paid dividends. Twelve graduates of the youth village are now serving in the Israel Defence Forces, some in elite units. Another is confidently expected to be accepted at the Technion, while some of the younger students are assisting their less capable contemporaries in certain subjects, including mathematics.

The achievements can only be fully appreciated when they are viewed against the background of the Ethiopian immigrants - many of whom had never seen the inside of a classroom, or even held a pencil in their hands, before they came to Israel.

Dr. Peri said the aim was not merely to educate the youngsters and acquaint them with the myriad facets of Israeli society, but also to raise the level of their aspirations.

"Most of the parents are stuck in the lower echelons of Israeli society. We try to show the youngsters the brighter side by taking them to the Haifa Theatre and letting them mingle with members of local kibbutzim."

"We also encourage them to visit the homes of underprivileged Israeli children and help them with their homework. This transforms the self-image of the immigrants, because they see themselves, and are viewed by others, as contributors to society and not recipients."

"If people see an Ethiopian immigrant in one of the elite units like the parachute regiment it reflects credit not just on him, but on the whole community. It conveys the clear message that they can be as good as anybody else, and that's exactly what we aim to achieve."

THE YOUTH village, named in honour of Orde Wingate and sponsored by the Youth Aliya Committee of Great Britain and Eire, is run on Orthodox religious lines. But here too there is not even the slightest hint of discrimination against the young Ethiopian immigrants.

Staff at the village, led by Dr. Peri, have consistently resisted attempts to carry out symbolic conversions or press the children to undergo ritual immersion in the mikve.

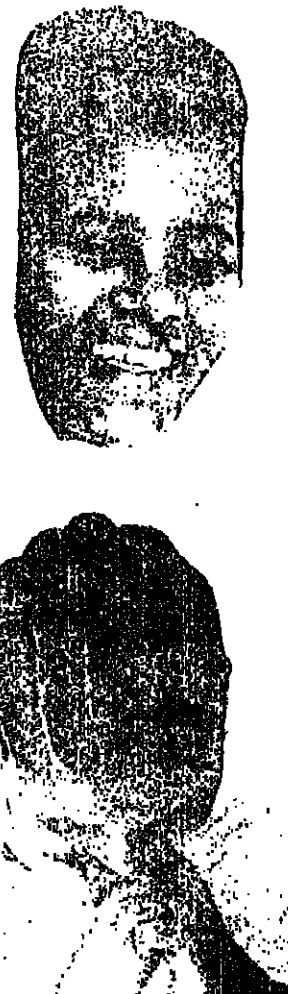
"Every child who comes here from Ethiopia is considered to be Jewish," he said, "and they are treated the same as every other youngster. We make sure that the Ethiopians participate in every religious ritual, from morning service to Shabbat observance, while introducing them to the halachic code."

At the same time, the children are encouraged to retain their own traditions, especially in music, while being given a free hand in arts and crafts.

"Some of their craft work, especially pottery, is truly remarkable because it closely resembles artifacts uncovered by archaeologists here dating back to the First Temple period. Yet the children have never seen any of the artifacts. Their designs are intuitive."

Since it was founded in 1953, (Continued on page 4)

מקדו מן הארץ



HOMEcoming

(Continued from page 3)

Yemin Orde has been home for thousands of children from the Diaspora and disadvantaged Israeli youngsters.

The village has a vocational high school, workshops and laboratories covering a wide range of subjects, from an introduction to computer sciences and industrial electronics to domestic science and humanities. It also has a swimming pool, the Kennedy Leigh Cultural Centre and a recently completed sports hall.

THE INFUX of Ethiopian immigrants started four years ago, and has been steadily increasing ever since. Ironically, it was not possible to publish details of the project because of the shroud of secrecy, the sudden lifting of which has angered and

upset so many of the children.

Last year, the village started a new scheme: day courses for younger Ethiopian children from the nearby Atlit absorption centre. The majority of these children have had no previous schooling and even have to be taught what knives and forks are for. Yet within a few weeks they are introduced to computers and after only a few lessons are capable of writing simple programmes.

"It is truly amazing what the children are capable of accomplishing," said Dr. Peri. "They are very highly motivated, and the older students often stay up studying until two or three in the morning, until we are forced to turn their lights out and make them go to sleep."

THE CHILDREN themselves, like 17-year-old Ya'acov Daitc, who last August addressed the annual Hadasah convention in San Francisco, are modest about their achievements.

Ya'acov, from the Gondar region, was reticent about his flight from Ethiopia for fear it might jeopardize the prospects of those still there. He was more than happy, though, to talk about conditions in and around his hometown and the differences he found when he arrived in Israel three years ago.

"MANY of the Ethiopian Jews live in villages far away from big towns or cities. The conditions there are very difficult. There is no running water or electricity, or any of the things that are taken for granted here," he said.

"Nearly everybody works the land, but Jews are not allowed to own any land, so they have to rent it, often at high prices. The life there is very hard. There aren't any schools and most of the teaching is done by the local rabbi, who is one of the few people of our community with the freedom to move around."

Ya'acov describes himself as one of the more fortunate people, because he lived near a town and was able to go to school. There he became acquainted with various electrical appliances and machines, which many of his contemporaries in the remote villages had never seen.

Nevertheless, Israel still held plenty of surprises for him - not least, the discovery of secular Jews.

"Where we come from everybody is religious, and to drive on Shabbat is unthinkable. When we saw people here doing things like that we were very disillusioned."

Ya'acov agreed that at first there were problems about integrating into Israeli society.

"We didn't know how to behave towards the other children nor they to us, and sometimes there were fights. Slowly we learned how to cope with each other, and now everything is fine. I have many Israeli friends."

The teenager considers himself doubly lucky because he was blessed by Sephardi Chief Rabbi Mordechai Elyahu when the rabbi visited Yemin Orde a month ago. Two weeks later, Ya'acov received news from his sister in Ashdod that their parents had arrived in Israel, together with other members of the family.

BUT IT was bittersweet to be reunited with his loved ones only to learn almost immediately that the air-lift had been grounded, leaving thousands more Ethiopian Jews stranded.

"I was very happy to be with my parents again, but at the same time I am concerned for all those left behind and about what might happen to them. They will not only have to contend with the famine. I am also worried about what their Christian neighbours might do to them now that so many of the Jews have left." □



ON MAY 23, 1960, Adolf Eichmann was abducted from Argentina and brought to Israel to stand trial for "crimes against the Jewish people." The German government being reluctant to take charge of the defence, a Cologne lawyer, Robert Servatius, was retained by the Israeli authorities for a fee of \$30,000. Dr. Servatius, a somewhat ponderous but solid advocate had appeared for three of the defendants at the Nuremberg trials. Two were hanged; the third had his death sentence commuted to nine years' imprisonment.

Eichmann's trial opened in April 1961 and ended eight months later with a sentence of death. His appeal failed, and on May 5, 1962, he was hanged.

During his two years in captivity Eichmann, understandably suffering from insomnia, wrote a great number of dissertations and position papers, partly to organize his thoughts and instruct his lawyer but possibly also with an eye to posterity. Throughout his trial he wrote a stream of notes to his counsel — explanations, suggestions, warnings and elucidations from which it is clear that he supervised, if not conducted, his own defence.

These documents were part of the confidential relationship between lawyer and client, and as such sacrosanct. I said were, for after many years of negotiation, the files were acquired from the deceased Servatius' heirs and are now open to public scrutiny in the German Federal Archives, which have provisionally indexed the vast documentation.

Apart from the legal briefs and trial proceedings, there is a great deal of material in Eichmann's handwriting as well as 27 box-files of letters addressed to him and his counsel by legal back-seat drivers and both well-and ill-wishers. This material, totalling some 300 files and occupying six metres of shelf-space would take years to collate and digest. At first sight there seems little evidence about Eichmann's actions, character or tactics to contradict the present evaluation. The opinions he expressed in the Less Interrogation (see *The Jerusalem Post*, Jan. 4) and in the papers he wrote in captivity might profitably be compared with what he told Wilhelm Sassen, who interviewed him two years before his abduction to Israel, or juxtaposed with the remark to his friend and subordinate *Hauptsturmführer* Dieter Wisliceny that "the feeling of having killed five million Jews gave me so much satisfaction that I would laughingly jump into my grave."

I MAKE no claim to have researched or even read all the Servatius files, but I hope the arbitrary selection below will draw the attention of specialist students and historians to this new source material.

In the file labelled "Rebuttal of Documents & Statements," Eichmann refutes 16 points which were never part of the charges against him.

"I never personally killed anyone. I never gave the order to kill anyone. None of my subordinates killed anyone, or received my orders to do so. I had nothing to do with the gas business or with prussic acid. I never made propaganda or addressed meetings. [He never even addressed the Wannsee conference; all he did was convene it.] I never took part in medical experiments or sterilizations. I never hit anyone or committed brutalities..."

"The rest is the familiar small-cog-in-the-wheel play, ending with... On the contrary, I facilitated the emigration of many Jews."

He fails to address himself to the



Robert Servatius

The Servatius files

Wim Van Leer

accusations. So much for the confessions of a chairborne, self-appointed exterminator.

In an essay entitled "Versailles," Eichmann lets fly with the old Nazi ploy and his personal obsession, a subject on which he waxes almost lyrical. This dissertation is couched in the stock phraseology of his formative years and the planks of the party platform.

"Versailles was the cause of what was to follow. The bungling of the Weimar system (the Nazi code-word for corruption and cabal intrigue), and the economic competition of the European victors of World War I resulted in the universal misery of the German people which culminated in a figure of seven million unemployed."

He sees the Nazi party as "the liberator from the Marxist-Leninist doctrine enslaving the world... the Party, in its search for spiritual values and ideologies, is able to satisfy human longings and nourishing values." The solution? To ferret out and expose the culprits. Versailles was the root of all evil.

"But how could one sustain the attention of the masses who were to carry the banner of victory when one is defenceless? Now a catalyst was required, a tried and historically proven scapegoat, a ploy rarely unsuccessful, seldom known to fail. THE JEW."

Here Eichmann is right. The present-day German left-wing "re-

volutionaries," the Greens, are treading the same path as their right-wing mentors, the NSDAP of yore. Their promotion of anti-Semitic propaganda in the new package of anti-Israel disinformation shows that they are learning the business.

EARLY IN JUNE '61, no doubt at the request of Dr. Servatius, Eichmann addressed himself to a number of questions. What they were we can only guess at. One answer is embodied in a six-page essay, probably on the origins and purpose of anti-Semitism entitled "The Jew." Here we find a different Eichmann from the cock sure ex-*Obersturmbannführer* safe in Argentina, who had told Sassen, the ex-SS Dutch journalist who interviewed him there. "We were implementing a task for our people, our blood and the freedom of nations, in stamping out the most cunning spirit among mankind, the Jew."

It is worthwhile quoting from this essay at length. To get the full flavour, I have made no attempt to rectify Eichmann's, convoluted reasoning and his strained verbosity.

"It was very simple really, tried a thousand times over more than a thousand years. All you had to do was to stimulate egoism. And isn't Nationalism egoism in its purest form? And what a wonderful word JEW, to act as a catalyst. Understandable by any idiot, tried and tested, seldom without success. The

Jew without a nation, without a country, without a protecting government. That the Jew was no more guilty than everyone else they forgot to mention.

"You don't delve into history — that is a rather boring exercise for the masses. Everyone remembered the anti-Semitic fulminations of Schönerer and Läger. Of course they were dead right. Hadn't they foreseen it all? Now they saw their Austrian monarchy destroyed. And who was to blame? The Jew, of course."

"And weren't those Marxist-Leninists in Moscow Jews? And the implementation, of the Treaty of Versailles? The work of Jews. The dissemination of boring party doctrines — you couldn't accuse the National Socialists of that. At last things were moving!"

"The NSDAP became the leading party, its leader premier, and through the 'enabling laws' and the death of President Hindenburg shortly thereafter and with the aid of German industrial and commercial interests anxious to save their skins, to whom National Socialism seemed more acceptable than Communism, the party became the absolute ruler in Germany..."

"Communism and the Jews." What a beautiful slogan! Killing two birds with one stone. Thus one reaches the heart of the soldier-politicians. Thus the process comes full circle.

(Rubinger)

Eichmann — suffering from insomnia — wrote a great deal during his two years in captivity.

Es ist auch nicht richtig, daß ich mich niemals von menschlichen Gefühlen habe beeinflussen lassen. Ich habe gerade unter dem Eindruck des erbitterten inneren Gewissens offen meine Verurteilung gebeten. Ebenso habe ich bei meinen politischen Verurteilungen aus inneren Gründen die Unbekannten offen gesagt, um die Schuld anzuerkennen, die Welt als unbeschreibbar festzustellen. Ich erblicke mich nicht als einen großen geistigen Mann, sondern als einen kleinen Menschen, der die Welt als ein großes Ganzes betrachtet. Ich habe mich nie als einen großen geistigen Mann betrachtet, sondern als einen kleinen Menschen, der die Welt als ein großes Ganzes betrachtet.

"Now the time was ripe. They all remembered [the Jewish question], Hitler, the von Ribbentrops, the Streichers, the gaudieries. To obstruct [the Jews] and eliminate them from all facets of life by separation and restriction. Some Jews wanted to emigrate but only the penniless ones, while the others, even those Jews willing to leave their homeland, were hampered by all manner of bureaucratic obstruction. There followed the confiscation of property and the withdrawal of nationality. Those able to emigrate in time had won the jackpot; territorial solutions of the Jewish question [e.g. Madagascar] already went awry in the planning stage..."

"The euphoria of early victories in a war forced on Germany in 1939 led to arrogant pretensions of invincibility, as a result of which the rulers of the states became light-headed and unrestrained. Thus National-Socialism became national radicalism, with all its after-effects."

"Nationalism is not only the root of the most recent disasters (as it was of Versailles), but is also a misfortune in the life of nations. Nationalism as the recognized structure of international relations between peoples has therefore had its day."

"This is my answer to your question."

"Signed: A.E., May 16, 1961."

BROWSING THROUGH the files one comes upon frank treasures, misplaced and out of context, such as an instruction from Gestapo HQ cancelling an order dated February 2, 1935, prohibiting Martin Buber from addressing public meetings anywhere in Germany. This, explained the instruction, was because Dr. Buber, an ardent Zionist, was promoting the emigration of young Jews from Germany, and was therefore a valuable asset to the regime.

Then there is an evaluation by the Gestapo of the violently anti-Semitic film *Der ewige Jude* ("The Eternal Jew"). Inquiries in some 12 towns had revealed that audiences were much impressed by "the comparison of Jews with sewer rats." Yet public reaction left much to be desired and the cinemas were sparsely attended, many people leaving before the end. Some had stated that they had "had enough of that Jewish crap (Dreck)." During the slaughter-house sequence "women and young men had fainted."

Some found that coming after the film *Jud Süß* (an exercise in historical anti-Semitism), this crude offering was counter-productive, sometimes arousing pity for the Jews. The Gestapo advised the Propaganda Ministry not to concoct such crude artifacts in future. (The film was subsequently withdrawn.)

Two weeks before his execution, Eichmann wrote a farewell letter to Dr. Servatius, thanking him for his efforts and expressing the certainty the final appeal could only result in acquittal.

"Any other verdict would be a blatant miscarriage of justice and proof that Israeli interests had outweighed all other considerations."

He was sure that hundreds of millions of people all over the world were convinced of his innocence and that "the day will dawn when I will be absolved of all guilt."

"Hundreds of millions" is something of an exaggeration, but the Servatius Files contain some 5,000 letters addressed to Eichmann or his counsel from all corners of the globe in many languages. They constitute fascinating material for students of sociology in general and anti-Semitism in particular. I picked out eight of the 27 files at random and selected some revealing documents.

The majority are anti-Semitic, a

fair proportion emanating from the United States and England. A name that stands out among the latter is that of the notorious Colin Jordan, the national organizer of the British National Party who, writing on the official notepaper of the movement, says he is willing to testify that the Jews have no right to try Eichmann because of the Britons and Arabs they murdered during World War II. "A war which the Jews provoked."

There is a sprinkling of vituperative letters from camp-survivors. Some see the hand of God in the Holocaust, as retribution for the "murder of Jesus." Others perceive the Holocaust as God's way of bringing the Israelites back to the Promised Land in fulfilment of His promise. The sentiments are all scripturally supported.

Both types see Eichmann as a powerless instrument in the hands of the Lord.

A surprising number of lawyers suggest legal loopholes. A few upbraid Dr. Servatius for defending his client.

Dr. Elbers of Hamburg suggests that he did it for the money. "No blessings will accrue. You were very stupid Dr. Servatius. May the devil fetch you soon."

An anonymous Nazi victim puts it more succinctly: "You old swine, you brazen defender of war criminals and SS bandits. You will be dealt with, mark my words — very soon now."

Thirteen members of The Canadian Club of New York write from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel: "Adolf Eichmann will be sentenced, but even his death will not eliminate the bestial streak peculiar to his nature. Under the circumstances it will be necessary that all those harbouring his dark heritage shall cease to be."

"On every anniversary of his hanging one of his children will die in a manner to be decreed by us, till the earth is cleansed of his traces. None shall survive. The Thirteen."

But the most fascinating letters come from the lunatic fringe on both sides of the legal fence. If not Eichmann, then surely these characters must make one despair for the future of mankind.

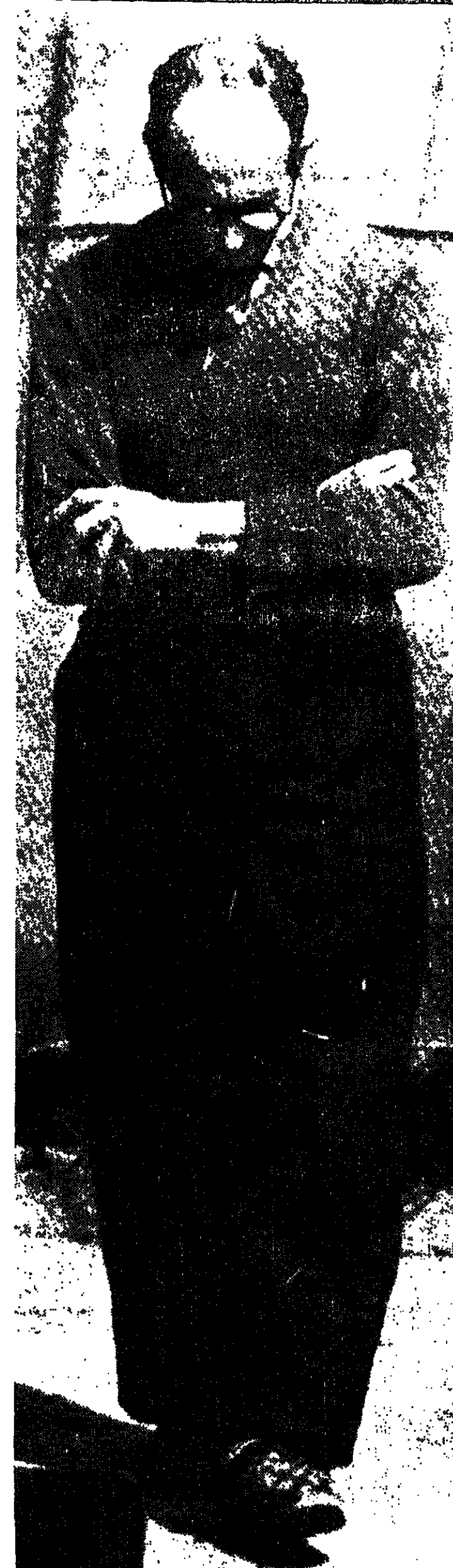
Prof. Leo Göttinger of Grassau points out that every seven years all the cells in the body are replaced, and the Eichmann now before the court is therefore not the same person as the war-criminal "hence the seven-year Statute of Limitations."

One well-wisher, not having received a reply to a previous letter has decided to communicate "via his spirit." He has now hooked into Dr. Servatius' lymph-circulation and since his soul is an element and therefore momentarily vegetating etc., etc.

Johann Ewald of Sierkrade in the Rhineland worked for a Jewish firm of brandy distillers. One day he had caught his boss, Hugo Hirsch ("a fair employer") urinating into the washbasin. When he confronted Mr. H. the latter stated that, he being the proprietor, the washbasin was his to do with as he saw fit. "Thus an otherwise respectable Jew gave proof that the Jewish persecution was justified." He would be willing to testify to this effect if Dr. S. sent him a ticket.

An unsigned letter from London dated April 10, 1961, reads:

"I was once one of Hitler's mistresses, but that is an old story and I have lived happily in London for many years." The writer goes on to explain that Hitler's anti-Semitism stemmed from his disgust at the method of ritual slaughter practised by Jews: He saw it as "a bestial blood sacrifice to the Deity." She ends by stating that "Eichmann, after all, was under



Eichmann in his exercise yard, which was draped with sackcloth to keep him from being seen, for security reasons.

orders which, however unpardonable their cruelty, were the 'natural' result of Jewish hate of the non-Jewish races."

Dr. F. Gross of Nuremberg suggests that rumours that Eichmann is a Jew should be investigated.

Charlie Heine, of Pottsville Penn., writes in German and objects to Eichmann's dying on holy soil. He suggests that he be treated like a pig: "First comes immersion in boiling water for easy removal of the bristles. He must then be slit open, slowly, starting at the lower end, as he used to do with his victims. Then he should be turned into soap."

The "International Pro-Christian and Anti-Satanic Society" of Geneva proffers the following information about Hitler:

He lived in a hotel of homosexuals in Berlin (Liniensstrasse 111). He got his ideas from Baron Ungern, who used to stoke his locomotives with the bodies of Communists and Jews instead of coal. He sent Rabbi Meier Hildesheimer to the American Warburgs to *schmor* money for the Party. The rabbi was successful.

An anonymous American lawyer writes: "I am no friend of Eichmann, but if Hitler had not initiated the persecution of the Jews there would have been persecution of the Christians."

Two files in the Servatius archive are bound to attract the researcher's attention. They are Nos. 237 and 248. The former lists the letters written to Eichmann's family the night before his execution; the latter is stated to contain an "admission of sin and guilt." Both are listed as "blocked" (*geperrt*), and inevitably arouse one's curiosity.

Could it be that in the shadow of the gallows, Eichmann repented, made a clean breast of it, went to his Maker at peace with himself? After all, he came from a strict evangelical background.

I explained to Dr. Henke, the archivist, that file 248 is of extreme importance for me since it apparently contains indisputable evidence of Eichmann's admission of guilt. Dr. Henke promises to study the file and pass on any relevant information that I, sensing a scoop, agree to his doing.

It turns out that there is indeed such a document, handwritten in English by a William Hull, with a copy of a typewritten German translation of same, prepared for signature, but unsigned. Dr. Henke suggests that Eichmann must have signed the original and not the copy. The whereabouts of the original is unknown.

I now recall that the Reverend Hull, living in Jerusalem at the time, offered his services as spiritual adviser to Eichmann some five months before the execution. Initially, Eichmann rejected the idea but, guided by Dr. Servatius, consented.

Dr. Henke agrees to my making photocopies of the "confession" but demands a written undertaking that I will only quote from it with the permission of Reverend Hull, if he is still alive. Subsequent library research reveals that Hull published a book on his turbulent relationship with the condemned man, *Struggle for a Soul* is its apt title. Knowing that he cannot save Eichmann's life he sets out to save his soul.

Eichmann might accept the priest, but not his absolution. Writes Hull in the foreword: "Adolf Eichmann's almost public rejection of Jesus Christ completely dissociated him and his evil deeds from Christianity. Christianity can be held responsible for producing an Eichmann; not for doing what he did."

A debatable point of view. On the first visit Hull brought

Eichmann a Bible, but he refused to read it.

"I will not read the Old Testament; it is nothing but Jewish stories and fables. I refuse to read them."

Altogether, Hull had 14 encounters with his subject, during which he tried to make Eichmann see the error of his ways and find salvation and absolution in Jesus. But Eichmann was not buying. From their metaphysical discussions it is clear that Eichmann had the superior intellect. Hull's genteel fundamentalism was no match for Eichmann's self-serving "logic." Nine days before the execution, Hull prepared a two-page confession for Eichmann's approval and signature. It contains a preamble of general contrition, followed by a confession that he not only carried out the instructions of his superiors, but also arranged transport to the death camps; made no real effort to divest himself of his duties; was a party member from 1932 till the end, and thus shared the responsibility for the party's aims and acts; and "performed my duties in a manner which gave little chance for



the survival of any Jew who came under my jurisdiction."

There followed a number of religious affirmations. Eichmann, outraged, refused to sign the confession and stated that he did not believe that Jesus was the son of God. The well-meaning but naive ecclesiastic offered to remove the metaphysical part of the "confession." Eichmann promised to talk it over with his lawyer. Dr. Servatius recommended that he sign it. But Eichmann never did.

At the moment of truth the two men stand face to face at the foot of the gallows.

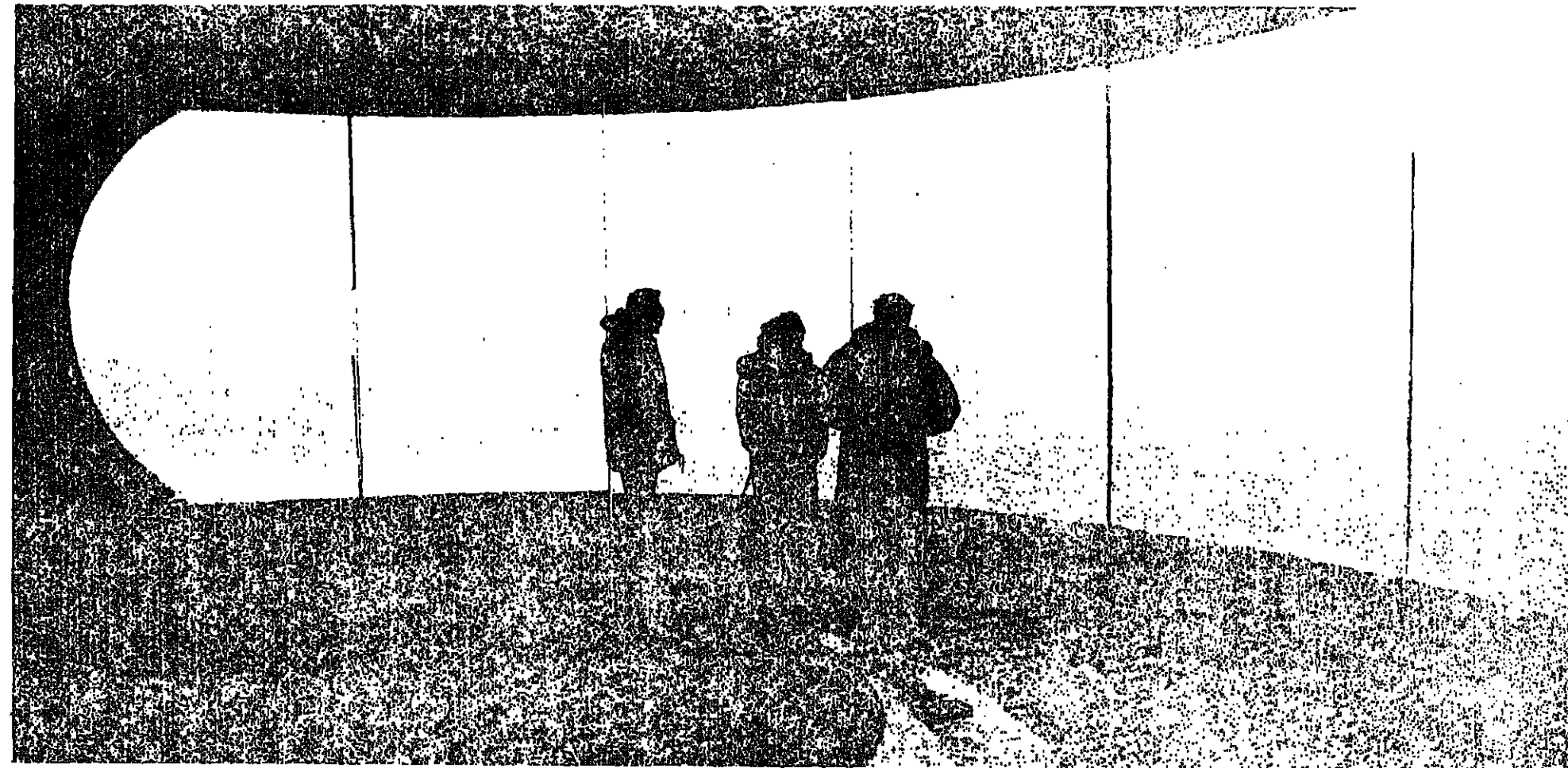
"I said to him 'Jesus, Jesus, Lord Jesus, my Saviour.' He looked at me but gave no recognition or awareness of what I said. Eichmann replied (in German) 'Long live Germany! Long live Argentina! Long live Austria!'"

I WROTE TO Dr. Henke that the Servatius File No. 248 can now safely be declassified. As for a scoop, well... (Second of three articles.)

Wim Van Leer 1985

Handwritten text in Arabic script, likely a signature or note, located at the bottom right of the page.

Museum in the desert



Looking out over the Ramon crater from the inside of the new visitors' centre, which was officially opened this week near Mitzpe Ramon.

(Photos by Karen Ben-Zion)

A DRIVING rainstorm might not be the best time to see the desert, but it certainly is unusual.

Of course I did not choose to go on a day when rain and high winds were sweeping the country, but that's the way it turned out. As we sat in the bus station in Beersheba, warming up with a cup of hot coffee and waiting for Nature Reserves Authority spokesman Yael Shoham and Yossi Shelef, head of the new National Geological Park at Michtesh Ramon, the photographer and I had some misgivings.

It was not a day to go tramping through nature and taking magnifi-

cent photographs. Our one consolation was that there was little chance now of the predicted sand storms.

In a country where nature reserves tend to be pocket size, the Ramon Park is the largest, though it is only a relatively small area of the Negev, salvaged from the massive takeover by the Israel Defence Forces following the evacuation of Sinai. As we turned off the Beersheba-Mitzpe Ramon highway on the road to Mitzpe Ramon, the photographer and I noted the signs indicating IDF firing ranges on both sides of the highway. In fact, such areas are often open week-ends and holidays,

cent photographs. Our one consolation was that there was little chance now of the predicted sand storms.

Haim Shapiro

but would-be hikers must coordinate their programme with the IDF.

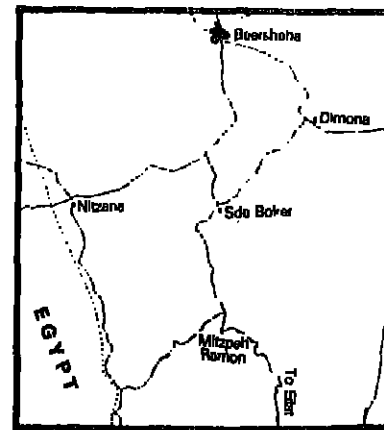
THE ROAD to Nitzana passed through low sand dunes which, Shelef told us, originate in the regions of the Upper Nile. The sand is carried down by the river, he explained, and then washed eastward by the Mediterranean current. From there, the wind brings it into Sinai and the Negev.

On the road, we passed a small but

handsome structure, once a railway station on the old unfinished Turkish Hejaz line. Nearby are the remains of the Byzantine-Nabatean outpost of Shivta.

Evidence of a more modern outpost came in the form of a service station and pizzeria at a bleak junction. The first is open till 7.30 p.m., and the latter till 2 in the morning, though the gas station closes at 2 p.m. on Friday and the pizzeria is closed all day Friday and Saturday. It is mostly visited by soldiers.

At the Nitzana border station, a lone Israeli soldier stood guard. The Israeli flag flapped in the wind, and,



Shaded part of map shows area of crater.



PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ALL THE GAIJIAN - El-Hakawati Theatre production about Palestinian identity. (Arabic, English translation available). (El-Hakawati, Salameh-din/Nablus, tonight, tomorrow at 4 p.m., Sunday at 7 p.m.)

GHEITTO - Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vilna Ghetto. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN - By Dalton Trumbo. About a 20-year-old U.S. soldier who returns home wounded during W.W.I. (Gerard Behar, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

"TEHILA" - By Shai Agnon. Khan Theatre production. A combination of variegated Jerusalem characters. (Khan Theatre, tomorrow, Sunday, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

AKEIDA - Neve Zedek production. Two bearded fathers talk. (Neve Zedek, tomorrow, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI - The SHORES OF SWITZERLAND - Beit Leissin production. A satire on Israeli society. (Nahmani, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE CHINESE KNIFE GRINDER - Yuval Theatre production. Tel Aviv, 1942, on the shadow of W.W.II. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 9.30 and 11.30 p.m., Monday at 9 p.m.)

CLOSED CIRCLE - By Y. Mundi. Mutual family dependence. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tomorrow at 8.45 p.m.)

THE DANCE OF GENGHIS COHEN - Beit Leissin production. A Jew and a Nazi veteran in Germany in the Fifties. (Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

DANCE SCHOOL - By Nathan Zach. Cameri production. About various life experiences one goes through. (Tzavta, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

EVERYTHING IS FINE, COMPLETELY - Neve Zedek production. Excerpts from Israeli plays. (Neve Zedek, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.; Tzavta, Thursday at 21 p.m.)

THE FALL - By Albert Camus. Hasimiah production. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tonight at 11.15 p.m.)

FLOWERS - By Lindsay Kemp. Theatre without words. (Cameri, tomorrow at 6 and 9 p.m., Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE INTELLECTUAL, THE WHORE AND THE CLOWN - Mini musical. Hasimiah production. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tonight at 10 p.m.)

NETTA PLOTZKY - "Life among Forms," theatre in movement. (Pargod, tomorrow, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

TEL AVIV AREA
INBAL DANCE THEATRE - Day of Dance. (Neve Zedek, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Halifa

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI - See T.A. (Haifa Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

"BUTCHIA" - Haifa Municipal Theatre production. A Jewish student renounces religion. (Wadi Salib, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

LIES - Cameri production. About the friendship between two families. (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow through Monday, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

WAITING FOR GODOT - See T.A. (Wadi Salib, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Others
KREUTZER SONATA - See T.A. (Acre, Mofet, tonight at 10 p.m.)

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ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

ALLEGRO - Musical quiz and entertainment. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD - Colour documentary film recounting the rise of the State of Israel. (Laromine Hotel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM - Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hakon, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

BLACK VELVET - Irish music. (Pargod, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE BLUESTEIN FAMILY (USA) - American Folk Music. (Israel Museum, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

JAZZ - Freddie Weigal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Chodstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nabulus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MARTEL CLUB - Avner Strauss plays guitar and sings. (Zionist Confederation House, Emil Butin, Yemin Moshe, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA - Israeli rock with Selah. (Israel Centre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA - With new Danyuza Yehuda Band. (M. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ALANST STRONG - Songs with Gila Almagor. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

BETWEEN BELLS - Musical about a school. (Beit Leissin, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE BLUESTEIN FAMILY - See Jerusalem. (ZOA House, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

BRECHT, WEILL, EVENING - Songs and poems. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

COALITION CACKLE - Satire with Meni Peet and Tuvia Tsafir. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 10.15 a.m.)

JAZZ - Danny Clotfied, piano; Albert Pines, bass; Teddy Kiling, cello; contrabass. (Cafe Pilz, 44 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

JAZZ - With From the Other Side group. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tomorrow at 10.30 p.m.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Conductor David Shalton. Soloists Murray Penhale, piano. Works by Bach, Beethoven, Prokofiev. (Mazz Auditorium, tomorrow, Sunday)

TEL AVIV QUARTET - Chaim Taub, Lazar Schuster, violin; Daniel Benyamini, viola; Uri Weigel, cello. Works by Mozart, Joseph Tel. Brahms. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Conductor and pianist Irena Bernard Pommier. Works by Scarlatti, Mozart, Grieg, Haydn. (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday, Monday, Thursday)

JERUSALEM CHAMBER CHOIR OF THE JERUSALEM ACADEMY - Conductor Stanley Sperber. Works by Elgar, Haver, Charlap and folk songs. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday, Wednesday)

Halifa
ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - See T.A. (Haifa Auditorium, tomorrow)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - See T.A. (Haifa Auditorium, Monday through Thursday)

CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE MUSIC - See Jerusalem. (Haifa Museum, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

Others
SONATAS AND JAZZ SUITE - Violin, contrabass, piano, drums. Works by Franck, Bach, Bolting. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tonight at 10 p.m.)

HERZLIYA CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Conductor Steven Skane. Soloists Sam Bitran, violin; Avshalom Surid, viola. Works by Cowell, Mozart. (Herzliya, Yed Lebinim, tomorrow)

SONGS AND ARIAS - Alison Kam, soprano; Rachel Kirshen-Cohen, piano. Works by Brahms, Chopin, Verdi and others. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

CONCERT - Michaela Lazarus, flute; James Clotfied, piano, harpichord. Works by J.S. Bach, C.P.E. Bach, Schubert. (Old Jaffa, Immanuel Church, 9 Beer Hoffman, tomorrow)

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"Trained Animals," puppet theatre for children, at the Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Jerusalem, tomorrow at 12.30 p.m.

DANCE - Shimon Artzi's solo programme. (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 p.m. and midnight)

DUOS AND QUARTET - Folk songs with The Duhalit and The Parvaim. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tomorrow at 10 p.m. Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

GUITAR HAPPENING - With Baldi Olierand Friends. Spanish and gypsy music. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 10 p.m.)

INNOCENT OF CRIME - Danny Sanderson's new solo show. (Beit Lehayal, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ - Danny Clotfied, piano; Albert Pines, bass; Teddy Kiling, cello; contrabass. (Cafe Pilz, 44 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

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מכאן אתה חול

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 11th week
Double feature / 1 ticket
SUPERHERO 2
FAME 1.45
Sat., Jan. 12
THE MOUSE THAT ROARED &
SINGING IN THE RAIN 7.45
MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON 9.30
See daily listing for weekday films.

EDEN 5th week
MISSING IN ACTION
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

BEIT AGRON
Morris Schauer Auditorium
Sat. 7
Italian film
NIGHT OF SAN LORENZO
Sat. 9:00 CLOCKWORK ORANGE
Sat. 11.30 p.m.:
MANHATTAN
See daily listing for weekday films.

EDISON 7th week
WOMAN IN RED
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

ISRAEL MUSEUM
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur. 3.30
THE ARISTOCATS
Tue. 6.30
LA TRAVIATA

KFIR 5th week
BROADWAY DANNY ROSE
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

MITCHELL 5th week
CARMEN
Sat. and weekdays 6.30.9

ORGIL 2nd week
LASSITER
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

ORION 8th week
GHOST BUSTERS
They're Here to Save the World
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

ORNA Tel. 224733
2nd week
ELECTRIC DREAMS
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

RON 16th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

SEMADAR 2nd week
ERENDIRA
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.15

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY 2nd week
COMEBACK
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

BEN-YETIUDA 11th week
WOMAN IN RED
Tonight 10.12
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

BETH HATEFUTSOH Sun. 8.30
THE HOUSE IN CARP STREET

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE
Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1 10th week
GREMLINS
Fri. 9.50 p.m., 12.15 p.m.
Sat. 7.20.9.40
Weekdays 4.40.7.20.9.40
Sat. 11 a.m.
MARY POPPINS

CHEN 2 12th week
REUBEN REUBEN
Tonight 10.12.15
Sat. 7.20.9.40
Weekdays 4.45.7.20.9.40
Sat. 11 a.m.
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

CHEN 3 2nd week
HAVING IT ALL
Tonight 10.12.15
Sat. 7.10.9.35
Weekdays 4.30.7.20.9.35
Sat. 11 a.m.
BILLY

CHEN 4 10th week
SPLASH
Tonight 10
Sat. 11 a.m., 7.25
Weekdays 10.30.1.30.4.40.7.25

CHEN 5 10th week
TIGHTROPE
Tonight 9.50.12.20
Sat. 7.20.9.40
Weekdays 10.30.1.30.4.40.7.20.9.40
Sat. 11 a.m.: PINOCCHIO

CINEMA ONE Tel. 224733
DR. ZHIVAGO
Tonight 10: Sat. 8.30
Weekdays 4.8

CINEMA TWO
ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.9.30

DEKEL
BACHELOR PARTY
Sat. and weekdays 7.30.9.30

DRIVE-IN
Fri. 10 p.m.: Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 5.30.7.15.9.30

ROMANCING THE STONE
Fri. 12.15 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 12 midnight
Sex Film

ESTHER Tel. 225610
5th week
ELECTRIC DREAMS
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

GAT 10th week
CARMEN
by Georges Bizet
Directed by Francesco Rosi
* JULIA MICHENES
* PLACIDO DOMINGO
Sat. 8.30.9.30
Weekdays 3.30.6.30.9.30

GORDON GORDON 10th week
A remarkable film event
by Godfrey Reggio
music by Philip Glass
cinematography by Ron Fricke

87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373
6th week
* RICHARD BURTON
1984
Sat. 7.20.9.35
Weekdays 4.45.7.20.9.35

HOD 14th week
TOP SECRET
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

LEVI 16th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Tonight 9.30.11.30
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 1.45.4.45.7.15.9.30

LEV II 11th week
DUTY FREE MARRIAGE
Tonight 9.30.11.30
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 1.45.5.7.30.9.40

LIMOR 2nd week
THE SHOCK
Tonight 10.12
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30
Sat. 11 a.m.:
REVENGE OF THE NINJA

MAXIM 5th week
STRIPES
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

MOGRABI 8th week
GHOST BUSTERS
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

ORLY 7th week
THE BOUNTY
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

PARIS 9th week
ATALIA
Tonight: 10.12 Midnight
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Today 4: WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?
Sat. 5: THE WALL

PEER 3rd week
Friday night 10
Saturday 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30
NO TIME FOR TEARS

SHAHAF 5th week
BROADWAY DANNY ROSE
Tonight 10.12
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

Sat. 11 a.m.
B.M.X. BANDITS

STUDIO 9th week
KARATE KID
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

TAMUZ Cinema Ramat Aviv
Tel. 412761
4th week
Tonight 10.12: Sat. 1.30.7.30.9.30
Weekdays 7.30.9.30

KOYAANISQATSÍ A remarkable film event
a film by Godfrey Reggio
music by Philip Glass
cinematography by Ron Fricke

2nd week
STRAW DOGS
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

TEL AVIV 5th week
MISSING IN ACTION
Today 2.15.10
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30
Sat. 11 a.m.: BLACK STALLION

TEL AVIV MUSEUM 10th week
LOS SANTOS INOCENTES
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.30.9.30

ZAFON 13th week
PARIS, TEXAS
Tonight 10
Sat. 6.45.9.30
Weekdays 4.6.45.9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE
NIGHTMARES
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ARMON 2nd week
JAWS III
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ATZMON 2nd week
ELECTRIC DREAMS
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.7.9

BEIT ABBA KHOSHUY 1984
Sat. 7.9
Sun., Tue., Thur. 9

CHEN 5th week
KARATE KID
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

MORIAH 5th week
Weekdays 5.7
LA TRAVIATA
Weekdays 9
ATALIA
Thur. midnight show
DUSTIN HOFFMAN in
TOOTSIE
Sat. 11 a.m.:
STORY OF A ROBOT
+ MAGICIAN

ORAH 10th week
WOMAN IN RED
A terrific comedy
* KELLY LE BROOK
* GENE WILDER
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ORLA 4th week
REUBEN REUBEN
Sat. 7.9.15: weekdays 6.45.9
Today at 3: POPEYE

PEER 5th week
GREYSTOKE
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.30.9

RON 5th week
MISSING IN ACTION
* CHUCK NORRIS
Sat. 6.45.9
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

SHAVIT
LE BAL
Sat. and weekdays 7.9

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON 5th week
GREYSTOKE
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

LILY 10th week
WOMAN IN RED
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30

OASIS
GREMLINS
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

ORDEA 6th week
ATALIA
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30

RAMAT GAN 5th week
KARATE KID
Sat. and weekdays 7.9.30
Sun., Wed. 4.30.7.9.30

Herziya Cinemas

DAVID 5th week
TOP SECRET
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30
Mon. no showing at 1.40

MECHAL 5th week
MISSING IN ACTION
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

TIFERET
SEIGNEUR DE LA ROUTE
7.15.9.15

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL 2nd week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30

SAVOY 9th week
WOMAN IN RED
Tonight, 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30
SUPER GIRL Sat. 11 a.m.
Weekdays 4.30

BAT YAM CINEMA

ATZMAUT 4th week
MISSING IN ACTION
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

Enjoy the movie
Enjoy the evening
Drive safely -
And there'll be
no grieving

WALT DISNEY is alive and well and living in Los Angeles. His name is Steven Spielberg and he is now making more millions than he ever dreamed of, even at the peak of his most successful career. His latest feat, something called *Gremlins*, has swept over the American continent like a tempest, leaving audiences gasping with pleasure and terror (which may well be one and the same thing for film audiences) and asking for more.

All right, all right, I know Disney died in 1966. But what's the matter with you? Don't you believe in metempsychosis, in reincarnation? True, Disney was a WASP and Spielberg is as Jewish as they come, but what did you want old Walt to come back as, Mickey Mouse? He's picked the best body and mind he could find to suit his purpose, and now he's back in his full glory, catering, on the face of it, to the tots, giving them some of the nastiest shocks this side of the Brothers Grimm, and drawing in their parents by the shovelful at the same time.

What's that I hear? Disney was never like that? Well, have you ever pondered the real character of the sweet little mouse, Mickey, who, in his first movie performance played the xylophone on a cow's teeth? How do you imagine a cow would feel about that? And what about that cheerful congregation of skeletons coming out of their graves to do a furious saraband in Louis-Saens' music? Was that something to show children before they go to sleep?

So let's settle it, once and for all. Disney was not the innocent, toothless, harmless entertainer he led us to believe. He had more than one deceitful trick up his sleeve, working to perfection because they were exactly the kind of tricks we all loved to watch.

Back to Steven Spielberg. He has been fooling around with special effects ever since he left behind his first theatrical and (commercially) not very successful movie, *Sugarland*.



A scene from "Gremlins", directed by Joe Dante, produced by Steven Spielberg.

Welcome to Spielbergland

Express. Like Disney, he has been taking us into prefabricated worlds, very similar to our own but always verging on the fantastic. It might be a shark coming to eat us all, the Japanese bombing Los Angeles in World War II, extra-terrestrials landing on a flat mountain or in your backyard, or Indiana Jones displaying his incredible aptitude for the most hair-raising adventures which were clearly inspired by the world of animation.

Meanwhile, as he couldn't really afford the time to put all his ideas into practice, Spielberg diversified his trade, just like Disney, turning from time to time into a producer and allowing less experienced ac-

CINEMA Dan Fainaru

lytes to take over as directors. They played around with some scary and noisy poltergeists (which not only became a hit in their own right but inspired an even greater hit in *Ghostbusters*), paid tribute to an old and respectable TV series, *The Twilight Zone*, or, as happens here, wrought havoc on a small American town in the curtest way.

TO BEGIN with, what are the gremlins? Physically, they look like a cross between Yoda the Jedi of *The*

Empire Strikes Back and E.T. in a teddy-bear body covered with ewok furs (ewoks, if you have already forgotten, are the latest addition to the George Lucas fauna in *Return of the Jedi*). They are small, cuddly, musical, just the pet you would love to give your kid for his birthday.

Their real name is mogwai, and they live in cages, at the back of ramshackle stores in old San Francisco's Chinatown. They like the dark, and as long as you don't expose them to strong light (which kills them), and don't wet them or feed them after midnight, they are really lovable.

But don't let impressions fool you. Under this inoffensive exterior lurks

a real beast, an authentic animal incarnation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. For when they are sprayed with liquid, even accidentally, they immediately start to breed like rabbits.

And if you happen to leave some food near them after the chimes of midnight, they turn into mischievous devils. They tear everything to pieces; they play a perfect parody of mankind gone berserk (some cynics would say it's only mankind acting natural); and they simply love watching Snow White's Seven Dwarfs - in the Disney version of course.

In a TV interview, while denying that this is a horror movie, Spielberg states point blank that the inspiration for the gremlins comes from *Bugs Bunny*, that smart-aleck rabbit with a talent for enraging and confounding the humans around him. Numerous other cartoon wreckers could have been mentioned in the same breath, like Heckle and Deekle, the two destructively mean crows who were once so popular. But considering that even that infamous couple was considered highly amusing, there is no reason in the world to doubt that the gremlins are any less so.

JUST TO GIVE you the story line: a hopelessly inept inventor, on the way home from one of his typically fruitless trips to hustle his merchandise, buys one of the little creatures, mogwai or gremlin as you wish, as a Christmas present for his son, a clean, sweet animal-loving American teenager who is keeping the family out of Poverty Row by working as a teller in a bank.

This dutiful son may well suggest, to many viewers, a male, slightly older incarnation of Dottie, the little girl who goes to look for *The Wizard of Oz*. He even has the same kind of dog, not to mention the same kind of nemesis, a witch named Mrs. Deagle, who hates everyone in town, while almost everyone hates her.

WALKING TOURS

(Continued from page A)

Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday at 8.45 a.m., Monday at 2 p.m. - Excavation: below Temple Mount.

Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m. - City of David, Area "G," Hezekiah's Tunnel, Pool of Siloam.

Monday, Wednesday at 8.45 a.m. - Temple Mount, Dome of the Rock.

Tuesday, Thursday at 2 p.m. - Christian and Moslem Quarters.

Tours last approximately 2 hours. Meet at Cards Information booth, Jewish Quarter. Tickets on the spot.

Tel Aviv/Jaffa

Monday at 10 a.m. - Legendary and traditional Jaffa, meet at Clock Tower Square, Jaffa.

Monday at 2 p.m. - Pioneers and Dreamers: Tel Aviv and Jaffa, Meet at Clock Tower Square, Jaffa.

Thursday at 10 a.m. - Urban development of Tel Aviv. Meet at Shalom Tower, Gate 5.

Haifa

"Sabbath Morning Walk" - Tomorrow at 10.00 a.m. till 1.00 p.m. from Panorama Rd. Organized by the Haifa Tourism Development Ass., includes museums, Baha'i Shrine and gardens and others.

Safad

Daily expeditions to old Jewish Quarter of Safad, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery. Tel. 067-30448.

(For last minute changes in programmes or times of performance, please contact box office.)

Material for publication must be at *The Jerusalem Post* offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

ATALIA - A Hebrew-language film on a romance between a 40-year-old woman and a 19-year-old man, set against the background of kibbutz life. Starring Michal Bat-Adam.

LE BAL (THE DANCING HALL) - Adaptation of a Parisian stage production. A well-acted depiction of France's history from the Thirties to the present, using music typical of each period. A pleasure to watch.

BEYOND THE WALLS - Israeli director Uri Barabasi deals with the complex relationship between Jews and Arabs in a maximum-security prison. A very good film, winner of the Critics' Prize in Venice.

GREYSTOKE, LEGEND OF TARZAN KING OF THE APES - There is little romanticizing here about Tarzan's childhood in the African jungle. We also see the hero proceeding to be the heir of Lord Greystoke, brilliantly played by Sir Ralph Richardson in his last role. Much visual splendour, and pleasant entertainment if you're not squeamish.

BROADWAY DANNY ROSE - Woody Allen's new film, narrated by an out-of-work comic, about a group of third-rate artists, managed by Danny Rose, trying to hustle a living. Amusing, intelligent, sensitively-told story, which should leave Woody fans happy.

CARMEN - Screen version of the opera by director Francesco Rosi. Successful rendition, true to the original by Bizet, with rich characters. Excellent camera work contributes to an extremely enjoyable film.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE - Stanley Kubrick's 1971 futuristic film abounds in violence and sex, in a cold, surreal setting.

DR. ZHIVAGO - Truistic story based on Boris Pasternak's novel about an upper-class doctor (Omar Sharif) who becomes involved with the revolutionaries. Set in the pre-Russian Revolution period. Also stars Julie Christie, Rod Steiger and Geraldine Chaplin. Beautifully filmed.

ELECTRIC DREAMS - About a confused youth who buys a personal computer to insert some order into his confused life. Which of course doesn't work. Neither does the movie.

FAME - An exuberant explosion of young acting, singing and dancing talents lights up the screen in a multi-faceted story purporting to describe life at the New York High School of Performing Arts.

GHOST BUSTERS - Frightening things are happening in New York City. Most of the citizens are too petrified to do anything. But not the three young scientists who form a group called the Ghost Busters, who aim to save the world. With Dan Ackroyd.

GREMLINS - Meet these small, cuddly pets with their special ways. They sometimes cause terror, more often cause humour, but producer Spielberg's special effects make the movie a little marvel. Great entertainment.

MISSING IN ACTION - Chuck Norris plays the role of Colonel Braddock, the man who won't take 'no' for an answer as he sets out to rescue American POW's in Vietnam. A Glendon/Glendon production, filled with action, never a dull moment.

MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON - A racy comedy directed by Paul Mazursky. Robin Williams plays the role of Vladimir Ivanoff, a gentle Russian saxophonist who decides to defect during a visit to Bloomingdale's department store in New York City.

1984 - Director Michael Radford's adaptation of George Orwell's novel, about a futuristic world where Big Brother is always watching you. Excellent film, remaining true to the original novel. With Richard Burton and John Hurt in the lead roles.

NO TIME FOR TEARS - Marie Colrin in the role of a divorced mother, with a seven-year-old daughter, who dreams of self-liberation and success. When the daughter is found strangled, the desolate mother concentrates on restoring her daughter's honour and her own moral integrity.

KARATE KID - A kid is brought, against his will, to sunny California. After being beaten up, he is introduced to the world of karate. Lots of action in this well-produced film add to its box office success.

KOYAANISQATSÍ - A panoramic look at life in modern America without any commentary or plot. Utilizing slow-motion techniques and infra-red photography, it wanders from Indian rock paintings to the world of nuclear photography. A totally captivating film-going experience.

LA TRAVIATA - Director Franco Zeffirelli remains faithful to the spirit of Verdi's famous, larger-than-life, kitsch opera, and makes it work as a film. Starring Teresa Stratas and Plácido Domingo in the lead roles.

PINK FLOYD, THE WALL - A film combining the performance of rock stars Pink Floyd with animation scenes. Dig the music, dig the movie.

REUBEN REUBEN - Tom Cusi plays a disheveled, alcoholic, lecherous, rumpus Welsh poet who survives by lecturing about his own poetry at ladies' tea parties in American suburbia. Intelligent entertainment.

ROMANCING THE STONE - A romantic, jany adventure of a prize New York writer who goes to the jungles of Colombia to save her kidnapped sister. Lots of adventure, action and danger, but at least the film doesn't take itself too seriously.

SPLASH - Walt Disney comedy about an idyllic romance between a young man and a mermaid. Innocent, enjoyable entertainment.

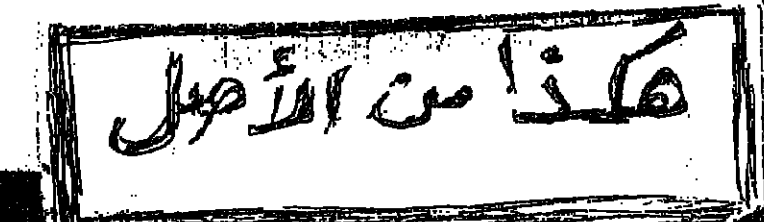
SUPERGIRL - As much of a puritan as Superman ever was, Supergirl leaves her home on a distant planet to retrieve a crystal ball that produces sufficient energy for her world to exist. But it falls into the hands of Superwitch, and here lies the conflict of the film. Should go down well with the fans of Superman.

TIGHTROPE - Clint Eastwood plays a police officer, abandoned by his wife, employing the services of the local ladies of the night. Investigating a series of murders of prostitutes, he is forced to face his own worst self, and we see his despair as he realizes the dark side of his nature. Average film.

TOP SECRET - About the efforts to return a famous scientist who has been captured by the East Germans. Amusing, light entertainment, certainly nothing more.

WOMAN IN RED - American adaptation of a French bedroom farce. Gene Wilder directs, and plays the male lead, applying his own unique brand of hysterical frenzy to the film's plot. No great shakes.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.



in return. Of course she isn't a real witch, just a miserly, rich splinter (or widow?), but the resemblance between actress Polly Holliday and Margaret Hamilton's evil Witch of the West is too obvious not to be mentioned.

But to get back to the plot. The inventor gives the gremlin to his son, the cheerful little thing is immediately nicknamed Gizmo and everybody loves him. No one is more grieved than Gizmo himself when some water is inadvertently splashed over him, and he is forced, against his better judgment, to produce a quintet of offspring.

Through another accident, these get their teeth into some food in the forbidden hours of the night, following which they descend on the town with a vengeance, jump into the swimming pool to multiply even more, after which there is nothing to restrain them as long as darkness persists.

AS YOU HAVE undoubtedly guessed, this film is descended from a long line of films, some of them directly mentioned in the movie itself. In short, to use computer terminology, it is an addition to a third generation of movies. This is not man making a movie; it is movies breeding among themselves, with only a modicum of help from a clever man's hand to prune out the eventual gremlins in the plot (using the

word in its original pre-Spielberg sense) in order to allow the gremlins to flourish.

Godard once said that the reality of Hollywood's movies is more real to him than the real America. In films like this, real America doesn't exist at all. From the very first shot, it is clear that you are on Warner's back lot, among venerable sets that have served countless pictures before and will serve countless more in the years to come. All the long shots of the little town in which all this happens are clearly matte paintings, and no one even takes the trouble to disguise it.

It is as if we have to realize, from the outset, that this is fiction, that we are at the movies, please don't take anything seriously, just lean back in your comfortable seat and enjoy the show.

Humour is indeed strongly featured all along the way. Sometimes it is just plain fun, like the father's useless inventions (a machine for making omelettes that does everything but that). Sometimes it's plain morbid (like sticking a gremlin in father's food processor). Sometimes it's sarcastic (like the drunken gremlins in a bar, aping human behaviour, including one indecent individual who flushes his nudity, hidden behind the proverbial raincoat). Anyway, there is always that careful balance between mirth and fright and, for the kiddies, there is even a

moral: that mankind is not yet ready for the wonders of the gremlins.

Spielberg is getting a bit repetitive with that, for he said the same thing after *Encounters of the Third Kind* and after *E.T.* Briefly, his lesson is that we are not alone, but the others won't reveal themselves to us, for we are not a reliable enough species to handle such an encounter.

TECHNICALLY, as with everything else Spielberg is responsible for, the picture is a little marvel, moving along smoothly, spouting inventions with a wizard's ease, animation and live action incorporated perfectly into one big ball. The plot has all the earmarks of a fairy tale, the characters all the profundity of matinee heroes.

Here, it is about time to mention that Spielberg is only the producer of this picture, just as he was of *Polyester*. The official director is Joe Dante, whose previous credits include an honest-to-goodness horror movie bearing the blood-curdling title *The Howling*.

That he does not get a fair share of the credit here is only to be expected: the Spielberg aura is too strong to allow any other light in. Just as every director who tried his hand at the *Star Wars* saga under George Lucas' production never achieved a status higher than that of enlightened technician, Dante doesn't stand a wisp of a chance

here. Spielberg will reap all the plaudits — all the insults too.

Not that there is much to insult. *Gremlins* is entertainment of the kind required by modern audiences. This is not an opinion, but a fact, based on the performance of the picture on the American market. It may not be perfect entertainment; there are some serious drops in the middle of the story; but that doesn't detract much from the overall result. It is escapist, it is adolescent, it is derivative — in short, it's show business. But at least it is done by professionals who realize that good business means giving the customer full value for his money. Like McDonald's, it's not haute cuisine, but who's complaining?

WHILE WE'RE on the topic of food, there's a new comedy in town. Bill Forsyth's *Comfort and Joy*. Forsyth is that precocious Scot who astonished the world with *Gregory's Girl*, a small, intimate, off-beat comedy that scored highly by closely observing a bunch of Scottish high-school kids, with not a single movie star in sight. Forsyth scored again with *Local Hero*, in which an American multi-national is about to take over a small coastal village up there in the vicinity of Inverness. And now, well established in his local style, he has come up with a comedy about a disc jockey whose wife leaves him and who finds solace in

making peace between two warring ice-cream parlours.

There are several things to be said about this movie. It is highly amusing and pertinent up to about the first third, insofar as it deals with the sentimental problems of the disc jockey, his relations with his estranged wife, and his job. But once it starts to deal with two separate gangs of immigrants who try to corner the ice-cream market in Edinburgh, the story goes haywire, and the characters lose track of themselves and their actions. It's as if one movie is over, and another has been started without the proper foundations.

There has been something vaguely disturbing about Forsyth's last couple of pictures, with the American magnate who intends to pollute the Scottish coast in *Local Hero* getting his own way and turning out to be a nice old fellow after all, and with the grooms in the new one being presented as almost lovable in their brutal activities.

Moving from the suburbs and the small towns into the centre of a bustling city, full of traffic and noise, doesn't make for much folkloristic comic relief; but Forsyth manages to keep it all on a light level, which may be objectionable to those who do not regard protection rackets and gangsterism as matters for levity. But others may even enjoy it, at least part of the way.



(Above and below) Scenes from *Ali the Galilean*, by the Palestinian Theatre Group, El Hukawati.

THE PALESTINIAN theatre group *El Hukawati* takes its name from the itinerant story teller who used to travel from village to village peddling his tales, wonders, songs and characters to anyone who would listen. The village entertainer has long been swallowed up by the likes of *Dallas* and *Love Boat*, and his tales have become research material for ethnologists.

But by resuscitating his ghost in their name, the Jerusalem-based group has made a self-conscious and qualified gesture towards an indigenous tradition. They see themselves as its successors but they adopt neither its material nor its manner. They have no use for nostalgic folklore that imagines a past in terms of simplicity, purity and bright colours.

If their name implies loyalty to a local tradition, their interests and aims are political and contemporary. Their style is strongly influenced by such European masters of political guignol as Savary of *Le Grand Magir Circus*, and their audience is as likely to be French and Italian at some theatre festival as Arab or Jewish in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv or Ramallah.

El Hukawati now has a theatre in Jerusalem, the former Nuzha cinema in a little lane behind the Tombs of the Kings, and they are showing their latest play, *Ali the Galilean*, which received its first performances at Tel Aviv's Neve Tzedek Theatre Centre last summer. In common with the best Israeli playwrights and directors, they have had their brushes with the censor (in their case the more arbitrary censorship of the military government). But they exist, they perform on both sides of the Green Line, and they have something to say in their own language to anyone who will listen.

Ali is about the Palestinian (or the Israeli Arab as we might say) as a non-person. Staged as a series of parodies of popular entertainment (TV melodrama, westerns, cops and robbers, true romances, ballet and mime), *Ali's* saga is enacted as a

Unlucky Ali

THEATRE
Zvi Jagendorf

chain of comic misfortunes. These start in his Galilean village, where his father cuts off his inheritance, continue in the sinful city of Tel Aviv, where he shows his skill with the falafel scoop, and end in a mental hospital, where his brain explodes in the middle of a lobotomy, destroying surgeon, nurses and himself in a cataclysm powered by frustration.

However, the root cause of *Ali's* misfortunes is not shown on stage but is implied in the absurdity of his life, and in the language of parody which alone can convey the thinness and ridiculousness of an unnecessary existence. *Ali* is an unreal man, a kind of *lupin*, because he has been born in a country which is both his own and deeply alien to him. He is an Israeli *malgré lui* and in order to get by in Israel he is advised to shed everything that is his own, beginning with the first and last evidence of his identity — his name. His Tel Aviv "friends" suggest he call himself Eli, then all doors and hearts will be open to him.

Clearly this play is not "constructive." It offers no solution. Were it more ideological it would preach the solution of rebellion and be banned. But it is not a diatribe. *Ali*, played by Edward Mo'allim, is a mournful clown in baggy pants, with the face of an insulted spaniel. He is the ultimate passive, uninitiated hero. His emptiness is filled by whatever happens to be passing by — Tel Aviv low life, a Jewish girl, mental work, Jewish society, which exploits his

emptiness, is shown as sordid, venal, shabby and heartless. But when a bunch of "terrorists" stop the action, and show how they would fill this emptiness with murder, this turns out to be a deliberate and instructive anti-climax. For the terrorists are not *Ali* as he would like to be but the Palestinians as some Israelis would see them: monsters and murderers. In the terms of the performance, this is yet another parody, another false role imposed on *Ali* by people who do not understand him.

I ASKED Edward Mo'allim if Palestinian audiences, perhaps unused to this ironic way of exposing a national and political stereotype, reacted as if the gunmen were the "true" solution. He said it sometimes did happen that way, but the text that followed the incident made it impossible to get the wrong message.

Be that as it may, this kind of theatre more than any other takes on the energy of its audience. Performed in a refugee camp, the passivity of the hero may be taken as a sign of his failure to be a revolutionary. Performed in Tel Aviv, it would be read as evidence of *Ali's* metamorphosis into the classic Jew — rootless clown, victim and superfluous man, yet a monster in the eyes of those who hate him.

For an Israeli, watching this play is like seeing bits of your life in a broken mirror. It seems distorted, unfair, to you. You would not put it that way. But that is just the point. You are not the victim here. You are the soldier, the employer, the censor and the state. *Ali*, you might say, should feel lucky he's living in a free country and can display his troubles on the stage. He doesn't feel lucky, and if you want to find out why: the play's the thing.

Ali the Galilean is directed by Francois Abu Salem. The actors are: Edward Mo'allim, Rudi Shehadeh, Jackie Lubeck, Ibrahim Khalaleh, Monira Shehadeh, Iman 'Onc.



This Week in Israel - The JERUSALEM MUSEUMS

this week at the israel museum jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

A VANISHED WORLD: ROMAN VISHNIAC, PHOTOGRAPHS Until 1.3.85. These photographs, taken in Eastern Europe between 1934-1939 are one of the most important documentaries of Jewish life at this time. "People coming to see my photographs at various exhibitions suddenly recognize themselves in them. I took a photograph of an 11 year old girl in the Zevulunshin camp in Poland. This same girl is living today in the Bronx, New York, and she is now a grandmother. How do I know this? Because she recognized herself in this photograph when it was on exhibition." *Vishniac* is an Israeli journalist, 20.12.24. Visitors who can identify images and places which have an unusual story behind them, or those who have articles of clothing or other objects appearing in the photographs and are prepared to lend them, are requested to write to "A Vanished World", Israel Museum, Jerusalem.

Les Nikel: Paintings, 1950-1984 Retrospective exhibition of one of the prominent Israeli abstract painters. (Spartan Gallery). From Jan. 15 to 20.00. **African Art** - 160 masks, images, and decorative objects are displayed by original visual means, in order to give the viewer an artistic and visual experience similar to that of the African artist himself. Faith-dorian and Martin Wright African Art Gallery. **The City Coins of Eretz Israel and the Decapolis in the Roman Period** Library Entrance Hall. **Elihu Glat - Landscape Paintings** Meet an Israeli Artist for children. (Ruth Youth Wing) Courtesy of Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Salick, Los Angeles. **Permanent Exhibit of Miniature Rooms** (Ruth Youth Wing) **Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology** Photography - for children, Peleg Center. **Egypt: The Other Side of the River** - Rockefeller Museum

EVENTS

CONCERTS **Saturday, January 12 at 20.30** **THE BLUESTAIN FAMILY (USA)** - Varied styles of American folk music by one of the finest American folk song groups. Only Jerusalem performance. **Thursday, January 17 at 20.30** **CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE MUSIC** Yoko Oweida, flute; Kazuaki Fujii, piano. Program includes works by Takemitsu, Hayashi, and Hirose. (Courtesy of the Japanese Embassy). For complimentary tickets please phone (02) 699213. **CHILDREN'S FILM** Sun., Jan. 13 Mon., Jan. 14; Wed., Jan. 16 and Thurs., Jan. 17 at 15.30. **THE ARISTOCATS (USA 1970, Walt Disney)** **CHILDREN'S CONCERT** Tuesday, January 16 at 16.15 **THE ISRAELI HARP TRIO** - Uri Shoham, flute; Ruth Ma'ayani, harp; David Chan, violin and viola. Courtesy of Megan, Alexa and Elana Weinstein. **FILM** Tuesday, January 15 at 18.00 and 20.30 and Saturday, January 19 at 20.30 **LA TRAVIATA** - Dir.: Franco Zeffirelli; with Placido Domingo & Teresa Stratas

THEATRE Wednesday, January 16 at 20.30 **CONTEMPORARY THEATRE - DIRECTION AND INDIRECTION** - excerpts from "The Dance of Genghis Cohen". (Live broadcast - Kol Israel) **SENIOR CITIZENS** Wednesday, January 16 at 11.00 **FILM: PROFILE OF AN ARTIST - ANNA TICHOU** - produced by the Israel Film Service. Courtesy of Mr. & Mrs. Simon Bond & Mr. Curtis Katz, IS600. **RUTH YOUTH WING** Recycling Workshop: Monday 14.00-17.00; Tuesday 16.00-20.00 **GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH** Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. at 11.00; also Sun. at 15.00; Tues. at 16.00. Archaeology Galleries - Special Tour: Monday at 15.00. Shrine of the Book - Special Tour: Tuesday at 15.00. Judaica and Ethnography Galleries: Thursday at 15.00. Rockefeller Museum - Special Tour: Friday at 11.00

VISITING HOURS Museum - Galleries and Shrine of the Book: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-22.00 (Shrine 10.00-22.00); Fri. & Sat. 10.00-14.00. Library: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00. Graphics Study Room: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. 11.00-13.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00. Department of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun., Thurs. 8.30-13.00; Tues. 13.00-17.00. Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00-14.00. Ticho House Gallery: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-16.30; Tues. 10.00-22.30; Fri. 10.00-13.30. Garden Cafe: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-midnight; Fri. 10.00-16.00; Sat. closed.

The Museum keeps its doors open with the help of its friends: General Dynamics Corporation Wex, January 13-19, 1985. Construction work may temporarily prevent access to some galleries. Tickets for Saturdays available in advance at the Museum and at the Kfir ticket agency, Jerusalem, and Rocco in Tel Aviv. THE ISRAEL MUSEUM IS LOCATED ON RUPPIN ST., TEL. (02) 699211

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9.15 pm: small hall *La Grande Illusion* Dir.: Jean Renoir
9.30 pm: *The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser* Dir.: Werner Herzog
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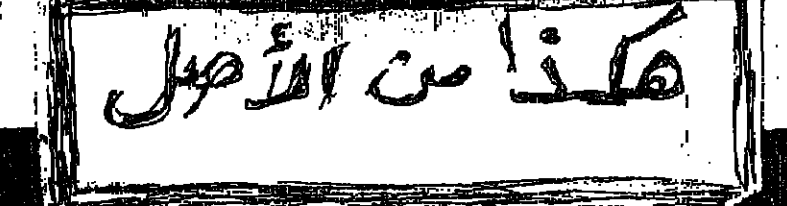
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TURN ON the amplifier, put the volume on 10, lower the arm gingerly on to the vinyl and stand back. A few curious, choppy chords, a throbbing bass line, and then the drums come crashing in. Blackmore pumps up the Fender and Gillan's honey over gravel vocals storm through.

Deep Purple are back, as heavy and arrogant as ever, a few years older and a few kilos heavier, but rockers to their souls.

It's the best Deep Purple line-up too, Gillan and Blackmore, with Ian Paice on drums, Jon Lord on keyboards and Roger Glover on bass, the "Child in Time" band that earned its place alongside Led Zeppelin at the forefront of heavy metal.

It's unlikely that financial difficulties precipitated this get-together, since the post-Purple years have treated the quintet kindly.

Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow notched a steady flow of big-selling albums and singles over the years, Gillan's various bands must have sold more than enough records to keep the wolf away. Paice has been

Heavier metal

ROCK, ETC. / David Horevitz

occupying the drummer's seat in ex-Purple David Coverdale's Whitesnake, and Lord and Glover have had some success with solo projects.

Whatever the reason, it's good to have them back, and to find a few - dare I say it? - sensitive feelings hidden among all the heavy metal machismo.

Perfect Strangers (Phonokol) is not one of their best albums, it must be said, primarily because Blackmore tends to get carried away on some of his guitar excursions. Also, it's heavy rock all the way through, with hardly a pause to catch your breath, which does make a 40-

minute dose rather monotonous.

Gillan, however, shines throughout and Lord's keyboards help compensate for Blackmore's excesses.

WHILE Perfect Strangers is decidedly patchy, Duran Duran's latest is an almost perfectly paced collection of the band's best numbers. That's not to say all their biggest hits are here - "New Moon on Monday" and "Girls on Film" are conspicuously absent - but the album tracks that take their place show Duran Duran to be more than just an adept singles band.

Arena (CBS) was "recorded around the world," the cover tells us. Mercifully, though, there's none

of the hysterical clapping or ingratiating "We Love You, New York" comment to interfere with the music.

Presumably this was recorded via the mixing desk, ensuring a clean, uncluttered sound. Presumably, too, it was then overdubbed and souped-up considerably - either that or the Durans are truly excellent musicians, since there's not a fluffed chord on the entire record.

Tracks include "Is there Something I Should Know," "Union of the Snake," the magnificent "Save a Prayer," and the new hit single "The Wild Boys."

A FINAL word on Britain's best-selling albums of 1984. Lionel Richie's *Can't Slow Down* notched the highest sales, followed by Michael Jackson's *Thriller*, Queen's *The Works*, Billy Joel's *An Innocent Man* and Bob Marley's *Legend*.

Albums by Sade, Howard Jones, Thompson Twins, Tina Turner and Prince make up the top 10, according to *Melody Maker* magazine.



Oedon Partos



Aaron Copland



Luciano Berio

A special place

AMONG ALL THE BOOKS I have seen lately, one of the most informative and interesting is *Copland - 1900 Through 1942*, by Aaron Copland/Vivian Perlis (St. Martin's/Marek, New York, 1984, 402 pp., illus., \$24.95).

Copland, the oldest living American composer and the most prolific and stimulating in many respects, occupies a special place on the American scene.

The first to go to Paris to study with the legendary Nadia Boulanger (who died in 1979 at the age of 92), he induced many of his young colleagues to follow in his footsteps and make this a compulsory pilgrimage.

He has devoted his life to furthering the acceptance and appreciation of American music - lecturing, demonstrating, organizing festivals and seminars both in the U.S. and abroad, and giving practical assistance to fellow composers. Undaunted by success or failure, he has gone his way, keeping a pragmatic eye on the realities of life.

After a youthful exploration of composing techniques, he turned to simpler means of expression, especially ballet (*Billy the Kid*, *Rodeo* and *Appalachian Spring* are the best known), and film (*The City*, *Of Mice and Men*, *The Red Pony*, etc.). But he did not neglect orchestral and chamber music, achieving scope and success here, too. Later teaching and conducting began to replace composition, and his role as brother or father to many aspiring young composers declined.

Copland, it would appear from this emotionally balanced and sensible book, is approaching his 85th year with neither complaints nor regrets.

This autobiography of a remarkable personality, which includes short sketches of the composer by friends and linking passages by Vivian Perlis, deserves pride of place on the bookshelf of musicians and music lovers. Copland serves as an example of how to promote music written in one's own country.

Volume Two, which has not yet appeared, deals with Copland's later years (after 1942 to the present). I await it with eager anticipation.

IF YOU WANT TO LEARN about music terms and practices in a humorous but very instructive way, get hold of *Music Through the Looking Glass* by Fritz Piegl (Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1984, 325

MUSIC & MUSICIANS

Yohanan Boehm

pp., illus., £5.95). This really is "music without tears" - unless you end up laughing too hard.

In dictionary form, the book leads the reader anecdotally through the orchestra (some of the stories are pretty old). The human side of the various music-makers is revealed, and the weaknesses of many famous conductors spotlighted.

The author draws not only on his many years in British orchestras, but on his own considerable knowledge of continental, particularly German and Austrian, musical life.

FOR READERS of German, Otto Strasser's *Sechse Is* (1984, DTV-Deutscher Taschenbuch Verlag, Munich, 230 pp., DM 9.80) presents in paperback the reminiscences of an outstanding personality of the Vienna Opera and Philharmonic Orchestras.

The musicians' dedication to their instruments and organization is contrasted with ordinary human reactions that have nothing to do with art.

The book's title - *It Is Six O'Clock* - was what a Philharmonic musician exclaimed to Furtwängler to indicate that rehearsal time was over and that the conductor had better control his drive for perfection until next time.

The reader will also learn a lot about the various instruments and their histories, as well as about orchestra organization behind the footlights.

This is easy and instructive reading.

HEBREW SPEAKERS are not being neglected, either. In *Luciano Berio: Talks on Music* (Kibbutz Hameuhad Publishing House, 1984, 143 pp., no price stated), Talliah Pecker-Berio, who translated the book from Italian, benjoans the fact that most international music literature becomes known here only when it is available in English, or sometimes French and German. Translations into Hebrew simply do not keep pace with public interest in Israel.

Berio has visited Israel several times and has personal connections here. His compositions first became widely known through Cathy Berber-

ian, who recreated his arrangements of folk songs and vocal sequences. His recent workshop here on *33 Duets for Two Violins* and their performance by students of the Young Artists Group have added to Berio's close connection with Israel.

This translation of his talks on music is therefore to be welcomed. Israelis now have the opportunity to become acquainted with his ideas on contemporary music. They may find the suggested bibliography useful.

FOLLOWING Jehosh Hirschberg's biography of Paul Ben-Haim, *Oedon Partos* by Avner Bahat (Am Oved, Tel Aviv, 1984, 236 pp., illus., no price stated) is the second in, hopefully, a series of monographs on leading Israeli composers.

While Hirschberg analysed the composer's works, making it somewhat difficult for the general reader to approach the content, Bahat deals with his subject from a more human angle, using his personal contact with the composer during his last few years as material.

This is most important, since Partos' outstanding status as a performer has been lost to the young generation, who know of him only as a composer.

Personal charm and an outgoing warmth were prominent features of his personality, and his overwhelming vitality still lives in the memory of all those who knew him in this country.

Partos came to Israel in 1938 and joined the Palestine Symphony Orchestra later the Israel Philharmonic, as leader of the viola section. A member of the Israel String Quartet and soloist in many concert and chamber music programmes, he taught a generation of string players. Co-founder and director of the Tel Aviv Academy of Music, his composing method, influenced initially by Kodaly and Bartok, led to experiments in Eastern Mediterranean style (inspired by the singer Bracha Zefira), to 12-tone and eventually to the Oriental *maqam* technique.

His catalogue contains only about 60 numbers, carefully registered and annotated. A discography and some historical photos add to the value of this book, which should serve its purpose: to keep the memory of one of Israel's most important musical personalities alive, and to pass on the knowledge of one of the most lovable musicians of our founding generation.

This Week in Israel • The TEL AVIV MUSEUMS

Beth Hatefutsoth

The Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

Visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10 am-5 pm; Wed. 10 am-9 pm; Friday and Saturday - closed. Children under 6 are not admitted. Organized tours must be prearranged (Sun.-Thurs. 9 am-1 pm, (03) 425161; Photo Archives: Sun., Thurs. 9.30 am-12.30 pm; Tues. 9.30 am-2.30 pm).

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2. The Jewish Heritage in the Eye of the Camera - Photo exhibitions based on the worldwide photo contest.
3. The Enigma of the Calvary Menorah

EVENTS
1. Screening of the film *The House in Carp Street* The story of the Jewish community in Prague at the time of the Nazi invasion in March 1939. The film is in German with Hebrew subtitles. Sun., Jan. 13 at 9.30 pm. Admission fee: 15/1000, for members of Friends Association: 15/600. Courtesy of **bank leumi** **בנק לאומי**

2. Jewish Music in Israel - a series of 8 meetings. Lecturer: Dr. Avner Bahat. Registration for members of Friends Association only. Admission fee for the series: 15/5000 - single; 15/8000 - couple. The first lecture will be held on Sunday, January 13 at 10 am on the subject: Introduction: Jewish Music - Traditions in past and present day Israel.
3. "Creative Figures in Hebrew Poetry" - Blalk, Tchernikowsky, Fishman, Lerman. The evening will be conducted in Yiddish. Moderator: Eliezer Tzadik. Lecturer: Avraham Lyss; readings: Leah Schlinger. Tuesday, January 15, 1985 at 8 pm.
4. 40th anniversary of the Partisan's emergence from the forests - a reunion of the organization of Partisan Ghetto Fighters. Wed., Jan. 16 at 8 pm.
5. "Eratz Israel in the first Islamic Period" - a study evening on the occasion of the publication of the book by Prof. Moshe Giv. (in cooperation with School of Jewish Studies - Tel Aviv University) Participants: Prof. M. Kister, Prof. M. Friedman, Prof. J. Prager. Thurs., Jan. 17 at 7 pm.

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2). Kikar St. Ramat Aviv, Tel. (03) 425161. Buses: 13, 24, 25, 27, 45, 49, 74, 274, 572.

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מזל טוב

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A QUESTION I am often asked is whether a favourable review in these columns increases a restaurant's business.

I am not sure what the answer is. But one establishment that clearly needs no such help is Murgulit's, picturesquely located on the waterfront opposite the Jaffa lockup. The proprietress, whose husband Victor Tayan is known for his colourful, if unsuccessful, election campaigns, has her door studded with clippings from numerous newspapers and magazines.

When we arrived on a beautiful sunny Saturday at about 1 p.m. to find the restaurant empty, I did not realize how lucky we were. Within half an hour it had filled up completely, and by the end of our meal would-be patrons were standing around casting covetous eyes at our table.

The restaurant itself has a small interior and a large terrace which, like much of Jaffa, has the misfortune of facing Tel Aviv. But the tables are cheerfully covered by checked tablecloths; and the lone waitress, even when she was absolutely swamped by orders, never lost her pleasant disposition.

IN THE absence of a menu, we took

No help needed

MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

our chances and ordered a variety of salads to begin our meal.

These included an interesting pumpkin squash puree with fennel seeds, some slices of fried eggplant seasoned with vinegar and covered with herbs, and two other eggplant dishes, one with tahina, the other with tomato sauce. Nor can we forget the pickled beets or the green pepper and tomato dish. In addition, we asked for a few of the pickled vegetables that stand enticingly in large jars at the entrance to the restaurant. The best of these were small, but surprisingly subtle, pickled lemons.

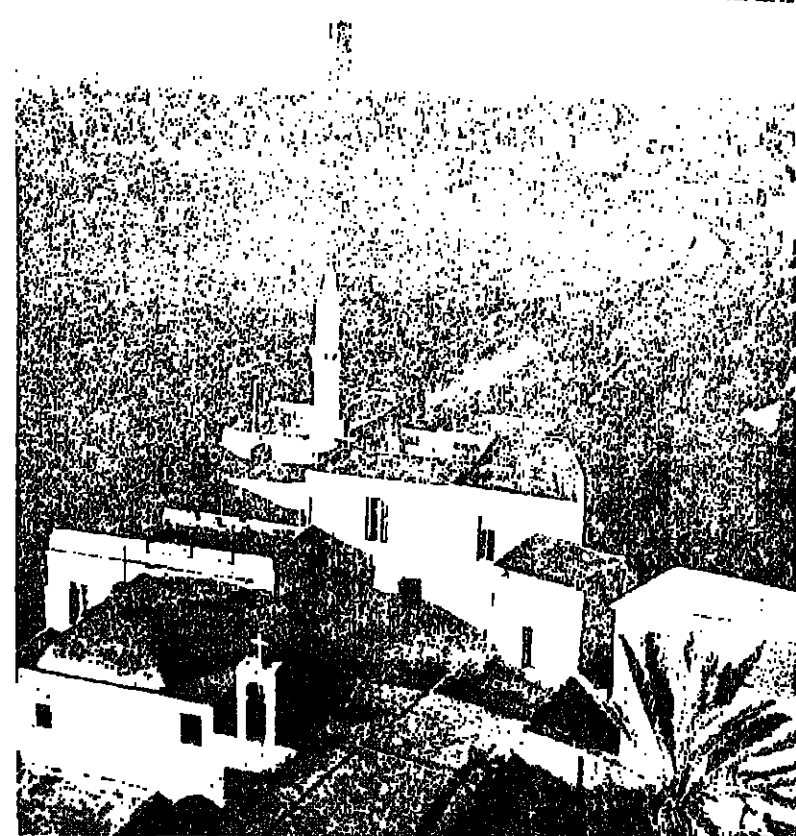
For a main course, I could not resist trying the fish cous-cous and found myself absolutely delighted with what I got. The small grains of cous-cous were just a little larger than usual, but absolutely edible. Three large and meaty chunks of fish (I assume it was sea-bream) were served with cooked vegetables and a fragrant fish broth with fresh tomatoes and just the slightest hint of hot pepper. No doubt there are those who would want the dish quite a bit

spicier, but I was happy the pepper did not overpower the other ingredients.

My companion tried the grilled fish and received two small, but meaty, grey mullets which had first been fried; they were served with just enough sauce to enhance them. This sauce, too, was made with fresh tomatoes, but here the taste of thyme predominated.

AT THIS point, I was somewhat sorry we had ordered beer rather than a bottle of white wine. True, the beer was just right for the sea, the sun and the view, but the cuisine deserved something a bit more elegant.

When I asked the waitress what there was for dessert, she said: "Ten with almonds." After a long wait, we found ourselves facing two crystal wine-glasses filled with hot tea and heavily laced with almond liqueur; toasted almonds floated on top. Although it was hardly something I would have thought of myself, the drink was an ideal digestive and perfect for concluding what had



been an almost too filling meal.

The bill came to IS11,800. I know that much has been said about the attractions of Israel's climate for tourists, but I don't think enough has been said about the fact

that in January one can still eat outdoors in warm sunshine. If we must have droughts, we ought to take advantage of them. Also, we should remember that not all Israeli restaurants are overpriced.



Postmortems

BRIDGE / George Levinrew

POST MORTEMS are inevitable. Too often they are of the character: "How can you do that to me?" But there are occasions when they serve a worthwhile purpose as a complement for a hand well played, or an exploration of what went wrong, or an effort to find a better way to bid and play. Today we have some examples of play and the post-mortems which followed.

Deal 1
Val: both

North (D)
♠ A K 3
♥ K Q J 7 4
♦ 9 7 5
♣ K 4

East
♠ 10 9
♥ 8 3
♦ 6 2
♣ A 10 8 6 5 3

West
♠ 6 5 4 2
♥ 10
♦ 10 4 3
♣ Q 9 7 2

South (D)
♠ K Q J 7 6 4 3
♥ 7 5
♦ 9 4
♣ 5 3

The bidding:
South 3♣
West Pass
North 4♣
East All Pass

The bidding, with East and West passing throughout:

North 1
South 4♣

The four clubs was a splinter bid showing a singleton and a heart fit. South did not have extra values and signed off in four hearts.

A heart was the opening lead; this and a second heart were won in dummy. Declarer next led a diamond to his ace. He noted that East played the six. South then led the club jack to the queen, king and ace. East returned the diamond deuce. This showing of a doubleton gave declarer valuable information. He discarded the finesse, winning with the king. He played a spade to the king and ruffed a club. Then on a spade to the ace he noted that East had played, in order, the nine and the ten.

South was sure that East's distribution had been 3-2-2-6. On the play of a spade to the queen East was put on lead, and then had to give declarer the ruff and discard of a losing diamond. In the post mortem,

South was complimented on his careful play in diamonds and spades.

Deal 2
Val: none

North
♠ 8
♥ A K Q J
♦ Q 6
♣ A Q J 9 7 2

West
♠ A 9 2
♥ 10 8 2
♦ A K 10 8 7 5
♣ 8

East
♠ 10 5
♥ J 9 6 3
♦ J 3 2
♣ K 10 6 4

The bidding:
South 3♣
West Pass
North 4♣
East All Pass

Post Mortems after every deal are a feature of a new book: *Unholy Tricks* by Terence Reese and David Bird. Gollancz, 1984, 160 pp., hardcover, £7.95) as in the above four spade contract. West led the king and ace of diamonds while East played in order the two and three. West continued with a third diamond which declarer ruffed in hand. For the fourth trick, South led the spade king to West's ace. Still another diamond was returned. East ruffed with the ten and South over-ruffed with the jack. Thus West's nine was established as the setting trick.

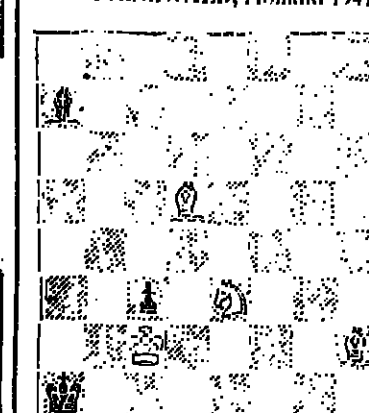
In the post mortem, the losers vainly tried to discredit the excellent defence. If, at trick three, West had switched to a club or a heart, no matter if South was locked in dummy, the club nine would still be a winning card. Similarly, another player suggested that South at Trick Four could switch to a club or heart, and discard a losing club on a heart. But no matter how declarer played, the spade nine could still be established.

The book has over 70 deals, mostly played in a monastery or a convent. I found it to be rather tedious reading. But it is recommended for its many interesting deals.

CHESS

Elihu Shuhaf

Problem No. 3207
A. GROENEWALD, Holland 1947



White mates in four (4-3)
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3205 (Lobusov). 1.Bd2? Bf1; 1.Re1 - 2.Ke5; 1... Bf3, Qa6, Rf8 2.Ne5, Nf6, Rg6.

WILL PALESTINE PLAY IN ISRAEL?

THE Chess Federation of Palestine, a member country in FIDE, has submitted its entry to the world championship for players under 16, scheduled to be held in Israel in April 1985. This was announced by Yitzhak Ofek, secretary-general of the Hapoel Sports Organization at a meeting of its secretariat. Ofek said that Palestine is at present a member in seven international sports organizations. This is the first time the Palestinians are applying to an international event held in Israel.

The Palestinian chess players will come from Tunisia. When submitting their registration paper, they requested that the Palestinian flag be hoisted together with the flag of other participating countries. In view of the many problems raised by the Palestinian registration, Ofek is seeking the opinion of the Foreign Ministry.

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

KARPOV KASPAROV

7th game of the match
1.d4 d5 2.e4 e6 3.Nf3 c5 4.ed ed 5.g3 Nf6 6.Bg2 Be7 7.0-0 0-0 8.Nc3 Nc6 9.Bg5 ed 10.Nd4 h6 11.Be3 Re8 12.Qb3 Na5 13.Qe2 Bg4 14.Nf5 Re8 15.Ne7 Re7 16.Rad1 Qe8 17.h3 Bh5 18.Bd5 Bg6 19.Qc1 Nd5 20.Rd5 Nc4 21.Bd4 Rec7 22.b3 Nb6 23.Re5 Qd7 24.Qc3 f6 25.Re5 Re5 26.Be5 Qh3 27.Rd1! h5? 28.Rd4 Nd7 29.Bd6 Bf7 30.Nd5 Bd5 31.Rd5 a6 32.Bf4 Nf8 33.Qd3 Qg4 34.f3 Qg5 35.Kf2 Re2? 36.Qe3 Re8 37.Qe7 b5 38.Rd8 Rd8 39.Qd8 Qf7 40.Bd6 g5 41.Qd8 Kg7. Here the game was adjourned (the sealed move was 42.Qa6) and Kasparov resigned without resuming play.

KASPAROV

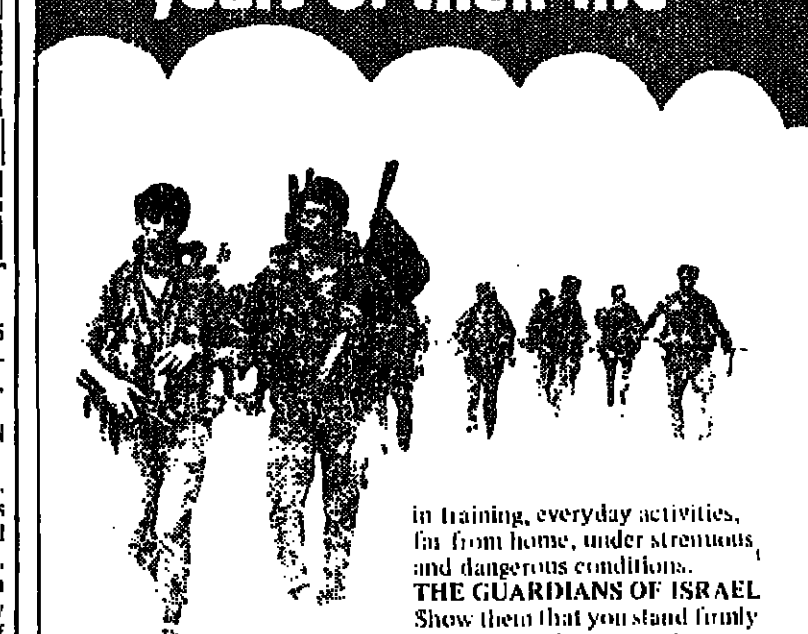
8th game of the match
1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 e6 3.g3 d5 4.Bg2 Be7 5.Nf3 0-0 6.0-0 de 7.Qc2 a6 8.Qc4 b5 9.Qc2 Bb7 10.Bd2 Be4 11.Qc1 Bb7 12.Be3 Nd5 13.Nc3 Nd7 14.Rd1 Re8 15.Nd5 Bd5 16.Ne1 c6 17.Nd3 Qb6 18.Qc3 b4 19.Qd2 a5 20.Rdcl. Draw.

RAMAT HASHARON 1984

M. PEIN J. NICHOLSON
1.Nf3 c5 2.e4 Nf6 3.Nc3 e6 4.g3 b6 5.Bg2 Bb7 6.0-0 Be7 7.d4 c4 8.Qd4 d6 9.Bg5 a6 10.Bf6 Bf6 11.Qd2 0-0 12.Rud1 Be7 13.Ng5 Bg5 14.Bb7 Ra7 15.Be4! f5 16.Bg2 Rd7 17.f4 Bf6 18.e4 g6 19.Rf6! fe4 20.Re4 d5 21.Re6 dcl 22.Qc4 Kh8 23.Rd7 Qd7 24.h4 Qg7 25.Kh2 Nd7 26.Nd5 Bb8 27.Qe2 Nf6 28.Nf6 Rf6 29.Re8 Rf8 30.RR O8 31.Qa6 Bh4 32.Qb6 Bb8 33.Qe6 g5 34.fg5 Bg5 35.b4 Bf6 36.b5 Qh6 37.Qh3 Qc1 38.Qh5 Qc3 39.a4 Be5 40.Qe8 Kg7 41.Qe7 Kg6 42.Qh4 h5 43.Qe4. Black resigns.

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מקדאס מן האוכל

The Argentinian visitors will also give a performance at the International Cultural Centre for Youth on January 15.

Yemenite dance group of the International Cultural Centre for Youth in Jerusalem

Games took themselves too seriously. In fact, they weren't "camp" enough, although the audience applauded vigorously.

DANCE
Dora Sowden

DANCE LOVERS who remember the works of Norman Morrice for the Batsheva Company will regret to hear that a serious illness has forced

Under separate directorship, the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet is doing several works, including Ashton's *Les Patineurs* and *The Dream* and Cranko's *The Lady and the Fool*.

Ann Barzel.

THE BAT-DOR Dance Company is giving a series of 10 performances during January. With the exception of one (January 19) in Haifa, the performances will be held at the Bat-Dor Theatre in Tel Aviv. □

Russia's victory over Germany in 1945, like the revolution of 1917, seemed once more to offer all Soviet Jews an end to indignities and repression. Jewish soldiers, sailors and airmen had fought heroically in every war zone, rising to the highest ranks of command. Jewish partisans had been active behind the Nazi lines. After so much slaughter, and the murder of at least two million Jewish civilians on Soviet soil, the survivors hoped that Jewish suffering under the Nazis, and the Jewish contribution to the Soviet war effort, would combine to bring them new times.

Martin Gilbert

story which the documents tell is one of persistent harassment, repression, execution and, in the last years of Stalin's rule, wild charges and even the threat of mass deportations to Siberia; a systematic and at times bloody campaign against Jewish identity and self-expression.

Although, at Yalta in February 1945, Stalin had agreed with Roosevelt and Churchill to permit the Jews to establish a national home in Palestine (a policy to which Britain had been committed since 1917), official Soviet opposition to Zionism emerged within a year. In the Soviet press, Zionism was soon being described as something linked to "influential American circles," as well as to "British imperialism."

Two years before the establishment of the State of Israel, an article in one leading Soviet journal described

FOR A brief year, from August 1947 to August 1948, the Soviet government supported the establishment of the State of Israel, but it quickly turned its back on the new state. Ironically, as Dr. Pinkus points out, this brief promulgation of a "pro-Israeli" policy in Moscow was paralleled by an increasingly "anti-Jewish" policy in the internal attitudes of Soviet officialdom, characterized by the murder in January 1948 of Solomon Mikhoels, the director of the Jewish Theatre in Moscow, and one of the most prominent figures of Soviet Jewry. This campaign culminated in the dissolution of most Jewish cultural institutions, followed by the mass arrest of leading figures in the Yiddish cultural world. Arrest was followed in most cases by execution. Several hundreds of the leading Jewish writers, actors, painters, sculptors and musicians disappeared, never to be seen or heard of again.

It is surprising to note how quickly the recognition of Jewish suffering on Soviet soil and the Jewish contribution to the Soviet war effort became a non-subject. In 1946 a substantial volume was ready for printing in Moscow. Entitled the *Black Book*, it set down documentary evidence of Nazi crimes against the Jews. In 1948 it was not only withdrawn from publication, but the type face was broken up. A similar fate befell the *Red Book*, which was to have portrayed the part played by Jews in the battles fought by the Red Army as well as the previously much publicized Jewish contribution to resistance on Soviet soil, both in the ghettos and in partisan units.

By 1949, the partial concealment of the Jewish contribution to war time resistance was replaced, as Dr. Pinkus shows, by total silence. This policy of silence was carried so far, he writes, "that any mention of Jewishness was erased from the few monuments erected after the war to the memory of the Jewish victims of the Nazis."

It was the Jews themselves who, at the very end of the period documented in this volume, began to gather at the various mass murder sites of the Nazi era, particularly the

death pits and ravines outside Vinnytsia and Riga, and at Babi Yar in Kiev. There, these "Soviet citizens of Jewish nationality," as they are officially designated, sought to remember the dead, to clear the sites of debris, and to demand the establishment of monuments to those who had been killed. Dr. Pinkus publishes the full text of two such demands.

in the 1960s that the Jewish renaissance of the 1970s was born, not only a renewal of Jewish consciousness, but a new sense of national awareness. After all, there was now a State of Israel, so that the Soviet government's own designation of the Jews as a "nationality" stimulated first

The gatherings at the war-torn mass murder sites affected the Jews in a way which could not have been foreseen by the Soviet authorities. One of the first of the new "Prisoners of Zion" of that decade was a young Jew from Kiev, Boris Kochubievsky, who, at a memorial meeting in Babi Yar, objected to the anti-Semitic remarks of a bystander and protested openly. Kochubievsky was sentenced to three years in labour camp (he lives today in Jerusalem).

WITH THE closing down of mass emigration in 1981, many of the manifestations of Soviet anti-Jewish attitudes so painstakingly documented by Dr. Pinkus for the years 1948 to 1967 have re-emerged. Once more, Soviet publications seek to belittle the scale and nature of Jewish suffering during the war years, and to cut out all reference to specific Jewish contributions to resistance. Once again, it is made extremely difficult for Jews to gather at sites such as Babı Yar for memorial meetings. But whereas the repressions so fully represented in these documents took place in a community which could see no prospect whatsoever of leaving the Soviet Union, today's arrests, trials and imprisonment, together with the continuing pressure on Jewish cultural life, take place against a background of aroused expectation making the pressures against Jewish aspirations all the more difficult for the individual Jew to bear.

Today's Soviet Jews have seen the range of opportunities which the 1970s had so powerfully, but it now seems, so mockingly, created. Many Soviet Jews now fear, and Dr. Pinkus's documentation would seem to suggest, that on previous examples the bad times have returned yet again, and that considerable faith, hope and fortitude will be needed to see them through.

(Martin Gilbert, the biographer of Sir Winston Churchill, is the author of *The Jews of Hope: the Plight of Soviet Jewry Today*, published by Macmillan, London; Viking, New York; and Domino, Jerusalem.)

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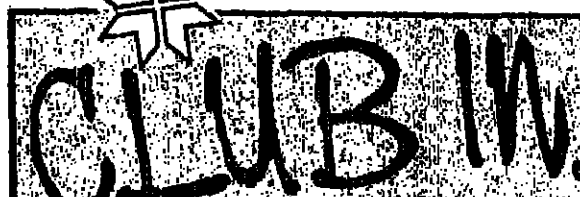
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Awful predicaments

Marion Lupu

comes sickeningly home to one, of course, but in the *rué*, the *bain*, and perhaps most frequently of all, in the *lit*, in the *milieu* of the *mit*. Suddenly the faulty connection sparks, and a dismal shock goes through one. Oh God – one never asked O.J. Sproull how his poor wife was! Holy heaven – one never thanked Christopher and Lavinia Crumble for putting one in touch with that marvellous little man of theirs in Market Strayborough! Never evinced any surprise or pleasure to see Mrs. Haddock out of hospital again!"

SOCIAL mores intrigue Frayn; he also casts a shrewd eye at our behaviour in what we would like to consider the privacy of our homes.

What, for example, is our attitude to the children? Are we content to let them develop as nature intended, or do we nurse vaulting ambitions for the little ones? Extremely little ones in some cases: those who have not yet made their way into the world. He notes that, these days, the mother who has her child's future at heart sets to work before it's even born, and spends part of each day during pregnancy inside a decompression suit to increase the supply of oxygen to its brain, with the result that it subsequently learns to crawl and walk (and presumably also to graduate and get a peirage) earlier than those less fortunate children from under-decompressed homes.

Fellow-journalists and their quirks do not escape unscathed. When Auberon Waugh was traveling through Europe, he sent an article each week to *The Daily Mirror* on the national characteristics of the country he was visiting at the time. Waugh wrote that his idea of Germany had been formed by scien-

war films in which all the Germans shouted "Ach so! Gott in Himmel!" and was agreeably surprised to find that this was not the case today. He was almost as surprised by the sheer variety of the German race and reported that they came in all sizes - fat, thin, tall, short, dark, fair. Some were cheerful, some gloomy. On reading this, Frayn admits that he feels like gasping: "Ach so? Thin as well as fat? Short as well as tall? Some cheerful? Some gloomy? Well, dash it all! Gott, as one might say, in Himmel!"

But there is more to come. Wauth wondered if the German language might not contain some inherent faults, and wrote: "It must be very difficult to keep a straight face if, when you go to visit a relative in hospital, you have to ask for the Krankenhaus or, when you want the way out, you have to ask for the Ausfahrt." "It must indeed," commented Frayn. "I'd never thought of it that way before...I suppose life must be just one long struggle to keep themselves from bursting out laughing at their own language. That's what all those duelling scars were for - to camouflage the dirty grins on the faces inquiring about the Ausfahrt."

Projection

HOT TIMES by Earl Wilson. Chicago, Contemporary Books Inc., 260 pp. \$13.95

Richard Penniman

THIS IS a breast-obsessed, stale-smelling pot-pourri of "inside info" and locker-room jokes about movie stars (Mae West, Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor, Lana Turner, etc.) and movie starlets (Jayne Mansfield, June Wilkinson, Jane Russell, Anita Ekberg, etc.) whose mammary glands, shall we say, projected them into the spotlight.

Yes, flat-chested women (Katharine Hepburn, Diane Keaton, Jackie Onassis, Merle Oberon, etc.) do make appearances, and even male entertainers (Bing Crosby, Johnny Carson, Bob Hope, Jackie Gleason, etc.) get a word in edgewise, but the bulk of smarm and smut is reserved for "the broads with the big bazooms." There are pictures inside showing the cleavage of a number of famous ladies and an endless supply of very soft-core porn jokes, e.g., "Nowadays many a girl works her way to the top from her bottom."

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Taking the mickey

THE GOLDEN AGE of modern British satire began in the early '60s with the London revue *Beyond the Fringe*, and continues today as apparently indestructible as Mrs. Thatcher's hairdo.

TV shows like *Monty Python* and *Not the Nine o'Clock News* prove that when it comes to taking the mickey the British have few rivals.

True, it wasn't until the second half of the century that English men of humour burst out of their Victorian corsets. But then they are a conservative lot. However, once set free, they set about those who would rule them with a veritable barrage of deflating wit. Such deflation we could do with here.

The flagship of the Establishment bashers is *Private Eye*, a happily scurrilous bi-weekly magazine produced in a scruffy office in Greek Street, Soho, with a small (by British standards) circulation of 116,000. The Eye, as it is known to its fans, was launched in 1961 and provides its readers with a steady flow of genuine scoops and sharp-edged parody.

To editor Richard Ingrams and his staff nothing is holy. Sacred cows are there to be slaughtered. Business tycoons, politicians, media "stars," trade union leaders, the police and, on at least one occasion, God, have all come under the lash.

But of course few have suffered as much as the prime ministers who have had the misfortune to rule during *Private Eye's* lifetime.

My Round, written by Ingrams and John Wells, is very much part of The Eye tradition. Like the celebrated "Mrs. Wilson's Diary," which gave rise to some displeasure at Number 10 during Harold's reign, it is the imaginary record of events kept by the spouse of the prime minister. It runs as a series in the magazine and now appears in book form.

In this case the scribbler is Denis Thatcher, the former paint company boss who gained his place in the shadows when Maggie shot to power in 1979. Unlike Mrs. Wilson he doesn't keep a diary but lays bare the most intimate secrets of his life with the Iron Lady in indiscreet letters to his friend and boozing partner Bill.

MY ROUND by Richard Ingrams and John Wells, illustrated by George Adamson, London, Private Eye, 77 pp. £2.50.

BORIS 3, London, Private Eye, £2.25.

THE MEANING OF LIFF by Douglas Adams and John Lloyd, New York, Harmony Books, 122 pp. \$8.95.

Bernard Josephs

No doubt the real Denis Thatcher is a sober, devoted husband who is proud to bask in his wife's reflected glory. Be that as it may, the problem with this book is that it is so believable. After a few dozen pages I had to remind myself that I was reading an amusing fantasy and not the real thing.

The Ingrams and Wells gin-soaked version of the little man behind the great lady has a whiff of reality about it. Do the authors, the reader is tempted to ask, know something we don't know about the goings-on behind the lace curtains in Downing Street?

Only one criticism. This volume could do with a glossary. How, for instance, are those who were not blessed with an English public school education supposed to unravel some of Denis's slang? How are they to know that Halitosis Hall is the House of Commons, that Old Red Socks is Anglican slang for the pope, or that the snelly socks brigade is what the Tories call the Labour Party?

But then as (the fictional) Denis would say: "Who cares about Johnny Foreigner anyway?"

ANOTHER *Private Eye* spinoff is *Hores 3*. We aren't told who the writer is, but the illustrations are by Michael Heath and they alone are worth the price. Henth's etching pen has a deliciously vicious streak. He depicts transport café biggots, Hampstead radicals, admirers of the Queen Mother, trendy psychologists and the many other open-mouthed characters whose ambition in life is apparently to bore the pants off anyone within listening range.

Inevitably in a *Private Eye* publication, the accent is very British. But boys are an international curse and few will have escaped meeting the local version of the eye clavers and car benders featured here.

My favourite is the dialogue of the dog fancier who stops to admire a pedigree pooch in the park and treats its owner to a display of her canine knowledge: "It's a Maltese Terrier isn't it? They're lovely little things aren't they? My first husband had one of these called Champion when he lived in Dorking, they're wonderful guard dogs aren't they? I bet you've never had bunplas have you? Not with this little chap to guard you. Mind you I lived in the country I'd have a Bulgarian Setter. My aunt had one when she lived in Yorkshire but they need a lot of exercise and it isn't fair to keep them locked up in a service flat. Haven't he got a bit of Prince Charles' spirit about him? Mind you I prefer a mongrel myself. There's so much in-breeding these days. Look what's happened to poodles. My mother had a poodle..."

And so on and so forth. This book is packed with similar examples of the borer's art. The problem is that after 100 pages or so the dialogue becomes a bit, well, boring.

ON ANOTHER tack is *The Meaning of Liff* by script-writer Douglas Adams and John Lloyd, one of the creators of TV's *Not the Nine o'Clock News*.

Adams and Lloyd, noting the plethora of weird place names in the British Isles, decided it was time to get them "off the signposts and into the mouths of babes and sucklings where they can start earning their keep in everyday conversation and start making a contribution to society (and make a few bucks for the authors too)."

Thus Farnham, instead of hanging around on a signpost in the Surrey countryside pointing to the town of that name, is pressed into service as a noun meaning "that feeling you get around four o'clock in the afternoon when you haven't got enough done."

Babworth becomes, not the town of that name, but "something that justifies a really good cry." And Yarmouth is not a seaside resort and fishing port but a verb meaning to "shout at foreigners in the belief that the louder you speak the better they'll understand you."

The family Maimon

ON THE cover of Gloria Goldreich's *This Burning Harvest*, Jacqueline Briskin, herself a notable writer, is quoted as saying it's "a book to be treasured." For once this isn't inflated praise. It is a novel that deserves to be translated into Hebrew, and read by every Israeli teenager and adult.

It is about the members of a Jewish family in Israel. They are interlarded with the course of events, and yet have lives that are both private and particular.

The story of the Maimon family does not begin with this book. In its predecessor, *This Promised Land*, Yehuda Wasserman decides to leave Kharkov and go to the Holy Land (despite the angry warnings of his father Rabbi Shimon) to found the family Maimon and to plant orchards in Rishon LeZion. It is a good and well-told story, but its successor is even better. It begins in the year 1929, and, while it is an advantage to have read the earlier

THIS BURNING HARVEST by Gloria Goldreich, New York, Berkeley, 385 pp. \$3.50.

Dora Sowden

book, it is not essential. The author sketches in the background in full strokes, so that the canvas is slight and its detail clear.

EZRA MAIMON, son of Yehuda, is a man of peace, and on his Galilee farm his children play with the children of his Arab assistant Saleem whose son Achmed goes to a Jewish agricultural college. Elana, Ezra's daughter, and Achmed fall in love and hope to marry because Achmed, though a good Moslem, is willing to convert. Fate plans otherwise. Achmed is murdered by the followers of the Mufti because he has been advocating cooperation between Jews and Arabs.

Historical figures flit or walk through the pages, are etched into an incident or appear in a cameo. They include Herzl, Weizmann, Churchill (sympathetic but unhelpful), Anthony Eden (indifferent), Roosevelt (understanding but unwilling), the Mufti (a soft-spoken serpent), Moshe Shertok (with well-trimmed fingernails), Moshe Dayan, Orde Wingate, Albert Einstein, Toscanini, and many others. Recha Freier is referred to. The interweaving of real and imagined people is done without strain; they are all life-size, in their time and place, with no hint of hindsight.

Occasionally there is a slight slip-up. Yigal Allon is described as tall. A drizzle of rain in February is said to be unusual. Yet description of scenery and of mood is faithful. Only in the last pages does the complicated destiny of the Maimon family take on the aspects of a thriller. Yet it all remains within the bounds of credibility, even of reality. After all, children were rescued from the hell of Europe, coincidences *did* occur.

The novel stops at 1948 when the push towards a State is already well on the way. The third generation of Maimons have by no means played out their full story.

THE PICTURE most people have of scientific advance is that of a more-or-less steady progression. In ten years time, it is assumed, we will know more about our world than we do now. Many question whether this progress is good in itself, but few doubt the reality of the advance.

In terms of accumulating information, this is true. Each year more probes are launched into the heavens, and more excavations penetrate the earth. However, after the act of discovery comes the act of interpretation, fitting the facts into their place in the theoretical jigsaw.

But what if the facts don't fit together? What is required in such cases is a careful investigation by experts willing to modify, or even to jettison, a theory in favour of a new one. What did happen on one notorious occasion in the early 1950s was a campaign of vilification directed against the person who had brought such facts to light, set them within a different theoretical framework and added pertinent predictions based on this framework that have had the awkward habit in subsequent years of being proved correct.

THIS BOOK tells the story of what was to become known as the "Velikovsky affair." From the central figure's viewpoint. Nearly completed in 1956, it has only now been published posthumously. Contrary to the "crank" image foisted upon him by his detractors, Immanuel Velikovsky obtained degrees in a variety of subjects at various universities, including natural sciences, medicine and biology. He then decided on psychoanalysis as a career, studied under Stekel, a pupil of Freud's, and practised in Mandatory Palestine between the wars.

In 1939 he and his family came to the United States to carry out research for a book on Freud. He had expected to stay for less than a year. But his book failed to find a publisher. In the meantime, he took up the studies that were to lead to the publication in 1950 of *Worlds in Collision*.

In this book, Velikovsky was to maintain that the plagues and disasters that accompanied the Children of Israel in their exodus from Egypt were part of a world-wide catastrophe inflicted on earth by the close approach of the planet Venus, which was then in an irregular orbit and bore the appearance of a comet.

Colliding scholars



STARGAZERS AND GRAVE DIGGERS: Memoirs to Worlds in Collision by Immanuel Velikovsky, New York, William Morrow, 346 pp. \$14.95.

Ralph Amelan

Around 800 years later, a series of lesser disasters occurred as a result of a still erratic Venus coming too close to Mars. One of the consequences of this was the "blast" that annihilated Sennacherib's besieging army around the walls of King Hezekiah's Jerusalem. Velikovsky underpinned his theory meticulously with the accounts of people around the globe, ancient astronomical observations and mythology. All bore grim testimony to darkness, destruction, and death from the sky, inflicted by murderous "planet-deities."

IT SHOULD be noted here that catastrophism was not a new idea: before the triumph of evolution in the nineteenth century it had been

the accepted scientific wisdom. But the evolutionary filter through which geologists and astronomers examined the discoveries of modern times ensured that unambiguous traces of sudden and violent change were either interpreted as local events, set in a context of ever-increasing geological time, or ignored. Velikovsky's sleuthing unearthed such long-forgotten or overlooked evidence, and placed it in a new light.

After several years of research in libraries, something Velikovsky had always relished, he put together a publishable manuscript. Distinguished scientists to whom it was shown, were for the most part, interested, offered useful criticism and urged its publication. At first Velikovsky encountered difficulties:

many publishers, ironically in view of what was to follow, thought it too scholarly to sell well. However, Macmillan agreed to take it, and arranged for an article based on the book to appear in *Harper's* magazine in January 1950, before publication date. Sales of this issue were high: the dramatic tale of fire in the sky

took hold of the public imagination. Unfortunately, the attention of unfriendly scientific observers was also attracted.

Dr. Harlow Shapley was the director of the Harvard College Observatory, and appears to have been a central figure in efforts that were made by leading scientists to discredit the book. Covert pressure was brought to bear on Macmillan by Dr. Shapley to prevent its publication, but this move failed. Hostile reviews, written before the reviewers could have possibly read the book, were circulated. Velikovsky was defamed, openly and privately, as a crank, the originator of "the most successful fraud that has been perpetrated on leading American publications," and his work was denounced as an "attack on reason."

Within a few months of publication Macmillan, threatened by a boycott of scientists and the consequent loss of its scientific list, bowed to the pressure. The book was transferred to Doubleday, and an editor who had worked closely with Velikovsky on the manuscript of *Worlds in Collision* was sacked. This was done despite the fact that the book was at the top of the best-seller list.

THE REASONS why these scientists behaved in such a manner may never be fully known. Many academics were sensitive about their status at the time of the McCarrill witch-hunts, and it is interesting to note that Dr. Shapley specifically linked McCarrill and Velikovsky as "symbols of something dire and disastrous." Velikovsky's validation of biblical narrative as accurate history certainly aroused fears in the minds of some scientists of a return to the historic battlefields where science confronted religion. In view of the many efforts made at the time and subsequently to paint Velikovsky as a biblical fundamentalist, it is ironic to note that a German publishing house reneged on its agreement to publish *Worlds in Collision* because of pressure from ecclesiastical groups.

However unfair or inaccurate the attacks were, they had their effect. *Worlds in Collision*, and Velikovsky's subsequent works such as *Ages in Chaos* and *Earth in Upheaval*, acquired a gamy reputation in the eyes of academics. Their readable style, sensational content, and consequent popularity among the public

all counted against them. Velikovsky discussed his theories with Einstein when, in 1955, as Velikovsky had predicted, Jupiter was found to emit radio noise. Einstein began to use his influence to set up certain experiments that Velikovsky required to test his theories, but he died before they were carried out.

Velikovsky's hopes of a full-scale impartial investigation died with him. He threw himself into debate in any available forum, individual scientists kept up a friendly interest, and sales of his work remained high. Yet no significant co-ordinated work was undertaken at the highest level to settle the question of whether his theories were plausible nonsense or inspired genius. Velikovsky may have been regarded by his detractors as attacking science itself, but few ever considered using the legitimate weapons of scientific enquiry to demolish his theories.

IT IS my hope that this book will help pave the way for such an enquiry. One method of carrying it out would be the establishment of a specially endowed Velikovsky Foundation to sponsor research into key areas of Velikovsky's theories, and to publish the findings, regardless of which side, if any, they might support.

Such an appraisal of awkward facts, and of their implications, might have a serious bearing on scientific theory and on the advancement of knowledge. For example, in *The Jerusalem Post* for Friday, October 21st, there were two items which illustrate the sort of evidence Velikovsky would have appreciated. A Russian space probe found a region of craters and fractures in the north polar region of Venus, clear indications of a violent past. And at a dig at the supposed site of Cimmeroth, an idol supposedly dating from the 13th century BCE was found in the 8th century level. In *Ages of Chaos* Velikovsky had argued that the chronology of the ancient world had been incorrectly calculated and used the evidence of similar 500-year anomalies to put forward his own reconstruction of ancient history.

Until the establishment of such a Foundation, both stargazers and gravediggers may be surprised in similar fashion. The reader of this lucidly written and compelling work on the modern history of science may not be so surprised.

THE PROFESSOR of anthropology who wrote this book takes jokes seriously.

He analyses Freud, the serious joker, particularly bringing to light his conflict-ridden relationship with his Jewish origins and the Jewish religion. The thoroughness of Oring's scholarship is impressive. He has ferreted through a mountain of writings by and about Freud, and his treatment of that material is highly intelligent and interesting.

Before writing his famous work on humour, the title of which Oring renders as *Jokes and their Relation to the Unconscious* (1905), Freud began a collection of what he called "deeply significant" Jewish jokes, just at the time he was undertaking his own self-analysis. He later burned that manuscript.

Oring assumes that the writing and subsequent destruction of that collection indicate its personal psychological importance to Freud, who took care to hide overly revealing facts about his life from the prying eyes of future biographers.

This book is thus an effort to bring to light what its subject wished to conceal, and it uses many of the methods developed by Freud him-

Freud's joke-hoard

THE JOKES OF SIGMUND FREUD by Elliot Oring, University of Pennsylvania Press, 151 pp. No price stated.

Jeffrey M. Green

self. You might say he asked for this book.

IN HIS introduction Oring admits that "by continuing the tradition of the psychobiographical analysis of Freud I am forced to entertain the likelihood of an aggressive component in my inquiry," but here the aggression is not that of a neurotic who finds that the painful truths he has long denied and suppressed are popping out of Freud's works and spitting in his eye.

Oring is not angry at Freud for discovering the unconscious. Rather, underneath the academic apparatus and professionalism, I see in Oring a committed and well-

informed Jew who reacts strongly against the (largely unconscious) anti-Jewish thread in Freud's thought.

The book uses Freud's jokes to explore his mixture of distaste for and loyalty to his East European Jewish roots. The first chapters treat Freud as an individual, and Chapter 8, "The Complex," places the problem within the anti-Semitic climate of Freud's Vienna. Oring's conclusion there, while not particularly flattering to Freud, is quite convincing: "When a man passionately proclaims his Jewishness and refuses to accept the inferiority that is deemed his, yet secretly or unconsciously reviles his heritage and is utterly convinced of his inferior status, then that man is in a real sense *meschugge*. Perhaps the ambivalence of his situation, if it is not to result in tragedy, can be reflected only in the paradoxical structures of jokes and anecdotes."

Jews always seem to be trapped once they step into modern life. The greater their success, the costlier the failure. There seems to be no way to win the game. Herzl, who, as Oring points out, lived down the street from Freud at one time, offered the solution we're testing out in Israel.

And along with its benefits, it has its obvious costs, material and spiritual.

Perhaps American Jewish intellectuals like Oring are on to an alternative solution. However, I suspect that a book by Oring about Woody Allen's jokes would show that we have not done with the discomforts of trying to outgrow the goyim at their own games, and so gain acceptance among them as equal fellow citizens.

My father, to conclude in the Freudian spirit, possesses a vast store of jokes which he generally uses to deflect conversations from unpleasant and over-personal concerns.

When I was a child, after hearing about the drunk with carrots in his ears or the talking dog who should have said DiMaggio, I always asked, "And then what happened?" It took me a long time to realize that nothing happens after a joke, which is, to say the least, a major difference between comedy and real life.

Freud died, as Oring points out in the last sentences of his book, a bit more than three weeks after the German invasion of Poland, on Yom Kippur, 1939. A lot happened after that punchline.

מאמר על אשכול

WHAT'S ON

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Jerusalem

MUSEUMS

Israel Museum Opening Exhibition: Lea Nikel, paintings, 1950-1981 (15.1). Continuing Exhibition: City Coins of Erez Yitzhak and the Legends. African Art. Hanukka Gift, Gold and Silver Coins (18th-19th cent. European coins). A Vanished World-Roman Villages, photographs. Permanent Exhibition of Miniature Rooms. Meet the Israeli Artist, for children. Artists present in the Gallery Elitah Gut, landscape painting. Scary: Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology. Photography for children (Paley Centre near Rockefeller Museum).

Rockefeller Museum. The Other Side of the River - Ancient Egyptian inventory objects.

Ticho House: works by Anna Ticho, Hanukkah, library, garden etc.

Tel Aviv

MUSEUMS

Old Vishay Cant Museum. Life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century. World War II, 6 On Haholim, Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun-Thurs., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Galleries

Mikhael Shatunov, 1. Robert Fisher Hall, Lea Nikel, Works on Paper. Opening Jan. 15 Sun-Thurs., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; 16 p.m. Tel. 11-4111.

Yakov Greenwald Gallery. Jewish ceremonial objects in silver for commemorations of modern art. Sun-Thurs., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri. 10-1 p.m. Hutzot HaOzer, opp. Jaffa Gate. Tel. 02-263077.

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EXHIBITIONS

ZARITSKY: A RETROSPECTIVE SILENTCAPES - PAUL CAPONIGRO/PHOTOGRAPHS (Opening Tuesday, 16.1, at 8.00 p.m.)
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THE SOUND OF CHOIRS. The Jerusalem Chamber Choir of the Jerusalem Academy. Conductor: Stanley Sperber. Series 1, Tuesday, 16.1; Series 2, Wednesday, 16.1, at 8.30 p.m.

GUEST LECTURE (in conjunction with the Paul Caponigro Exhibition)

CAPONIGRO IN AN AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHIC TRADITION: STIEGLITZ, WESTON, MINOR WHITE. In English, by exhibition organizer, Marienne Fulton. Ms. Fulton's visit was arranged through the U.S. Information Service of the U.S. Embassy in Tel Aviv. Wednesday, 16.1, at 9.00 p.m.

FOR THE GOLDEN AGE

ANGIE VERA (Hungary, 1980, in colour, 90 min.; Hungarian, with English and Hebrew subtitles). Monday, 14.1, at 11.00 a.m.

CINEMA

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Tel Aviv

MUSEUMS

Tel Aviv Museum. Exhibition: Design for the 21st Century. Sun-Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri. 10 a.m.-7 p.m. Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Tel. 03-281111.

MUSEUMS

The Reuben and Edith Hecht Museum at Haifa. University is open daily except Fridays 10 a.m.-1 p.m. and on Tue-day afternoons 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

David's Harp



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Part of the rim of the makhtesh (crater), centre of the park. (Mike Goldberg)

a little further on, the Egyptian. We turned south to take the new road (marking with the Egyptian border.

Shoham told us this road was 'easy to build. The NRA had insisted it should interfere with the landscape as little as possible.

The IDF engineering corps, which built it, tried hard to make it less obtrusive. Where a more logical route might have cut through hill-sides or over wadis, the road here takes its time, winding up and around, and providing a few fine views on the way.

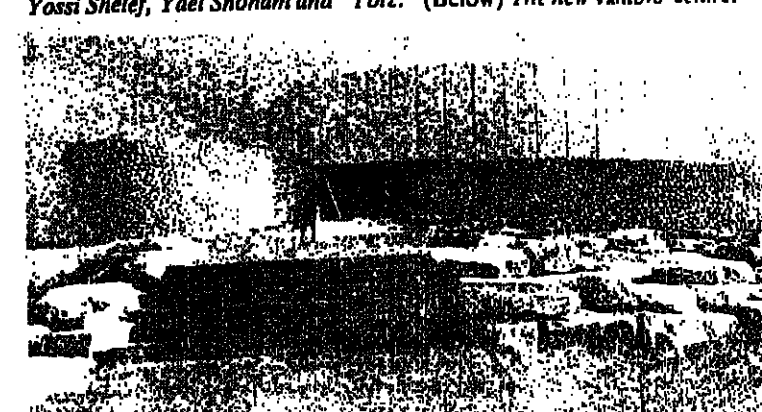
Or so we were told. "At this point," Shelef told us, "you can see the biblical Kadesh Barnea, inside Sinai." We peered into a peaspout fog, and took his word for it.

Later, we did have a fine view of Egyptian soldiers trudging uphill on the Egyptian dirt road running parallel to our own. All along the way, Egyptian and Israeli outposts faced each other, across the border markers, fences and occasional stone barriers. These, were told, aren't much of an obstacle for smugglers.

Excitement increased when, in order to use the road, we had to fill out a form giving us entry to a closed military area. Shoham told us the real reason for the form is to keep



Yossi Shelef, Yael Shoham and "Yotz." (Below) The new visitors' centre.



track of visitors, and ensure no one is stranded in the area at nightfall.

OUR FIRST sight of the park proper came in the form of a low stone wall to protect campers from the wind, and a stone building with toilet facilities, which helps to preserve the natural beauty of the site. The NRA, in providing a camping area with all the facilities, ensures that the entire park will not be destroyed by the expected large numbers of holiday visitors.

"We're sure that, in a few years, this will be one of the most popular hiking areas in the country, and we're getting ready for it now," Shoham said. If similar plans had been made for the Kinneret area before Israel pulled out of Sinai, she noted, its facilities would not now be so over-used.

Close by the camping area was a small orchard, not very impressive, perhaps, when compared with some orchard in a lush area, but impressive enough. It is part of an experiment to reproduce the farming techniques of the biblical period, when the run-off from sudden downpours was channelled to provide sufficient water to irrigate the small, though strategically important, settlements in the area.

Watching over the experimental planning from his nearby Bedouin tent was Yotz, a wild-looking, but actually quite pleasant, volunteer, one of the many unconventional types the NRA seems to attract. He was building a small cabin nearby, but preferred to live in a tent till it was finished, despite the fact that night-time temperatures often fall below freezing point.

As we crouched over an open fire, the drizzle became a heavy rainfall, whipping around the tent. A cup of hot sweet tea arrived none too soon. But Yotz (he wouldn't tell us his family name) was busy explaining that the loess soil of the region would trap and hold the rainwater for a long period, if the flows were channelled. This was why a settlement existed here in biblical times, an outpost of the Judean kingdom, and then in the Byzantine and Nabatean periods.

LATER, when the storm passed in the manner of desert downpours, we were to see a typical well of the biblical period, restored by young volunteers from the army and the moshav movement. It had two settling pans so that debris and mud would settle before water entered the well. The well had steps going down so that, even in periods without much water, it was always possible to draw up the last few litres.

THERE was also some compensation for the storm in the shape of a double rainbow glimpsed a little later, just as we were about to visit the almost completed visitors' centre in Mitzpe Ramon. Built at one of the entrances to the Park, at the very edge of the crater, or makhtesh, for which the area is famed, the centre provides one of the dramatic views of the region.

With a panoramic rooftop for fine weather, and a sweeping picture window at other times, the centre should tempt the viewer to see for himself what the park contains. Among the visual tidbits are a series of exhibits on the geological formations of the region. An audio-visual presentation, and a relief map, with corresponding light-up posters, reinforce the exhibits.

The visitors' centre was officially opened this week. In one sense it is a museum; in another sense it is only the day to the much larger museum extending itself outside.

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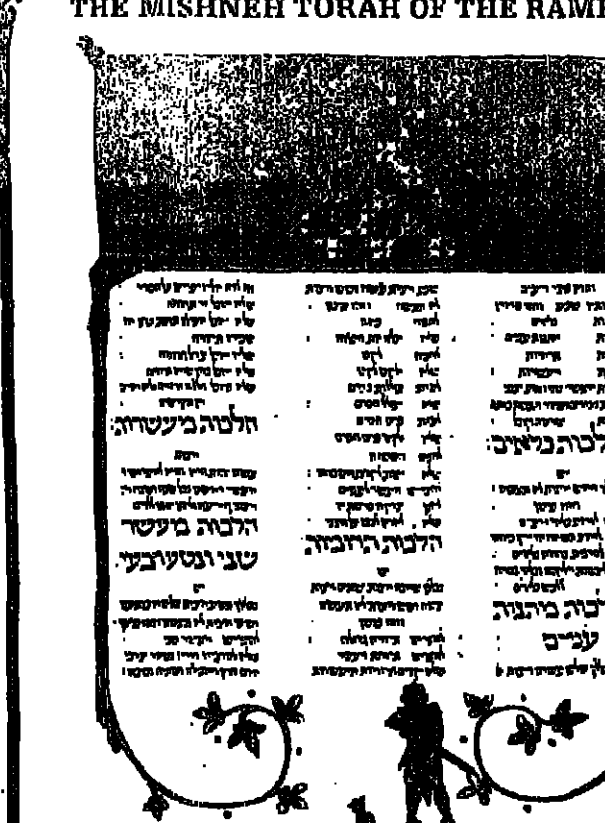
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AD882-12-128

CODEX MAIMONI: THE MISHNEH TORAH OF THE RAMBAM



The selections from the Code of Maimonides produced in this book are from the beautiful Kaufmann Codex and convey a clear idea of the style, scope and structure of the Mishneh Torah, enabling the reader to combine meticulous study with artistic pleasure.

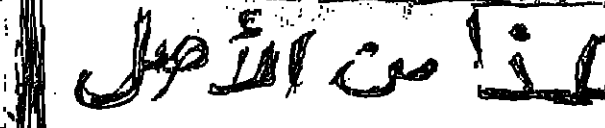
This exquisite volume contains the magisterial Code that was completed by Maimonides in Egypt in 1180, copied by a French scribe in 1295, further embellished by a German scribe in Cologne with citations from select post-Maimonidean authorities. The manuscript was bequeathed to the Hungarian Academy of Sciences by Austrian scholar David Kaufmann and today, with this edition, has been made available to English-language readers. CODEX MAIMONI presents 68 of the most beautiful pages from the illuminated codex of the Kaufmann Mishneh Torah, with an introductory essay by Prof. Alexander Scheiber and contributions by Prof. I. Twersky, Prof. J. Blau and Prof. S. Pines. Art historian Gabrielle Sed-Rajna describes the codex in context of art history and provides detailed explanations of the illustrations.

Published by Corvina/Helikon/Strassburger. Leaf size 473 mm x 324 mm (approx. 18 1/2" x 12 3/4"). 176 pages.

Price, IS 72,780 (including VAT). Available from The Jerusalem Post, P.O. Box 81, Jerusalem 91000. Tel. 02-828181 ext. 201, 191. Price valid until January 31, 1985 in accordance with price freeze regulations of Nov. 2, 1984.

AD882-12-128

THE JERUSALEM POST



THE AGE of computers, we need hardly be reminded, is vastly different from the age of the Crusades. Our world today, rich in technology and bursting with data, is a fragmented one. Experience is compartmentalized. Specialists in different fields—not to mention sub-fields—no longer even try to understand each other.

Medieval thinkers, on the other hand, sought to unify all knowledge; they looked for comprehensive first principles, for unity. It takes no particular originality to point out that the current world-wide surge towards theological fundamentalism stems largely from the need felt by many for some such idea of all-pervasive, underlying unity. (Others, of course, appear perfectly content to take each discrete, discontinuous little thing as it comes along.)

In one respect the 12th century—the time of the Crusades and of such leaders as Saladin, Richard the Lionheart, and Frederick Barbarossa—exceeded ours. It produced one thinker—and religious leader, statesman, philosopher, jurist, teacher, and physician—whose breadth of vision and intellectual scope have hardly been equalled by anyone of our time.

This, of course, was the Rambam—Rabbi Moshe ben Maimon of the Jews, "Moses Aegyptius" of the Scholastics, and Maimonides of the entire world. He was born in Cordoba, Spain, in March, 1135. He lived in Morocco, and visited the Holy Land—then under Christian rule, and called the Kingdom of Jerusalem—in 1165. That same year he left for Egypt, where he lived until his death in December, 1204. The 850th anniversary of his birth is thus celebrated in 1985, while December marked the 780th anniversary of his death.

TO MARK the spirit of our times, we have an unmatched-anywhere-ever Rambam phenomenon; he flashes from hand to hand with dizzying frequency. I refer, of course, to his brocade-green and turbaned visage as it appears on our 1000 shekel notes (sheqalim, as the Bank of Israel exotically prints it, in the style of one thousand and one sheqalim). In the market-place they are referred to not as "Rambamim" but as "Greens"—just as if they were dollars or dubious German marks, and it is safe to say, with practically never a reference to the *Guide of the Perplexed*.

On the reverse side of the note is a stylized view of Tiberias where, according to tradition, the Rambam's grave is located. The familiar landmark on this scene is the tower of the Old City wall, plus some smallish new buildings and the tomb of Rabbi Meir Ba'al HaNes. Graphic designers avoid the new high-rise hotels that characterize post-Rambam Tiberias: for your thousand shekels you don't get the slightest whiff of Jacuzzi or disco. Three round shapes fit over those three zeros, and as the neighbour of the Tiberias Club Hotel I took them to be loudspeakers; but close scrutiny reveals that they are stylized palm trees.

While the freshly-printed "Greens" are whisked from wallet to wallet, some of the Rambam's own well-worn writings are still studied. The most important are the *Mishna Commentary*, the *Mishne Tora*, considered by some scholars to have been written as the constitution for the Jewish people, and the *Guide of the Perplexed*. Among his other prodigious output is the *Introduction to Logic*, reputedly written when the author was 16; the *Letter to the*



MAIMONIDES AT 850

Helga Dudman

Yemen, in which the Rambam deals with burning real problems of life and death; and the medical treatises, like many other works written originally in Arabic and signed, "Moshe ben Maimon, the Sephardi."

Besides producing this literary legacy, he was also the very hard-working court physician to Saladin's viceroy in Egypt: the spiritual leader of the Jews throughout the kingdom, and a revered teacher of philosophy. For his teaching, in accordance with the rabbinical injunction, he accepted no money.

IT IS NO wonder, then, that several spots in this part of the world are organizing celebrations to honour the Rambam on his 850th birthday. In Israel, a steering committee has been set up whose members include Minister of Education Yitzhak Navon; the president of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, Professor Ephraim Urbach; the mayor of Tiberias, Yigal Bibi; and representatives of universities and other government authorities.

Mayor Bibi is determined that Tiberias should take pride of place for the Year of the Rambam, as 1985 has been officially designated, and that his burial place should in time become a centre of international scholarship on the Rambam. "I would like to invite representatives of the four countries in which the Rambam lived and worked—Spain, Morocco, Israel, and Egypt—to meet in Tiberias and discuss his works and his unparalleled importance," Mayor Bibi told *The Jerusalem Post*. A UNESCO motion calling

for a similar celebration added an Arab philosopher, in the name of even-handedness.

Pride of place for early planning among these four countries goes to Spain, or rather to the region of Andalusia where the city of Cordoba, the Rambam's birthplace, is located. Israeli visitors to Cordoba report on the beautifully kept "Tiberias Square," and special activities and lectures will mark the commemoration.

THE CHIEF minister of Andalusia, Jose Rodriguez de la Barboita, was in Israel recently, together with his ministers for agriculture and economics. The purpose of the official trip was agricultural cooperation, but the group took the opportunity to come to Galilee on the Sabbath and paid an informal visit to Mr. and Mrs. Bibi at their Tiberias home. I was present, too, on the terrace overlooking the lake; and like the Bibis I was greatly impressed by both the youth and the seriousness of the delegation.

We heard about the educational and other events planned in Cordoba in honour of the Rambam—high marks for progress here, when it is remembered that Maimon and his family fled from Cordoba in 1148 to escape the invading Almohades, a fanatical puritanical sect of Islam (the brand has long been with us).

Additional high marks when it is further noted that while the Rambam did not consider the Moslems idolatrous, for they believed in the flawless Unity of God, he did regard as idol worshippers the Crusading

Christians he saw kneeling before the statues of saints (in Acre).

BUT ANDALUSIA today is socialist and humanist (and the chief minister needs no coalition but has an overwhelming majority). As he explained to Mayor Bibi, his young co-ministers "come from the universities, and the trade unions." In antiquity, Andalusia was the site of the kingdom of Tartessus, which may have been biblical Tarshish.

I was also present at Mayor Bibi's home for a Maimonides-centred little meeting at quite another level, one which may add a lively and constructive dimension to the celebrations.

This one involved the visit to Tiberias of Dr. William Elefant, of the School of Education at Bar-Ilan University, who carries with him a super-enthusiastic message of teaching methods based on those of Maimonides. His doctoral thesis was on the "Educational Ideas and Related Philosophical Concepts in Maimonides"; his secular studies were at the University of Denver and his rabbinical studies at Yeshiva University. His brother, a rabbi, heads a yeshiva in Jerusalem.

Armed with the Maimonidean First Principle of Unity (the Divine Unity that underlies and has created all is to be accepted rationally, intellectually and also emotionally), Elefant has no problem leaping into the fray of Israeli extremes.

Among those he has met with recently on the subject of Maimonides, you have, on the one hand, Rabbi MK Kahane and, very much

on the other hand, Raymond Tawil. Rabbi Kahane showed Elefant around his Holocaust Museum but apparently was not unduly receptive to the quotation from the Rambam that "Speech, teaching and learning are instruments for the advancement of peace among mankind."

This quotation, however, heads the letter of thanks Elefant sent to Raymond Tawil for her "unforgettable hospitality" at her home and the chance to meet with some of her Arab friends. The second quotation included in this letter is from the Arab poet Ahsan ibn Sina Almutk in praise of Maimonides: "Abu Amran"—the physician: "Galen's art heals the body, but Abu Amran's heals the body and the soul. With his wisdom he could heal the sickness of ignorance."

His letter to Tawil closes with the valediction, "Lexically, Educationally & Maimonideally... yours"—which conveys a little something of the man's exuberance and way of thinking.

DR. ELEFANT arrived in Tiberias with a heavy briefcase bulging with demonstrations, articles, tables, graphic models, reprints, and other documents all centred on his Maimonides teaching methodology.

What, in essence, is it about? It is very hard to boil down, but it involves a device for helping the reader—any reader of any text—to find the key elements.

"The idea came to me suddenly, from the opening words of the *Mishne Tora*," Dr. Elefant told me with ill-concealed excitement. These are: "The basic principle of all basic principles, and the pillar of all sciences, is to realize that there is a First Being who brought every existing thing into being. All existing things... exist only through his true existence."

Making a leap, now, to any written text: it, too, was created by a being, the human author. If the reader considers its title, and then looks for the sentence which best expresses, subjectively, the author's key explanation of the title, then, according to Elefant, he has found the "best I-We clue"—the author's point of view, his own basic thoughts about the subject matter, his first reference to what he intends to say.

This means that we are being helped to read for meaning, and with thinking as part of the process, rather than merely letting our glazed eyes drop down the page: "processing" words in this mechanical fashion is something the word-processor does much better.

As one who has taught teachers, prospective teachers, and just plain students for over 20 years, Elefant is aware of the breakdown of conventional teaching methods in the face of the barrage of data of the modern world (not to mention all those flickering images which may possibly be more dangerous even than graven images).

He gives examples of the effectiveness of his approach in motivating weak students and bringing them up to excellent levels, by as it were "opening their eyes" to what they read, and by asking them to produce graphic models of the structure of a text. He has also astonished teachers in the hard sciences by his own ability to grasp the point of scientific texts that frighten laymen.

IT IS ONE thing to accept a principle of all-encompassing unity (binding any author to his creation, and to his reader, and to everything else as well), and as a result to point with alarm to the fragmentation that characterizes our world today. Ele-

fant is quick to acknowledge that such fragmentation exists no less within Orthodox Judaism today than in international, national, community, or individual relations.

It is much harder for me to find patience for the jargon that emanates from schools of education and psychology, and so I have trouble with such Elefant titles as "The Psychological Stress & Adjustment Ego Ameliorative Educative Act, Bio-Cybernetically and Anionically Presented." Or with acronyms like "SuSy"—for Substantive and Syncretic Structure of Knowledge (but if they help some, why knock them?). I feel the same about Elefant's term "Egology"—except that here I was nearly convinced that the ego, weakened in so many individuals by endless forms of fragmentation and resulting, as we all know, in grotesque types of behaviour, can somehow be strengthened by developing a direct connection—unity—between reader and author.

When we arrived at Mayor Bibi's home, Elefant unpacked his bulging brief case and continued to explain his methods and aims, enthusiasm and energy undimmed. I can report that the three younger Bibi children, aged two to 11, remained riveted in their places during the exposition, a tribute that must be equally divided between the warmth of this educator's commitment to the Rambam and the excellent upbringing of the mayor's kids.

As a kind of prologue to the Year of the Rambam, it was agreed that Elefant would meet with a group of Tiberias teachers to explain his system, and would provide help and material with an exhibition on the Rambam that Mayor Bibi is organizing for Tiberias.

As a "Guide of the Cantankerous," one subject surrounding the man would make a most timely topic for special scrutiny. This was the controversy that raged over the man and his works, both during his lifetime and in the century that followed. For in this respect, the age of Maimonides was just like our own, and the entire far-flung Jewish com-



Statue of Maimonides in Cordoba, Spain (Photo-Weigert)

munity became so polarized between "Maimonists" and "Anti-Maimonists," with hatred among Jews, and especially rabbis, rising to book-burning, physical violence, co-operation with the Inquisition, and, according to some reports, the desecration of the tomb in Tiberias by rabbis from Safad.

One early anti-Maimonist (Jewish leaders, especially in France and Spain, were largely in two opposing camps—"Fundamentalists" and "Radicals") was Meir Abulafia of Toledo, presumably a distant ancestor of David Abulafia, of Izmir, who 550 years later headed the return of Jews to Tiberias—at the invitation of a Beduin sheikh.

WHICH BRINGS us once again back to Tiberias, and its venerable tradition of connection with Maimonides' family. Some say that his father was also buried here, and the Maimuna celebration of Moroccan Jews, at the end of Pessah, is according to tradition the anniversary of the death of the Rambam's father, the grave of his grandson, Rabbi

David HaNagid, is very near the Rambam's. Like his grandfather, he also died in Egypt and was brought to Tiberias for reburial. Appointed head of Egypt's Jewish community at the age of 15, he spent much of his life defending his grandfather's name.

An interesting new addition marks the site here—a stone slab from David HaNagid's grave, now on view inside a structure that looks rather like a birdcage. This tombstone was not discovered until 1932, during excavations near the Rambam's tomb. That same year, it was mysteriously whisked off to Egypt and placed in the museum of the Jewish community in Cairo. This year, it was mysteriously whisked back to Tiberias, by an American benefactor, where it attracts many who come to pray. The man photographed sitting by it had been praying for over two hours.

Visitors have come to the Rambam's grave for centuries. Fifty years ago, at the time of the 800th anniversary of his death—and soon after Tiberias' devastating flood, the town was flooded with visitors. Today there is a steady stream of the devout, and a visit to the tomb is included in the walking tours organized by the Plaza and the Galei Kinneret Hotel.

What is needed, I think, is not any marble aggrandizement of the site. Some signs, in Hebrew and English, giving some indication of the Rambam's importance, would add meaning to any visit, and a brief pamphlet—sold at cost—could convey much.

It might, for instance, include something like this evaluation, from Professor Leon Roth's book on Maimonides: "He represents the highest point reached by the Jewish moral ideal since the time of the Bible, and he combined with that ideal all that was best in the strivings and achievements of contemporary science. Unwavering in his adherence to an historic religion, tenacious in his mastery of the whole field of thought, he synthesized them in a creed which gave philosophic freedom and yet found room for private loyalty and public service."



Memorial to Rambam's grandson.

And to bring the message to the ignorant masses (the Rambam was an intellectual snob, and who can blame him; some of his writings, he believed, were not suitable for the ignorant, and as a child of his age, he referred to "children, women, and the stupid"), here is my suggestion for a bronze plaque in any Tiberias hotel night club, from the Rambam: "What people consider to be good is really bad, and most of the things that are considered to be bad are really good."

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Chana Orloff's quiet power

Gil Goldfine

CHANA ORLOFF (1888-1968) arrived in Paris in 1910 at a time when the disciples of Cézanne, Van Gogh and Monet were bringing down the curtain on European academic art. Picasso, Matisse, Duchamp, Braque, Rodin, Brancusi and others were reinventing the wheel with abandon. But Orloff, choosing to follow a more conservative path, discarded the analytical side of cubism and the fanaticism of fauvist expressionism to fall into line with Maillol, Lachaise, Despiau and Nadelman.

A comprehensive exhibit of Orloff's bronze and wood sculptures (the first time since her Tel Aviv Museum retrospective in 1968), has been divided between the Herzliya Museum, where some 38 figurative bronzes have been assembled; and the Rubin House in Tel Aviv where a small group of 14 excellent bronze portraits are backed by several pencil sketches and a full set of early woodcuts.

Although the 1920's were Orloff's formative years, they were also her most important, for it was during this period that Orloff's impeccable sensitivity for surface and linear analysis of the figurative volume led to a score of beautifully carved portraits and standing figures. Highly influenced by sculptor Elie Nadelman, works like "Amazon," "Nadine," and "Didi-Head" echo the reductive curvilinear handling of form into contoured line so characteristic of that mannerist modern master. In carving "Nadine," from chinon and cheeks to shoulders and skirt hem, Orloff uses the repetitive arcs as alternating convex and concave forms in a masterful way, composing an harmonious, symmetrically balanced, stately figure.

Flowing planes, curving silhouettes and rounded volumes continued

to hold Orloff's interest until the Forties and the aftermath of the war when she turned to more expressive and exaggerated figures. Surfaces lose grace to crust; and a balanced fluidity is replaced by a dynamic use of texture, shadow and compacted volumes.

These later bronzes are overshadowed by busts of "Edmond Fleg"; "Jewish Painter" (Reisin); "Chaim N. Bialik"; and "Reuven Rubin." Each of these personalities are individually observed and carved as people with character; subject, before style or material, dictates the end result. "Edmond Fleg" is a portrait of outstanding sculptural quality. Carved in a blonde wood it has transformed solid matter into a work that breathes through pores and projects the flexibility of skin, while never forgetting the individual, who maintains an august presence.

In 1926 Orloff sculpted the portraits of Bialik and Rubin, capturing the inner gravity of her sitters by changing truth into art, fact into form. Clearly carved details, perfectly depicted features and with a Modigliani-like elongated neck and head, the Rubin bust is a match for the stately manner of a medieval icon. Bialik, on the other hand, is more robust, pinioned with abrupt changes of facial planes making the figure more dramatic, theatrical and narrative - and less romantic than the Rubin.

Of her full figures shown at the Rubin House, "Woman with a Fan," borrowed from the Ticho Collection, is elegantly fashioned in champagne-toned wood. It is a stylized chorus of soothing, undulating lines as arms, hands and fan interlock into a near art deco design motif. "Esther" (1938) is a *tour de force* of representational carving and bronze casting. Proportion, surface, modelling, pose and a slightly mannered turn of the nape all add up



Chana Orloff: "Reuven Rubin", bronze, 1926 (Rubin House, Tel Aviv).

to an idyllic, madonna-inspired portrait. In addition, it is sensuous and sensitively bathed in a soft tone of light, without any harshness at all. It is the kind of academic realism that one tends to remember, for the subjective sincerity is matched by the absolute confidence of spirit achieved by the confluence of the artist's mind and hands.

It is not often a major artist is afforded an exhibit of this dimension. Recommended. (Herzliya Museum; Yad Lebanim, Herzliya; and Rubin House, Rehov Bialik, Tel Aviv). Through Feb.

TO DEFINE erotic art, in terms of its content and objectives, is as difficult as defining the nature of art

itself. Skipping through the text books, one discovers that eroticism must be observed as a cultural phenomenon; time and place is as important to the discussion as the work of art itself. Erotic art cleaves in several directions and does not apply only to crude, sensual or lascivious imagery at the pornographic end of the scale, but has often proposed mythological, allegorical and religious interpretations. From the buxom vase paintings of ancient Greece to Bosch's medieval illuminations, to Klimt's fleshy prostitutes and Picasso's supervisory role as voyeur-in-residence, eroticism has been part and parcel of western iconography.

It's not enough to illustrate fornication in several varied positions

(and colour combinations). It is also juvenile to merely expose precise details of genitalia. "Erotica," an exhibit of works by 18 artists, is all about oversimplified imagery used to disguise poor painting, drawing and sculpting, from small, realistically cross-hatched engravings (of Shakespearean and Biblical passages explicit in their description of sexual acts) by Yankov Gabai, to large figurative expressionist fare by Yakov Korlander. If not overly obvious, Ziva Ron's phallic easel and Balhaus inspired canvases, elicit a response.

The only participants who truly control this difficult theme are Esther Peretz Arad, whose delightful drawings ooze with flesh and fabric, extending the meaning of their passion into pose and body language; and Dalia Lanbar, a sculptress whose fascinating installations are assembled from hung and slung pantyhose, pebbles, sand and worn planks of timber. The wild-eyed satyr and the debauched female are thrown together in compactly sculpted scenes of rape or orgy by Bruria Bat-Zvi. Other participants are: Ora Abrahami, Dorin Gani, Micha Hahn, Chaim Mayrs, Reuven Maisky, Israel Nattali, Tova Sadan, Sara Spivak, Avraham Patti, Chava Reucher, Zipora Ronnen and Shlomo Schwartz. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alhazizi, Tel Aviv).

GENERALLY DIVIDED in half, Avraham Eliat's photo-montage pictures use a large background image as a field of support for a smaller, associative, object or subject. Eliat tries to parallel messages developing themes of nature and texture, light and dark, shadow and volume, atmosphere and object. He considers the senses, photographing subjects that are tactile and familiar and juxtaposing their relative meanings. (Cinema Obscura, 52 Allenby, T.A.).

BRURIA HASNER makes her debut with large mixed-media works on paper of birds painted or drawn on abstract backgrounds. Limited colour (black, white, greys and sepia) and limited subject matter limit one's judgement regarding the effectiveness of the artist's work. (Melchett Gallery, 25 Melchett, Tel Aviv). Till Jan. 25.

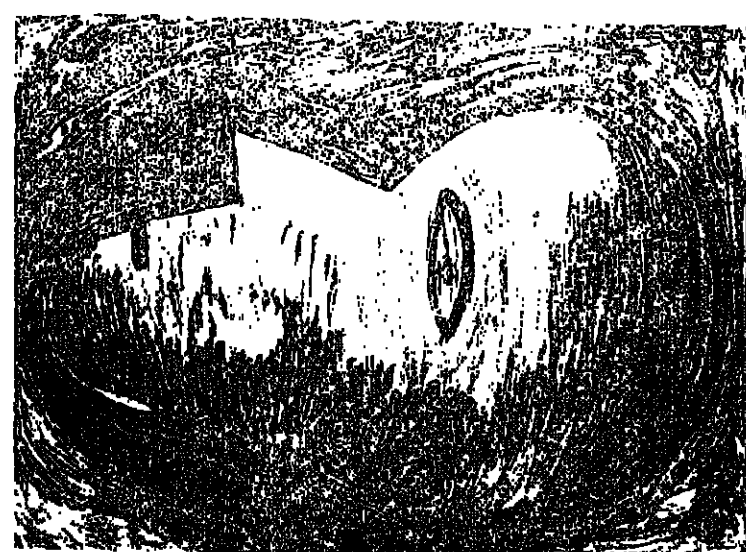
Artists are born

Meir Ronnen

ARTISTS ARE born, not made (though it also takes study and analysis to succeed). Nevertheless there are many, many Israelis who are not born artists who persist in trying to get somewhere professionally within their chosen profession, often aided and abetted by museum curators (and often for no other reason than because what they are doing is considered stylistically or intellectually "with it"). Conceptual art, neo-expressionism and New-Wave Bad Painting are all havens for these trys, many of whom are frequently exhibited and who even have their work acquired by our avant-garde-conscious curators. A whole generation of such trys has been spawned by Israeli art schools, notably the *nidrasa*. One can't help feeling that many of these earnest, even driven trys are doomed to a slow Promethean death, chained to a rock of their own making.

A lively winter show of ten artists (at a re-opened Jerusalem gallery devoted to the presentation of Israeli contemporary art) rather neatly divides itself into those who have it and those who don't. Leading those with it is Gaby Klamer, who shows a huge, unstretched linen stained with acrylic, an essentially abstract-expressionist work despite its vague reference to a rice picker (the word *orez* - rice - appears in huge letters). It's a sombre, powerful storm lit by flashes of warm colour.

Two paint and pencil gestural abstractions by Raffi Lavie show that the "old" master has not lost his touch, even if both are a bit overworked in graphite. Pinhas Cohen-Gan shows an arresting outside rudimentary head painted on paper but conceived in line and literally laid on its ear (an answer to Baselitz?), evidence that this artist, also born with the touch (he can make "bad" painting work), does not need all his dubious theories to support or justify his work. A large canvas by Kupferman, in his usual abstract linear idiom but wholly original in actual composition, shows again how this born painter uses his brains to vary his chosen line of approach. Lyrical, joyous abstraction is repre-



Pinhas Cohen-Gan: painting on paper (Sara Gilat Gallery, J'lem).

sented by an oil by Lea Nikel (whose retrospective opens at the Israel Museum next week).

The aridity of the *nidrasa* school is well represented by an insensitive and over-worked painting by Michal Na'aman, the incompetence of the anti-painting of Tzvi Givon and the brightly decorative but ultimately dull irregular panel by Degani Be-rest. Borderline cases are Moshe Gershuni and Igal Tumarkin, both veterans who bring a tremendous personal force to the fray, but who can't shake off being message artists. Tumarkin entitles his painted relief by printing "1984" onto bits of the assemblage, as though to give this indifferent panel some ominous significance. It doesn't. The horn artists don't have to spell out a message; their painting speaks for itself. (Sara Gilat Gallery, Pinsker-4, J'lem). 5-7 p.m. Till Jan. 25.



Israel Korenbrot: "Mod'im."

TECHNICALLY accomplished photographers are now almost tuppence-a-dozen: what separates the men from the boys (or the girls) is the ability to bring an element of revelation or poetry to the print, either in the composition and treatment; or in consideration of the essentials of the subject matter. Photographs by Harry Zeitlin reveal much of the wonder of the marvelous organic drawing of nature.



Harry Zeitlin: "Reflections" (U.S. Cultural Center, J'lem).

Absurd bird



Israel's newest export commodity is as unlikely as a two-legged camel with feathers. Yet that's just about what a Galilee kibbutz is now raising, and the ostriches - all 150 of them - are already proving to be popular with the tourists.

For its marketability, the odd-looking ostrich stands head-and-shoulders above other types of farm animals for the value of its by-products. The skins provide just about the most expensive leather in the world, the feathers are highly sought in the fashion industry and the meat is considered a delicacy in Europe. Moreover, each ostrich egg is large enough to make an omelette for 30 people.

From oranges to ostriches, Israel exports just about everything under the sun. Give your friends and relatives overseas all the news of Israel and the Middle East; give them a gift subscription to THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION.

Boubat's universe

Edith Varga-Biro

IT IS TOLD that Picasso himself discovered and encouraged young Edouard Boubat to take up photography. If true, the master must have influenced his life, but certainly not his art. Boubat (b. 1923, Paris), now exhibiting in Haifa, quite consciously rejects the modern and the fragmented and recreates, in his black-and-white stills, the traditional and the timeless.

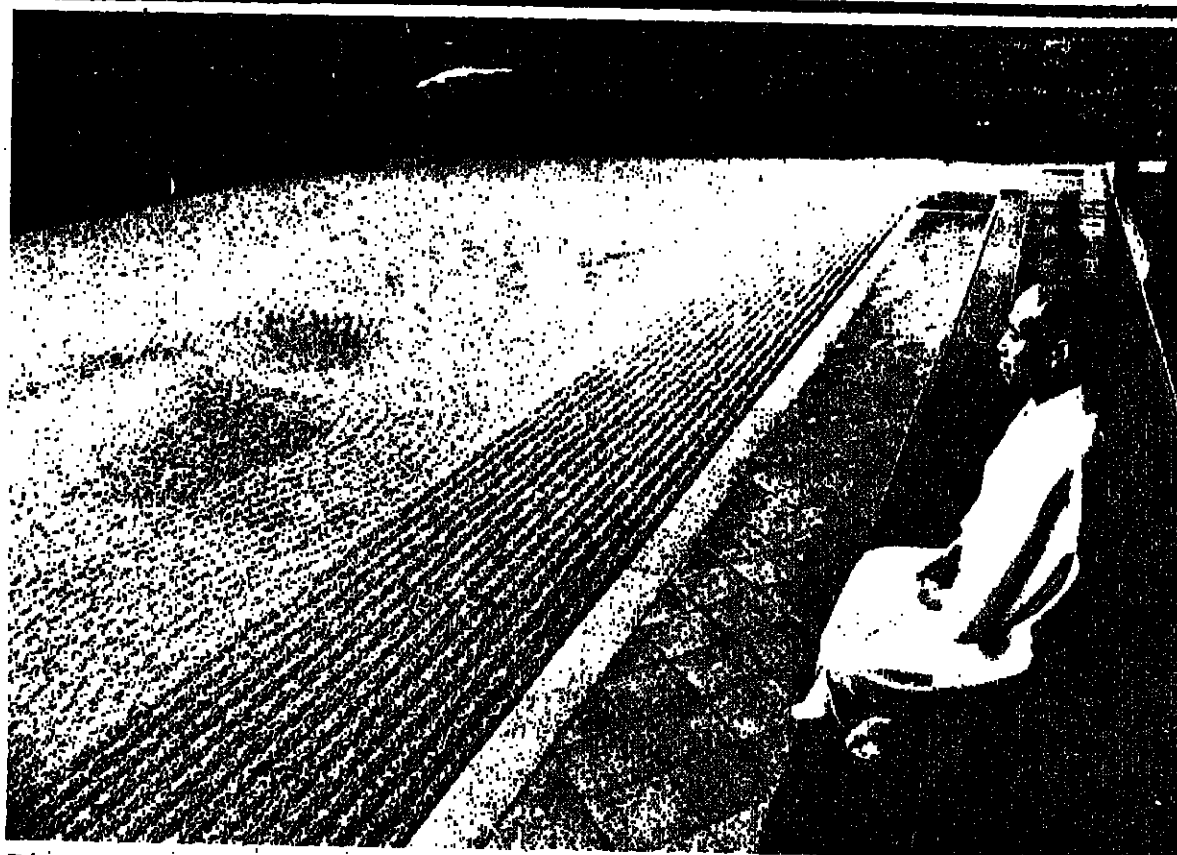
Some early photos from the 50's are a homage to painters: the sculptural old peasant-couple in a field might have stepped out of a canvas by Jean-François Millet; a jeans-clad girl on a slippery rock conjures up Odilon Redon; a landscape is inspired by Hobbema. In certain aspects Boubat is close to Henri Cartier-Bresson, the greatest contemporary French photo-journalist. They have in common a preference for old-world atmosphere; the classical style of photography; a technical mastery facilitating shots in which content and form merge.

One of Boubat's beloved subjects

are peasants toiling by the sweat of their brow, whom he finds, paradoxically, in hidden corners of the developed countries, including the United States.

In his highly original approach he presents mankind at harmony with nature; in Brittany, a lady in her Sunday best takes off her shoes and walks into the sea, holding a handbag of Goya-like proportions, her quivering image, trailing behind, reflected in the water. Then there is an Israeli Beduin family, caught laughingly from under the dark shadow of a handwoven mat; and many others from far-flung places visited through his association with the magazine *Realités*. "Kyoto" (1974) depicts a Japanese monk meditating in a raked sand garden, a symbolic universe of which the monk constitutes only a part. The grand geometrical structure of the garden is in subtly contrasting greys, juxtaposed to the completely absorbed, motionless human figure, rendered in stark shadows and lights, achieving a picture of transcendental beauty.

Such a serene and harmonious oeuvre is almost unique in our times.



Edouard Boubat: "Kyoto", 1974, photograph. (Haifa Museum).

This December, Boubat was awarded the prestigious French Grand Prix Nationale for photography. (Haifa Museum, in cooperation

with the Centre Culturel Français). Till Feb. 10.

הכרזה של הירושלמי

DURING THE recent marathon around Lake Kinneret, we were shown shots of a blindfold ostrich, hitched to a car, running in the race. This stunt struck me as an extremely cruel one, for which somebody should have been shot, or at least locked in a darkened cellar for a few days and nights.

Despite my disgust, I laughed as I remembered a famous *New Yorker* cartoon, which depicted a large flock of ostriches standing with their heads buried in the sand. One ostrich, with its head in the air, meets another in similar condition, and says, "Where's everybody?"

The discussions on television about the appalling indiscretions that brought the Ethiopian Operation to a halt made me think that the ostrich should be the symbol of Israel. We heard broken-hearted veteran Ethiopian settlers mourning for their endangered brethren, editors like Hanna Zeimer and Shalom Rosenfeld explaining how the responsible press had observed the code of silence, and politicians trying to pass the buck.

Then they debated who was to blame for the supreme act of folly.

Was it open-hearted, open-mouthed Jewish Agency Chairman Aryeh Dufzin, who addressed a large public meeting of hundreds of Jews without thinking that a reporter might be present?

Was it top-level civil servant, Yehuda Dominitz, director-general of the Agency's Aliya Department, who prattled away merrily to somebody who wrote for the *Gush Emunim* journal, *Nekuda*, without thinking that Reuters or some other news agency could pick up the story from that morose publication?

Was it the Government Press Office, for which the prime minister is responsible, for calling an official conference after the *Nekuda* story had been picked up by Reuters, embellished by the Associated Press, and published in *The New York Times* and Israel's afternoon tabloids?

One would have thought that anyone connected with Dufzin or Dominitz would have accompanied those two gentlemen into the desert, to put on sackcloth and ashes and to beat their breasts for 40 days and 40 nights. But nothing of the kind happened: they turned the tragedy into just another party squabble.

Haim Aharon, the Likud chairman of the Agency's Aliya Department, claimed that Dr. Israel Peleg, head of the Press Office, was the villain of the piece, because his press conference gave official recognition to the story that the whole world was reading by then.

The argument, as put by Aharon and his fellow-ostriches, is that it doesn't matter a damn what *The New York Times* and all the other papers write, or what TV programmes show: a story does not exist, as long as there is no official reaction.

I have heard a philosophical argument at a symposium of communications experts that nothing happens in the modern world unless it is filmed for television and reported by the press - if a tree falls in the forest without a camera or newshawk on hand to report the event, that tree never fell. But this is the first time I have come across the contention that no event occurs even though people are reading all about it in their favourite paper and are seeing it on prime time.

It seems incredible that anybody in the modern world could seriously argue such a proposition even though one must take into account that they had to rally to the defence of the party somehow. Obviously, the press conference had to be called

Land of the ostrich



TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

to palliate irate journalists who had played by the rules, and had been scolded by a ridiculous rag through the indiscretions of Dufzin and Dominitz.

The contention indicates that some of us have a curious ghetto mentality, which has resulted in our making a catastrophic mess of our relations with the press for many years.

OUR ostriches in high places have never heard of a translation service, and are convinced that anything published in Hebrew can never appear abroad. So they believe that they can say anything they like to the Israeli press, not for publication in other lands. Similarly, they assume that anything they say in the U.S. in English will never be repeated here at home.

They are not aware of how fast newspapermen can send stories by teletypewriter and international telephone calls; they think we are still living in the age of Waterloo, when the London Rothschilds were the first to get news of the victory by carrier pigeon, long before anyone else had it, and so were able to bolster the Stock Exchange.

Our ostriches should be compelled to watch *Front Page* three times a day, in order to learn about tough managing editors, about deadlines, about a good newspaperman's dedication to getting a story. Even at the criticized press conference, the acting chairman of the Jewish Agency, Akiya Lewinsky, told the astonished foreign pressmen that there are higher considerations than journalism.

The amazing thing is how responsive the overseas journalists in Israel have been to such appeals: AP,

which had added the word "airlift" to the *Nekuda* story, sent out a *kill* message the moment the monitoring censor pointed this out, even though AP knew their story was correct.

IT IS amazing that our political leaders and top civil servants have no better understanding of the world media. After all, this isn't Russia, where nothing can be published in *Pravda* or *Izvestia* till it is officially sanctioned by the Kremlin. We are a free country, a bastion of democracy, an outpost of Western civilization.

Indeed, most of our ostriches spend far more time abroad than they do in Israel. They have a restless love of modern travel that astounds me, as I find the conditions intolerable. Still, I suppose it is different for them: they get VIP treatment.

One would think that, when they are in the U.S. or England, they read *The New York Times* or the *London Times* and watch the news provided by NBC, CBS, ABC or the BBC. How come they think that news is not news unless it is rubber-stamped by an official Israeli press conference?

The answer, of course, is that none of our ostriches ever read a foreign newspaper or watch television when they are abroad. For this there are two reasons. First, they are heeding the admonition of Eliezer Ben-Yehuda, the father of modern Hebrew, that they must insist on everything being in Hebrew, so they disregard material in English, just as he disregarded his wife when she spoke some alien tongue. Secondly, the papers are so bulky, and there is so much stuff shown on TV, and they are so busy shopping, that nobody

can expect them to waste time keeping abreast of the media.

ANOTHER GHETTO belief that endangers our relations with the press and results in catastrophic coverage is the conviction that one prince is better than another. Some weeks ago, the retiring IDF spokesman, Yaakov Even, explained that it had been his policy to tell journalists only what the army thought they should be told - i.e., once again, that nothing had happened unless the official spokesman said it had happened. Furthermore, he had no qualms about playing favourites, feeding scoops to the journalists he especially approved of.

One can imagine how much the others loved him for doing this, and how well disposed they felt to the cause of Israel as a result.

None of this ostrichism would matter if we had done well in the press. The best way to judge a policy is by results. Alas, our record with the media is one of constant disasters, and of screaming to high heaven how unfairly we are being treated. Books are written, and a case is being made, about the anti-Israel and anti-Semitic attitudes of the press in regard to the war in Lebanon.

For days, the army spokesman was pussyfooting about that war, perhaps because he himself didn't know why it was being fought or what its objectives were or how far we were going.

While he was snug and mum in his ghetto, ignoring the outside world, stories were flying around the globe, based on what the PLO and other Arab sources were feeding the journalists in Beirut. I don't need to recapitulate what the world and, for that matter, many of us believed about the obliteration of thousands in the bombing of Beirut, and about our part in the massacres in Sabra and Shatila.

Days later came our official versions, full of corrections and more accurate statistics, efforts to put the record straight. Nobody told our ostriches that nothing is as dead as last week's story.

THERE MAY be a psychological explanation of why Israel broke the story of the rescue of the Ethiopians. One of our anchor-men said it seemed impossible that anything could make the bank-shares scandal take second place in the news, but here was something positive and inspiring that Israel was doing, rescuing the Ethiopian Jews, so it had become the lead story.

He pointed out that the press of the world was saying that, among the hundreds of thousands of Ethiopians suffering from the drought, only the Jews had a country where they would be welcomed, new brethren prepared to go to enormous lengths to help them. And we were shown profoundly moving NBC shots of the operation.

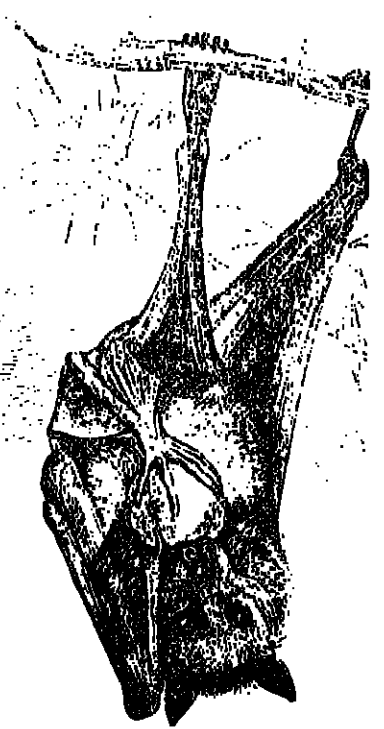
I mentioned last week how eager Israelis are for hope and optimism and reinforcement of their dream that the Jewish homeland has values higher than chauvinism, bigotry, land hunger and money. It is more than possible that Dufzin and Dominitz were subconsciously longing to accentuate the positive when they committed their indiscretions. Here we had something equivalent to Operation Flying Carpet and Operation Wings of an Eagle to show the world - so good a secret must have been bursting inside them.

Well, I suppose that truth must out, and that it is no use crying over spilt milk. But we can learn lessons from the spilling. Maybe it is time that we pulled our heads out of the sand.

The nature of things

D'vora Ben Shaul

STAND UNDER a street lamp at night in any wooded neighbourhood in any town in Israel and if you watch carefully you will see bats swooping around the lights. These, for the most part, are the small, insect-eating bats that find the light a good place to hunt the insects that gather there.



But there are other bats as well, and sometimes they are also seen in the evenings, just about dusk. These are the fruit bats, which some people call "flying foxes." They come around looking for the berries on various kinds of ornamental trees and shrubs.

By day, bats are found in caves, and even in basement cisterns, where they hang upside down and sleep, until nightfall. Their babies cling to their tummies, held there by the protective skin-webbed wings of the mother. When the latter emerges at night, she takes her young with her, folding up a flap of skin between her back legs to form a sort of apron so as not to lose her young in flight.

Bats give birth once a year, in the spring, and nurse for about six weeks.

THE EXPRESSION "blind as a bat" is an accurate one, and they really can hardly do more than distinguish between light and shade. But they make up for this with their incredible sonar system. This bounces their squeaks off the objects around them and prevents them from bumping into things. The system is so accurate that experiments have shown that some bats can fly between the blades of a whirling electric fan and come through unscathed.

Bats, except for one South American variety that sucks blood from man and animals and is hence known as the vampire bat, are harmless. The accusation that they entangle themselves in people's hair is entirely unfounded.

One of their really interesting characteristics is that they drink in flight. They swoop down over a pond or other water source and fill their mouths with water, while keeping the rest of their body, which is covered with a silky fur, completely dry.

SALAMI and other sausages should be inexpensive fare. But in my household over recent years we have virtually ceased to consider cold cuts a low-cost meal. When purchased at ordinary supermarket counters, these items simply cost too much.

Fortunately, some things change for the better. Today's password in the smoked meats and sausage field is competition, and even the chain stores are getting into the act. But they still have a long way to go.

A large share of the credit goes to a young, aggressive manufacturer in Bnei Brak called Pikanti. Displaying competitive price charts in its advertisements in the Hebrew papers, Pikanti boldly proclaimed in November that its smoked meats and sausages cost considerably less than similar items in the big chains. In some cases, Pikanti products were three or four times cheaper.

Price gaps like these can still be found today, although the chain stores have countered with some dramatic discounts of their own. However, Pikanti maintains uniformly low prices on all its products, whereas the supermarkets offer various "specials" for limited periods of time.

IN THE low-priced smoked meats field, the only serious competitor to Pikanti on a country-wide scale seems to be Ma'adanei Netanyahu. This longer-established firm has recently begun penetrating the supermarkets with strikingly low prices, but in a limited range of products.

For instance, Super-Sol, which bore the brunt of Pikanti's advertising blast, was last week *underselling* Pikanti in the very product for which it has been most sharply castigated: smoked breast of turkey (known as "pastrama" in market slang). It offered Ma'adanei Netanyahu's turkey breast as a "special" at IS4,440 a kilo, whereas Pikanti's standard price for this item is IS4,690. This week, however, Super-Sol put the price up to IS4,800.

Back in November, Pikanti ads quoted Super-Sol as selling smoked turkey breast at IS19,408 per kilo (for the Zoglobek brand) - more than four times the Pikanti price. Super-Sol's meat manager Moshe Katz defends this by saying you cannot compare the quality; some customers are willing to pay the difference for Zoglobek, which the chain continues to carry.

Super-Sol is also selling certain whole salamis of the Netanyahu brand at prices competitive with, or even lower than, Pikanti's.

IF YOU ARE looking for most other smoked meat items, chances are they will cost much more at Super-Sol than at Pikanti outlets. For instance, "cognac" and "sibyn" type salamis of the Zoglobek brand both sell for IS14,900 a kilo, whereas Ma'adanei Dan's cost IS11,800 and IS12,300, respectively. At Pikanti, salamis marked with both these names are sold for a quarter of the price, IS2,990 a kilo.

Or take frankfurters. The cheapest frankfurters available at Super-Sol come in a special offer from Zoglobek Nahariya, with a kilo costing IS3,100. Or you can take the Ma'adanei Dan brand at IS3,400 a kilo.

Pikanti regularly sells its frankfurters at IS1,990 per kilo. My family, with their American palates, find them the tastiest they've tried in Israel, and were surprised to learn they are made of turkey, not beef. Until we discovered Pikanti, we were buying American-style all-beef hot dogs made by Tiv Tiv Zvi, which sell at the fancy Delicieux meat shops for IS5,400 a kilo. With either



The cold-cut war

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

brand, we prefer them grilled over charcoal, or even grilled on gas or electricity, rather than boiled in water.

Prices at the Co-op Supermarkets in the Tel Aviv area last week could not match Pikanti's for economy, except perhaps in a few hanging salamis of the Netanyahu brand. The cheapest frankfurters I saw at the Co-op came in a "special" from Ma'adanei Yehiam at IS2,990 a kilo and Ma'adanei Dan at IS2,896. And the smoked turkey breast cost IS5,940 a kilo from Yehiam (discounted from IS12,260); the Zoglobek-Nahariya brand sold for IS7,890 (down from a whopping list-price of IS15,748 a kilo).

The new delicatessen counter in Kol-Bo Shalom in Tel Aviv showed a similar pattern - high-priced smoked meats and sausages, except those of the Netanyahu brand. It offered Netanyahu turkey breast at IS4,800, only marginally higher than the IS4,690 this item fetches at Pikanti's direct-sale shops.

THE PIKANTI ads directed customers to buy at the Bnei Brak factory shop itself, at 104 Rehov Kahanemen, better known by its former name, Rehov Hashomer. From Tel Aviv, if you come along Rehov Jabotinsky in Ramat Gan and Bnei Brak, it is the last right-hand turn before the Geha highway. But if you enter the southern edge of Bnei Brak from the Geha highway, a large welcome sign points the way to Pikanti. It is opposite the Coca-Cola plant, which any local resident will know where to find.

But one doesn't have to go to the factory to get Pikanti's low prices. The firm supplies to a chain of some 40 agents throughout the country. In the Greater Tel Aviv and Sharon regions, prices are exactly the same as at the factory. However, 10 per cent is added in Haifa and the north, as well as in the Jerusalem area and from Ashkelon southwards, to absorb transport costs.

Pikanti owner-manager Moshe Badash is a former career army officer who opened Pikanti six years ago to manufacture salamis, dips and pickles, which the firm still makes and sells throughout its chain. When it moved into the large Bnei Brak

premises 15 months ago, it began marketing smoked meats. Its products carry the *kashrut* approval of the Bnei Brak rabbinate.

Like all other food factories, Pikanti comes under the scrutiny of the Ministry of Health. However, for those who are sticklers for procedure, I must point out that Pikanti still lacks the official licence of the Health Ministry to operate a food-processing plant.

The ministry's Food Administration tells me this delay has to do only with securing approval of the plant's architectural blueprints from the municipal authorities. The Food Administration assures me there is no danger to health from Pikanti products; otherwise, it would use its authority for an immediate administrative closure of the plant.

THE SECRET of Pikanti's cheaper prices, says Badash, is that it is totally free of the long-term credit system that makes other manufacturers' goods so costly in our chain stores. Pikanti direct agencies are permitted a mark-up margin of only 25 per cent, some of which is lost in the unavoidable wastage when slicing salamis for sale.

Badash says a good rule-of-thumb is that a reasonable retail price for smoked meat is approximately twice that of the same meat sold raw. In other words, if raw frozen shoulder of beef carries a maximum fixed price of IS2,600 per kilo, Pikanti's price of IS4,990 for the smoked product is reasonable - and makes one wonder about the IS12,500 a kilo for the Ma'adanei Dan smoked shoulder at Super-Sol.

Badash says his company has had to resist tempting offers to sell out to major commercial concerns. He also says it has been subjected to anonymous threats of sabotage to its products in order to destroy public confidence in them. The Pikanti plant has had to increase its night-time security as a result.

One has to see the factory shop during peak selling hours to appreciate fully the dynamism of the Pikanti operation. Badash says an average 2,500 customers pass through each day. It is open from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. weekdays, and until 3 p.m. Fridays. In the early evening hours, it is common to find some 20 customers

ahead of you in the queue, which moves remarkably quickly. The salespeople are young and fast-working, if sometimes a little brusque.

The salad department today takes a backseat to the meats, but it is still popular - and for good reason. Its salamis and dips are a third of the price of those sold in bulk at Super-Sol, for instance. At the factory, Pikanti also sells Sunfrost frozen vegetables, which it packs in plain bags. A two-kilo bag of frozen chips, from Tapud, sells for IS1,700, compared with IS2,884 for the same product at Co-op Supermarkets.

When its closed circuit television sets are operating in the shop, customers can watch what's going on in the production rooms. A total of 130 workers are employed throughout the factory, which works three shifts. Guided tours of the production areas can be arranged by groups.

AT THE factory shop, Pikanti sausages and salamis are sold straight off the production line. Some people point out that most types of salami should be allowed to age, for days if not weeks, to get rid of excessive moistness. If you purchase the salami whole, you can hang them at home until they dry. This somewhat increases the price-per-kilo calculations, as they lose weight along with moisture. But Pikanti products are so cheap to begin with that this hardly matters. Its salamis sell for either IS2,690 or IS2,990 a kilo.

The smaller-size salamis, which weigh roughly half a kilo at production time, are sold by unit - IS1,500 and IS1,700 - rather than by exact weight. By law, all salamis sold by unit rather than weight should carry a printed weight figure on the label. Pikanti's do not, but neither do most other brands on the market, with a few notable exceptions such as Shekem.

This printed weight, according to the Health Ministry's Food Administration, should indicate the projected minimum weight after the sausage has dried for two or three months.

The Food Administration also states that food colouring of any kind, even natural, is prohibited in meat products. The Israeli Standard for manufacturing salamis lists "specific types, and a salami should be labelled according to the type ('cognac', 'fine', 'shufra', etc.) which its composition matches. It is permissible to produce a type not on the list of 11, but only if it is superior in quality to those listed.

Pikanti should bear this in mind this month when it introduces six new products, each supposedly designed to complement a different type of alcoholic beverage. There will be, for instance, "whiskey salami" and "rum salami" - without alcohol in the meat, of course.

I refuse to be drawn into an argument about the quality of Pikanti products as compared to other, more expensive, brands. So much of this is a matter of personal preference that it is hard to be objective. Owner Badash contends that if Pikanti products had to pass through the regular merchandising channels at the chain stores, they would have to be "the most expensive products on the market." His competitors would argue otherwise.

In Bnei Brak, Pikanti has one computer virtually next door - but it has something very special to offer a particular clientele. This is the Sova meat products plant, at 94 Rehov Kahanemen. Its big drawing card is that it is strictly *glatt* kosher (*halak* in Hebrew), under the ultra-strict supervision of Rabbi Y. Landau of Bnei Brak.

Most of Sova's customers throughout the country buy its products because of this special *hechsher*. It means, for instance, that the plant may use only fresh beef and poultry, not frozen. This adds to the cost of its products.

The factory shop, however, individuals can buy Sova products about a third cheaper than at regular shops, either in Bnei Brak itself or in ultra-Orthodox neighbourhoods in Jerusalem, Safad, Netanya, etc.

The factory shop is open 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily, and until 2 p.m. Fridays. Its atmosphere is worlds away from the modernity of Pikanti. The Sova shop is small, and attention is more personal. From the appearance and dress of both staff and customers, there is no doubt that one is in Bnei Brak, whereas Pikanti's plant could be anywhere in Israel.

As for prices, the day I visited the Sova factory there was a "special" on frankfurters, at IS2,000 a kilo, which is virtually the same as Pikanti's price. Smoked turkey breast cost only marginally more, IS5,300 a kilo. But its "cognac" type salami, which contains fresh beef, cost IS4,100 a kilo, compared with IS2,990 at Pikanti. The smoked breast of beef cost IS6,000 at Sova (IS4,690 at Pikanti). But at least there is a reason for the difference - the special requirements of *glatt* kashrut.

I must report, however, that Sova's licence from the Ministry of Health lapsed at the end of December. The Food Administration tells me that it will not be renewed unless Sova takes "certain steps" to improve the conditions at the plant. It did not elaborate.

THOSE in search of inexpensive cold meat products are luckiest if they live in or around Netanya, as they have a big choice of products at low factory-prices. Pikanti has just opened a new agency in the old industrial zone there.

In addition, individuals can buy at factory prices from Ma'adanei Netanyahu, either at the plant shop itself, at 1 Zangwill in the *shuk* area, or at a modern downtown shop called Ma'adanei, 5 Shmuel Hanatziv. This shop is open from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily, till 3 p.m. Fridays.

Ma'adanei Netanyahu has the *kashrut* of approval Netanyahu Chief Rabbi Lau, and holds a valid licence from the Ministry of Health. It has been in business since 1978 and is a privately owned firm.

One of its owners told me that its prices at the two factory outlets in Netanya are even cheaper than Pikanti prices - and naturally he claims that his products are superior. His frankfurters sell for IS1,900 a kilo, slightly less than Pikanti's.

Ma'adanei Netanyahu offers a Hungarian-style salami, which Pikanti does not; and its long, narrow "kabanos" and the twisted "bagele" type sell for only IS2,500, compared to IS2,990 at Pikanti.

Even when sold at Super-Sol, Kol-Bo Shalom and the Co-op, whole salamis from Ma'adanei Netanyahu compare favourably in price with those of the Pikanti chain.

In Tel Aviv itself, Ma'adanei Netanyahu has another outlet where all its products are sold at prices only slightly higher than at the factory. This is the semi-wholesale meat and grocery store called Audim, at 123 Hahashmonaim. It is under the same ownership as Ma'adanei Netanyahu. This store offers a wide variety of frozen meat, poultry and fish products, frozen vegetables, packaged salads, and dry and tinned foodstuffs at prices generally lower than those of the supermarket chains.

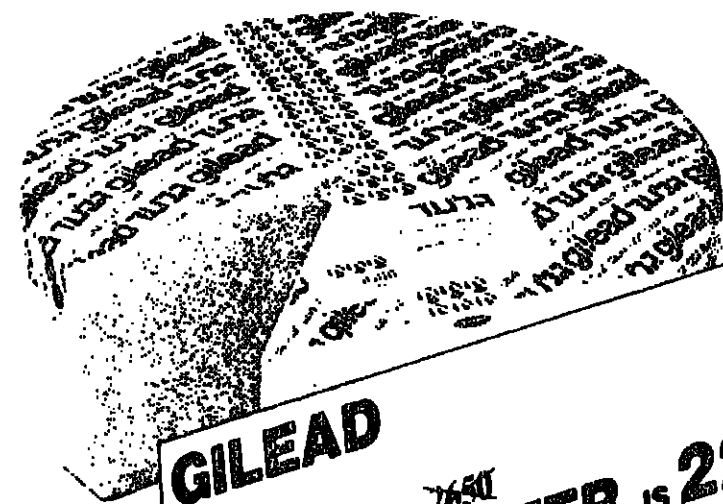
Martha Meisels

PRICES SLASHED ON GOAT AND SHEEP CHEESES

QUALITY CHEESES AT THESE PRICES YOU CAN AFFORD TO INDULGE YOURSELF!



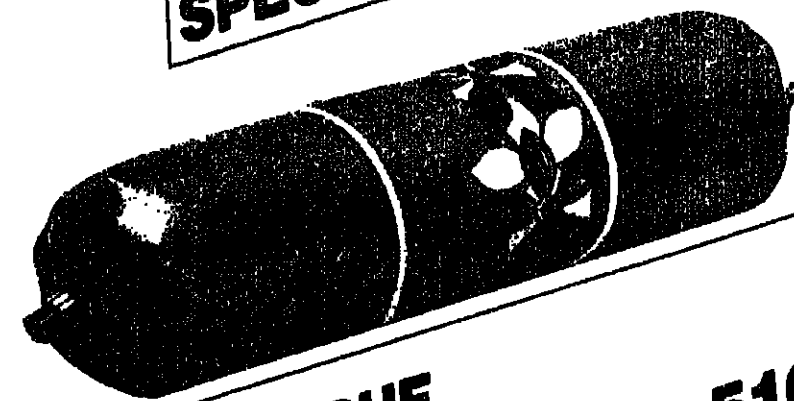
GALIL
200 g.
Consumer Price is 706
SPECIAL OFFER
1 kg. is 2320
is 515



GILEAD
1 kg.
Consumer Price is 2650
SPECIAL OFFER is 2250



FROMEZ
CYLINDER AND BOX
Consumer Price is 570
SPECIAL OFFER is 485



HARDUF
Consumer Price is 600
SPECIAL OFFER is 510



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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, January 18, 1985

Who's a Jew?

Page 3



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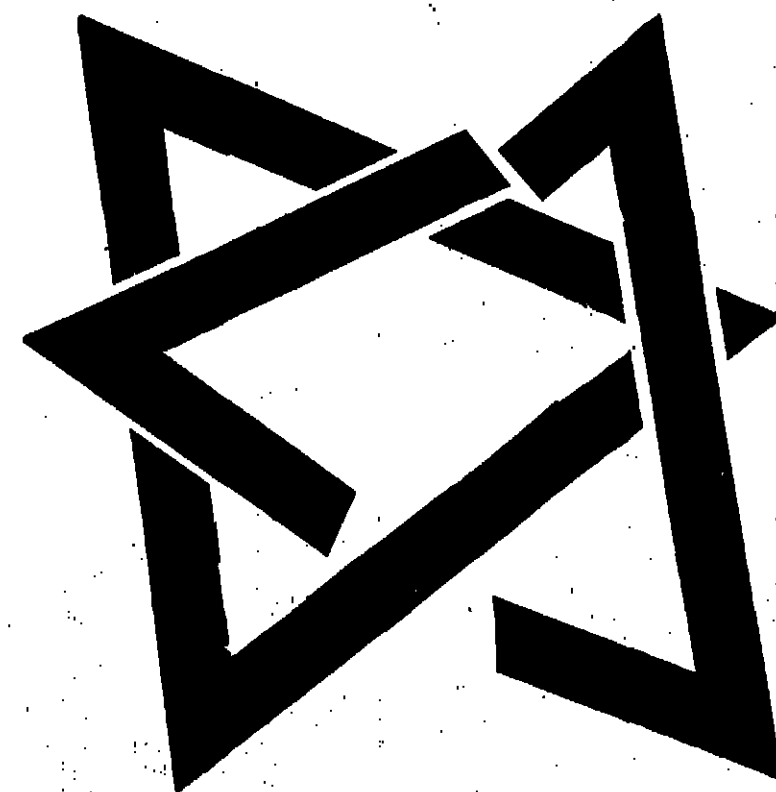
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Perpetual deadlock

David Krivine



WHO IS A Jew? The argument has been raging in Israel for a quarter-of-a-century and reached another climax — perhaps the most critical yet — this week. The conflict defies solution because both sides have, according to their own lights, an irrefutable case.

The deadlock is over two Hebrew words, *lefi ha'halacha*, meaning "according to orthodox religious law." Under the (secular) Law of Return a person is entitled to immigrate if he is a Jew. A Jew is a person born of a Jewish mother or converted. The Orthodox want the controversial phrase added: "converted according to Orthodox religious law." The non-Orthodox want the legislation to remain as it is.

When the bill was originally enacted in 1950, it did not define a Jew. Subsequent developments are detailed absorbingly in a book called *Perpetual Dilemma* by former Knesset member Zalman Abramov. A committee of three sat in 1958; the book recalls, and concluded that a Jew is a person declaring himself to be a Jew. And the powder-keg blew up.

THE COMMITTEE of three consisted of a socialist (Israel Bar-Yehuda, minister of the interior), a liberal (Pinhas Rosen, minister of justice) and a supporter of clerical-

wanted to be a national Jew (as well as being an Israeli) without being a religious Jew. The High Court, sitting as a bench of nine judges, accepted his petition, albeit by a narrow majority of five voices to four.

The Orthodox were appalled. They demanded instant legislation to abolish that duality. In their view an ethnic Jew belonged automatically to the Jewish religion, whether he was a believer or not. An amendment was passed to the Law of Return in 1970. A Jew was henceforth (under Israeli law) a person born of a Jewish mother provided he or she was not a member of another faith, "or a convert to Judaism."

THIS BAN on membership of another faith was itself something new, and derived from the Brother Daniel case. A Jew called Oswald Rufeisen embraced Catholicism and became a monk, carrying the name Brother Daniel. Yet he was a Zionist (with an excellent war record as a Jewish partisan) and wanted to live in Israel as an Israeli.

He applied to the Supreme Court, arguing that under Talmudic law "a Jew, even if he has sinned, remains a Jew" (Tractate Sanhedrin).

The Orthodox, stricter than the Talmud, decided that such a deviation should not be allowed. A Jew converted to another religion is no longer a Jew, either by religion or nationality.



Ritual bath in 18th century Germany; co-ed rabbinate at Hebrew Union College, Jerusalem.

ism (Moshe Shapira, minister of social welfare and religious affairs). Shapira represented what is now called the National Religious Party (NRP). That party promptly resigned from the cabinet.

Its return to office was made possible by an official directive, issued in January 1960, which stated that a Jew was, for the purposes of the civil law, a person born of a Jewish mother. After which things quietened down — until this interpretation was challenged in 1968 by one Binyamin Shalit.

Shalit was a Jew married to a non-Jewish Englishwoman. They lived in Israel and had two children. Anne Shalit could have become Jewish by conversion but, like her husband, was an agnostic, so did not convert.

The Israeli identity card registers a person's status in three ways: by nationality, religion and citizenship. Ann became naturalized, so her entry read: nationality British, religion non, citizenship Israeli.

Shalit wanted the entry for his children to be: nationality Jewish, religion none. Under the directive of 1960 that was impossible. Religion could be left blank, but nationality could then not be Jewish. The registry officer entered as the Shalit children's nationality: Jewish father and non-Jewish mother. Outraged the family petitioned the High Court.

They were raising an explosive issue. The word "Jew" had two meanings which had never before been separated. It described an ethnic or national grouping, and it described a religious belief. Shalit

NRP) points out to *The Jerusalem Post* that the issue is not over Jews who happen to have become non-conformists. Their membership of the Jewish people is not called into question. They were born Jews and, as long as they do not convert to Christianity or Islam, they remain Jews under the law of Israel.

The dispute, says Meir, is over converts, because there are regulations laying down how conversions are to be made and the reform movements do not abide by them.

Rabbi Richard Hirsch, executive director of the World Union for Progressive Judaism, disagrees. Many of the reformists, notably the Conservatives, do abide by *halacha* — in their way. *Halacha* requires three things: circumcision (*mila*), immersion (in a *mikve*), and acceptance of the religious precepts (*ol mitzvot*). The Conservative rabbis require all three.

There is of course a difference about how *halacha* is to be understood, and the further the liberal Jewish communities are away from Orthodoxy, the wider the gap. Reform rabbis see the ritual aspect of Judaism as not more than symbolic, they differentiate between form and content. "We recognize the formalistic rules — *kashrui*, the bath on Sabbath travel, wearing a skullcap at prayer — but we don't impose these rules," says Hirsch.

A convert who embraces this unconventional form of Judaism cannot be accepted as a Jew, say the Orthodox. Therefore the mere fact of conversion is not enough. A per-

fully no split in the Jewish people. The NRP has accepted the existing formula till the present, both sides are able to live with it. Why upset the equilibrium?

THE PROBLEM IS the growing clerical revolt within the religious community against the Orthodox, evocative of the Reformation that overtook the Christian world four centuries ago. This latest upsurge is occurring mainly in the U.S., where a more liberal atmosphere prevails over theological matters.

In Israel the Orthodox hold power, their authority is vested in the political system. Abroad, Judaism is a voluntary faith, not entrenched in the establishment. It prevails to the extent that it has popular support. Not surprisingly old rituals are queried. Attempts are made to rediscover the spirit of Judaism, buried under layer upon layer of tedious ceremonialism. Successive movements have broken away from the rigidities of the past: the Conservatives, the Reformists, the Reconstructionists.

In the eyes of the Israeli Rabbinate these innovators are heretics, representing a terrible threat. Hence its increasing concern with the imposition of *halacha* or Orthodoxy. Yitzhak Meir, member of the Jewish Agency Executive (representing the



In this issue:

On the cover: On Avraham Shapira's mind: Michelangelo's Moses, and Reform's Temple Emanuel, Rabbi Stephen Wise and convert Elizabeth Taylor.

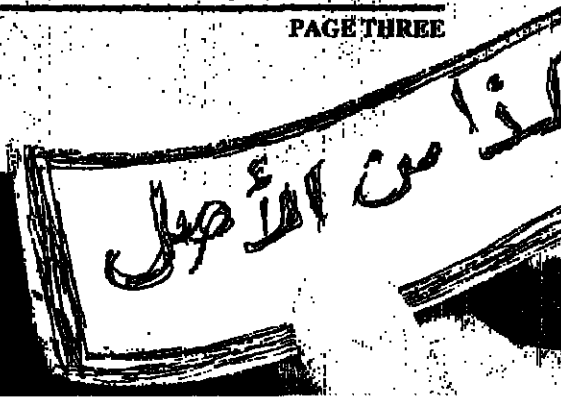
Inside: Holocaust prelude — page 5
Sinai Beduin — page 7

The yerida problem — page 8
The translation business — page 11
Art — 12; Telereview, nature — 14; Marketing with Martha — 15
In the Poster pullout: Books, cinema, theatre, music, dance, rock, bridge, chess, TV and radio listings.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1985

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE THREE



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Perpetual deadlock

(Continued from page 3)
son claiming citizenship in Israel as a Jew must if he is a convert) have been converted according to halacha, that is, according to a ritual regarded as valid by the Israeli Rabbinate.

HOW MANY PEOPLE would be adversely affected by this seemingly minor modification in the Law of Return? Probably not many. According to Hirsch there are 10,000 conversions to Judaism a year in America alone, the great majority of them being performed by non-Orthodox rabbis. Generally the cause is marriage with a non-Jew, who chooses to adopt the partner's religion.

Most converts are female, since more Jewish men "marry out" than women. If the amendment is passed the children of these women converts would in the great majority of cases not be recognized as Jews in Israel. It would not matter if they came as tourists. But they would lose the privilege of citizenship on demand, something that most Jews treasure as a birthright.

That sense of birthright is important even if it is not exercised. To be denied it is to suffer a kind of partial excommunication. The number of people who would apply for Israeli citizenship and be rejected is small, but the number who would be gravely hurt and antagonized is substantially larger, and their number is growing.

The plague of assimilation has spread, its chief agent being intermarriage. If the gentile partner is converted, no damage is done. If most of those conversions are not recognized, then instead of attracting the gentile partner to Judaism, we shall be thrusting the Jewish partner away from Judaism towards assimilation, possibly towards a foreign creed.

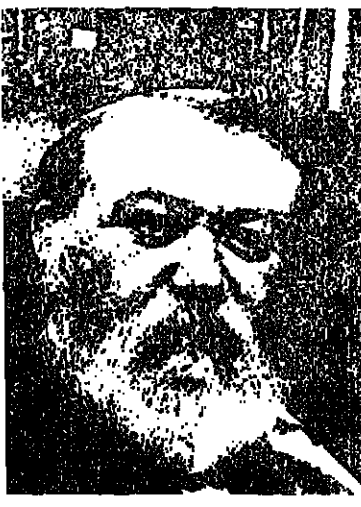
Rabbi Hirsch believes that the bulk of the members in dissident congregations, though Jewish-born and therefore immune to discrimination, will feel discriminated against all the same. Their resentment will be all the greater because the balance of forces is different abroad. In Israel almost all Jews are, formally at least, members of the Orthodox community.

The Jewish population of the U.S. and Canada is considerably larger than that of Israel (accounting for 80 per cent of all Jews outside Israel and the Soviet Union). Out of six million resident in North America, not more than 10 per cent identify with Orthodoxy, according to Hirsch.

The halachic amendment will therefore reverse a process that all Zionists have been striving to achieve. Their continuous attempts to create and maintain bonds between Israel and the Diaspora, attempts that are increasingly difficult now that Yiddish no longer exists as a common language and culture, will be altogether frustrated. Orthodox intransigence will prize the two sectors of world Jewry asunder. Hence the vital importance of keeping those fateful words - *lefi ha-halacha* - off the statute-book.

The Orthodox see things the other way round. Equally solicitous for the unity of the Jewish people, they see the threat as coming from the opposite direction. If the two key words are not voted into law, they say, then a new crisis will erupt, and that is the crisis which will split the house of Israel, irrevocably.

Abramov's book cites Rabbi



Moshe Zvi Neryah, speaking during the great Knesset debate of 1970 (which introduced the regulations now prevailing). The Jews of Israel are one family, he said. "The bridges are open. All are allowed to mix with others; all meet together, whether on joyous or sorrowful occasions, as did the united tribes of Israel. A boy from Klar Ha'Koch (an Orthodox settlement), may marry a girl from Givat Haim (a non-Orthodox kibbutz), one from Tirat Zvi (NRP) may marry one from Ein Shemer (Hachshomer Hatzair)." If a non-halachic definition of a Jew is adopted, "we shall be constrained to grow apart, to destroy the existing bridges and social contacts, to erect fences." He told the non-Orthodox: "We come to you with our protests, demands and appeals, because you are our sons and brethren, because we do not want to give you up... Do not hasten to give us up."

THE COMPROMISE proposal at present vented by the country's leadership under Prime Minister Shimon Peres is to keep the two fateful words out of the text, but in compensation to strengthen the Israeli Rabbinate further by declaring it to be the responsible authority here for conversions. Would this not permit the Orthodox to achieve the same end indirectly, by hardening controls over the immigration of converts to Israel?

Such a development might take place, but the point is not that. The point is what the two sides in the dispute can be induced to accept. Whatever solution the Orthodox and non-Orthodox will both put up with peacefully is better than a solution that causes a split in the Jewish population - whether through a secession of the Orthodox or a secession of the non-Orthodox. The Peres formula might be acceptable to the liberal communities. Will the Orthodox refuse to compromise?

The core of the problem is that Judaism is monolithic in Israel and pluralistic in the Diaspora. This creates a welter of problems. Whether the amendment is or is not enacted, Rabbi Neryah's dream of "open bridges" within the Jewish people can no longer be maintained.

Most divorced Jews in the Diaspora, for example, do not seek a religious *get*. Therefore if they remarry, any children from their second union would be bastards. An Orthodox woman marrying a divorced Jew originating from abroad has accordingly to scrutinize his past, even if his family antecedents are impeccable. In other words, the battle for unity is lost already. The amendment saves nothing, it only creates new dilemmas.

Ultimately the solution must be to de-institutionalize the Jewish religion. The two constituent parts of the Jewish identity - the national and the religious - will eventually have to be disconnected. All persons accepted as Jews by any of the several recognized denominations should be entitled to Jewish nationality.

As concerns the religious identity, each denomination will have no option but to live by its own rules. Any Conservative or Reform Jew wanting to make an Orthodox marriage could be made to undergo a species of conversion to Orthodoxy. It might be an easy conversion like the one that Orthodox circles want to impose on Ethiopian immigrants. But it would apply to all Jews from outside, whether born Jewish or not.

Short of abolishing the many reformist congregations outright and forcing all Jews to become Orthodox once again, there is no other solution to this latest version of the Jewish problem.



THE BRASS medal was struck in Germany in 1934. On the obverse side the inscription reads: "A Nazi travels to Palestine..." The text on the reverse side: "...and tells about it in *Der Angriff*." This was the Nazi daily edited by Dr. Josef Goebbels. The medal was to advertise a series of 12 articles describing a visit to Palestine by a Nazi traveller signing himself "Lim". His in-depth reportage was a glowing "Zionist" account of how the Jews in general and German Jews in particular were faring in their new homeland. I subsequently wrote an article on Lim's travelogue in which I wondered who Lim was and what had become of him. A helpful reader provided part of the answer: "Lim" was the nom-de-plume of Leopold Itz Edler von Mildenstein, (left) the head of Dept. II-112 of the *Judenreferat* (Jewish section) at *Sicherheits Dienst* (security services) HQ. Intrigued by Lim's paean on Jewish Palestine and curious about Dept. II-12, the forerunner of the notorious IV-B-4, I set out to examine the department's history.



Prelude to the Holocaust

IT WAS A much sobered *Scharführer* (Sergeant) Adolf Eichmann who, after joining the heroic-sounding "Security Service of the Reichsführer SS" in Berlin, found himself in charge of a card-index system concerning those enemies of the people, the Freemasons. A chance meeting with Sergeant von Mildenstein, the man in charge of Dept. II-112, the *Judenreferat* (Jewish section) of Gestapo HQ at Wilhelmstrasse, resulted in a transfer which set Eichmann on the career that was to elevate him to a position of power in the extermination machinery and so, via Argentina and the Israeli judicial process, to the gallows.

Sergeant Leopold Itz Edler von Mildenstein, a scion of impoverished Austrian minor nobility, was an engineer by profession, a globetrotter at heart and a *liarneur* by aspiration.

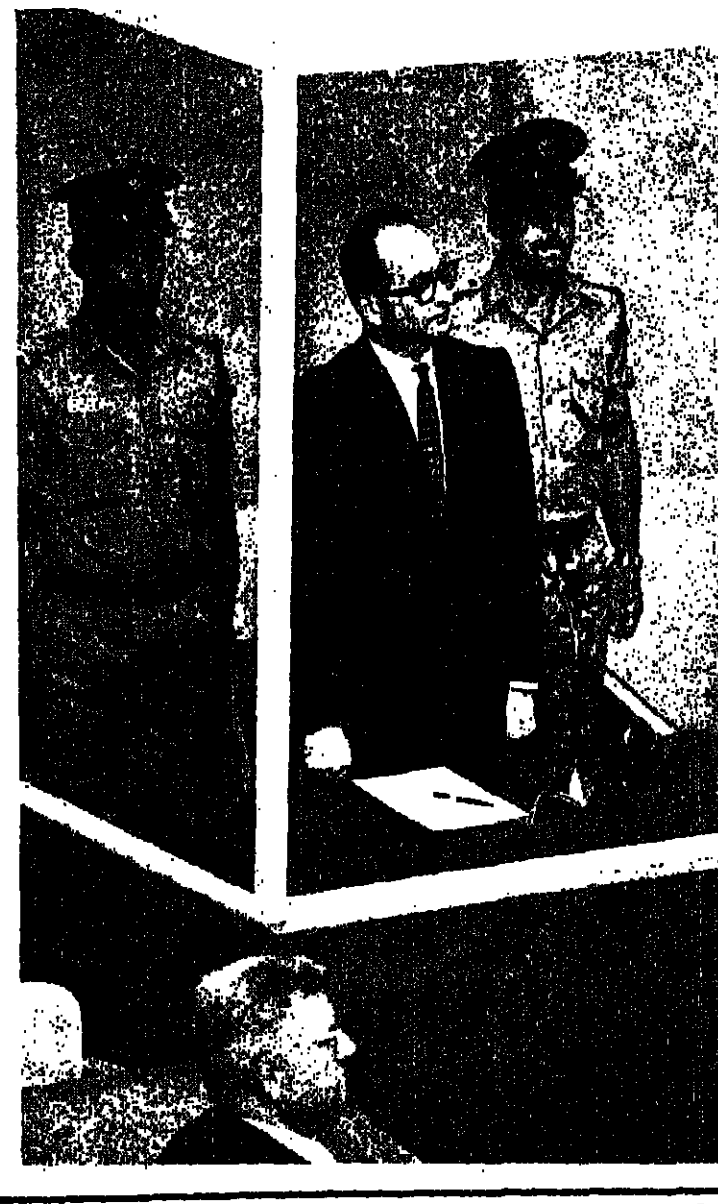
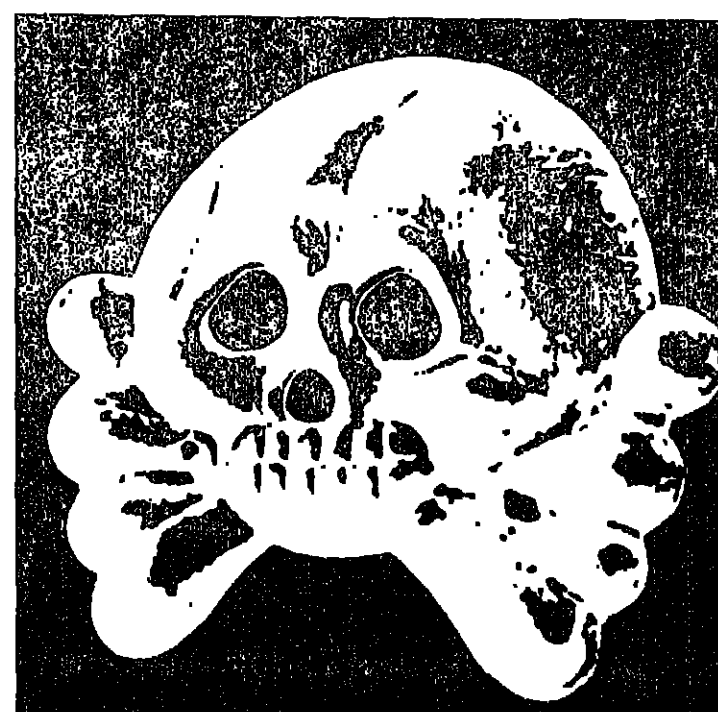
Wim van Leer

who had joined the SS in 1932. He had been motivated by a sense of adventure and the fact that he was not gainfully employed at the time. Also, the elitist image of the SS seemed most attractive to an aristocrat *déclassé*.

He was put in charge of Dept. II-112, whose task it was to formulate policy and establish a process that would rid Germany of its Jews. Emigration seemed to be the only solution. Mildenstein canvassed the various Jewish organizations to facilitate an orderly exodus.

At that time there were in the SS a substantial number of intellectuals to whom Goebbels's and Julius Streicher's vulgar anti-Semitism was anathema, since it damaged the new Germany's reputation in the world, without advancing the solution to the Jewish question. Fact was that the Nazi Party had never been able to decide how to put its anti-Semitic policies into practice: Hitler's *Mein Kampf* did not even conceive of anti-Semitic legislation. The German philosopher Alfred Rosenberg held that "Jews must be recognized as a nation resident in Germany" but "excluded from all positions of authority in politics, culture and industry." The "Reich's Health Leader," SS *Standartenführer* Dr. Conti, even declared that "the Jews are not an inferior but a different race."

THE OBVIOUS country for Jews was Palestine, which von Mildenstein visited to evaluate the possibilities for himself. For two months he travelled the length and breadth of Palestine - according to his travelogue, he travelled alone, but in fact he was accompanied by his wife and



by a Jewish couple called Tuchler. Kurt Tuchler was a retired judge living in Berlin and preparing for aliyah; he was sponsored by the Jewish Agency with a view to gaining von Mildenstein's confidence and goodwill.

Meanwhile the emigration possibilities to other European countries, as well as to North and South America, were leisurely explored, involving much travel. And at the same time a huge bureaucracy was busy erecting barriers to Jewish emigration. The need for permission, attestation, clearance, certification and confirmation did little to speed the departing on their way. One example must suffice. Every emigrant needed a certificate stating that he or she had honourably served in the Hitler Youth - to which no Jew could belong.

The *Judenreferat* had two sections: first, the assimilatory organization (to many of whose members the word Jew was *makodorous*, hence the name "Organization of German Citizens of the Mosaic Persuasion"); second, the section that dealt with "Zionist organizations, world Zionism and the orthodox religious."

Sergeant Eichmann soon found himself in charge of the latter, where his first task was to prepare a condensation of Herzl's *Der Judenstaat*, which advocated political aims much in line with those of the party. This publication was meant as a guide for the SS rank and file.

The easy-going von Mildenstein had cultivated good relations with many prominent Jews. There were discreet social meetings and often small gifts were exchanged at holiday times. He was a lonely man - his wife, having little taste for life in rented rooms on a sergeant's salary, had returned to her parents' home in the Rhineland.

Being a widely-travelled and well-read man, he found much in common with the Jews whom he was supposed to rid the state of. As a result, the work of II-112 was ineffective, to say the least - a fact which did not escape the attention of his subordinate, Eichmann.

Planning a "palace revolution," Eichmann cultivated a friendly alliance with Heinrich Müller, the head of the Gestapo. Eichmann's chance came early in 1936, when von Mildenstein wangled a trip to the U.S. in connection with *Amabahn* construction. In his absence Eichmann, in league with Sergeant Herbert Hagen and with the connivance of Müller, brought about von Mildenstein's dismissal. (After von Mildenstein was dismissed, he resigned from the SS and transferred to the Foreign Press Section of the Ministry of Propaganda.)

THE GERMANS at that time had an efficient intelligence network operating in Palestine under the command of Dr. Reichert, the bureau chief of the German News Service (DNB). His second-in-command was Otto von Bolschwing, a German hardware importer resident in Haifa. They had three Jewish *Zuhörer* (informers) on their payroll:

- Feivel Polkes, born in Poland on September 11, 1900, a high-ranking officer in the Hagana whose salary was £20 per month (a royal sum at the time), paid through the temple Bank.
- Karl Löwy of Jerusalem, whose non-Jewish wife had a brother in the SA. Monthly salary £5.
- A. Klein of Haifa, monthly salary £5.

On one of Polkes's debriefing visits to Gestapo HQ in Berlin he was introduced to Eichmann who, on February 26, 1937 took him to lunch at the *Talbe* restaurant near the zoo. During this meeting Polkes told him about conditions in Palestine, especially about the structure and duties of the Hagana. Eichmann was much impressed with this novel version of the militant Jew, and Polkes invited him to visit Palestine to see for himself.

There was a long internal quibble about who was to accompany Eichmann. Dieter Wisliceny, who outranked Eichmann, insisted on going; but after Müller's intervention, Hagen was selected, and on September 28, 1937 they set sail on the S.S. *Romania* from Constanza, pretending to be "journalists."

During a short stop-over in Haifa they briefly met Dr. Reichert (the greater part of their mission being connected with intelligence activities), and went sightseeing on the Carmel "in a Jewish taxi."

In Cairo they applied for visas to visit Palestine, but because of the Arab riots and their "journalist" status, they were turned down by the British. So Dr. Reichert and Feivel Polkes went to Cairo and a number of meetings took place on October 10 and 11 (some in Groppi's café).

From their conversations it is clear that, despite their adversary politics, the parties had one overriding and immediate interest in common: Jewish migration. The Germans wanted the Jews out of Germany, the Hagana wanted the Jews in Palestine.

In Polkes, Eichmann saw a type of Jew more to his liking, and the subject of active collaboration was broached. He instructed Polkes to investigate which organization was behind the murder of Wilhelm Gustloff, the Swiss *Naziführer*, by David Frankfurter in February 1936. He tried to pressure Polkes by mention-

(Continued on page 6)

Handwritten text in Arabic script: "كلنا من اجل صل"

Prelude to the Holocaust

(Continued from page 5)

ing the recent arrest of two Hagana operatives involved in illegal arms deals - one Shalom, and Hamburg-born David Shaltiel. Eichmann was willing to trade their release against the Gustloff information.

Polkes requested an increase in the amount of money Jews could take out of Germany under the existing arrangements by undertaking to promote and sell German goods all over the Middle East. (Eventually a special bank - the Zilcha Bank - was established in Beirut for these transactions, at a time when world Jewry was promoting a worldwide boycott of German products.)

Eichmann initially rejected this plan, it not being in the German interest to export Jewish capital since he first wanted to force the emigration of impecunious Jews. But he did not openly voice his hostility to the Haavara Transfer Agreement so as not to prejudice the Gustloff investigation.

HERE I MUST digress and say something about the ambiguous personality and functions of Feivel Polkes, who died in Israel in 1982.

I have two documents which confirm that Polkes was an informer: a six-page internal report of the Gestapo dated 17.6.37 and signed by Dr. Franz Six, head of Gestapo Section VII (ideology); and a 54-page report of the Eichmann/Hagen journey. There are receipts for money received as well as correspondence about travelling expenses in the Gestapo files.

Could Polkes have been a double agent? Hagana sources deny that Polkes was ever a member of that body, let alone a high-ranking officer. Which does not mean that he was not. Polkes would not be the first spy left out in the cold. Mossad operatives Pino Ginzburg (about whom more later) and Israel Galili disavow him. Another Mossad stalwart states that "Polkes was a *Hochstapler* (confidence trickster) at best, and a spy worst - possibly the latter."

Moreover, Dr. Reichert, under Gestapo instructions, had checked out Polkes's *bank files*. The high salary and continued payments confirm him as a satisfactory informer. I recently interviewed Polkes's son, an engineer for whom the whole matter is an enigma. "We never discussed his activities," he said. "My father was a very secretive person."

In 1966 *Der Spiegel* serialized Heinz Höhne's *The Order of the Death's Head*, which is now a standard work on the SS. In December of that year they published some facts about Polkes, who was subsequently interviewed by *Ma'ariv* and *Ha'aretz*. In these interviews Polkes tried to explain away the monthly payments from the Gestapo by saying that these were instalments of money owed by Reichert for building work done. He insisted that he was working under Hagana orders. Reporters' enquiries elicited denials from Hagana and Mossad operatives.

Of the second echelon of informers I have found no traces apart from a notarized document dated November 23, 1937 by von Borchers, which mentions SS Area Commander (Präfektur) Buchhalter, to whom von Mildenstein failed to report on his visit. The letter is "altogether too friendly and involved with Jews, with should be investigated." The complaint was forwarded to Himmler.

ANOTHER discussion between Polkes and Eichmann concerned efforts to obtain landing rights in Cairo or Palestine for Luft Hansa. Polkes stated that he could arrange that. However, £20,000 would have to be made available to bribe the authorities concerned. Polkes claimed to have been involved (*beteiligt*) in the foundation of a Polish-Palestinian aviation company, Aviron? He also provided information of a political nature to be passed on to two pro-Soviet Arabs in Berlin, the Emirs Schekih and Adil Arslan. He then informed Eichmann that a powerful communist radio transmitter,

ing means to pressure the Jewish community so that emigration became synonymous with deportation. Reporting to Berlin HQ, Eichmann enthused "...you put the papers in at one end of the conveyor belt and the passport comes out at the other."

From his HQ at the palatial Rothschild residence he created the "Central Bureau for Jewish Emigration," and assembled a crew who shared his mania to persecute Jews; he was also aided and abetted by the natural cringing obedience of the Austrian bureaucracy. His funest efforts succeeded beyond expectation. The bureau confiscated money

vaka, Eichmann was sent to Prague, whence he was able to dispatch a mere 30,000 Jews, the Czech national character being made of sterner stuff than that of the spineless Austrians.

AS WE HAVE seen, the Hagana and the Gestapo had one interest in common, the emigration of as many Jews as possible, preferably to Palestine. *Kristallnacht* was the signal for imaginative action. At that belated moment Eliyahu Golomb, the chief architect and head of the Hagana, dispatched two trusted operatives to seek contact with the Gestapo in the furtherance of their common aim.

Soon a liaison-office was set up at 10 Meineckstrasse, Berlin, headed by "Mossad-le-Aliya-Bet" operatives Pino Ginzburg (a member of Kibbutz Ramat Hakovesh) and Moshe Averbuch. The Gestapo appointed Captain von Höpfner as a discreet go-between, since neither party wanted to give undue publicity to their collaboration. For that reason the Mossad operated under the cloak of the Hehalutz movement.

Heydrich demanded as a price for his collaboration that 400 Jews be shipped out every week. To that end *hachshara* (agricultural training) camps were established in Germany, releases from custody were arranged and ships were chartered. The Mossad had three vessels under charter: the Colorado, sailing from Susak in Yugoslavia, ostensibly for Mexico; the transfer vessel Otrato, which took on passengers off Corfu for the final leg to Palestine; the Dora, which operated out of Dutch ports. Later on Heydrich allowed the ships to sail from Emden and Hamburg.

Thus some 3,000 youngsters were saved, plus 2,000 who were sent to training camps outside Germany. At the outbreak of World War II, the Hagana-Gestapo liaison office was closed. Of the Jews within the Reich some 200,000 remained trapped within its borders; of these, 170,000 were liquidated.

The invasion of Poland in September 1939, of Western Europe in 1940, and of Russia in 1941 brought some 10 million Jews within the German orbit as the frontiers for possible escape were closing. Even so, section II-12, renamed IV-B-4 early in 1941, plodded on with political and administrative solutions, such as settlement in Madagascar, forced settlement in "Jewish provinces" in Poland and beyond the Ural Mountains. But with the military reverses, these plans had to be abandoned. This situation was recognized at the Wannsee conference in January 1942, which gave the nod to the policy of liquidation. The rest is history.

VON MILDENSTEIN must have watched the meteoric rise to power of his one-time adversary, Adolf Eichmann, with awe and dismay. Opportunistic as ever, von Mildenstein humbly requested reinstatement in the SS, which was granted to him in October 1940. As an offering of contrition he rewrote the articles on his Palestine journey for publication in book form, this time with a strong anti-Semitic bias. *A Curbside View of the Middle East* was published in 1941. Quote: "In the Tel Aviv cafes you will find the old guard of the *Kyffhäuserbund*, but only those who have not been robbed (by their fellow Jews). They have not learned Hebrew since they hope to move on to America. There they hope to find innocent dolls waiting to be swindled by them."

Another quote: "Between 1936 and 1939 the Jews have killed over

10,000 Arabs, driven out another 50,000 and put 16,000 in concentration camps."

Second-Lieutenant von Mildenstein managed to stay out of the army. After the war his fortunes changed when he became public relations chief for Coca Cola in Germany. It was not to last. The prosecution in the Eichmann trial, giving the court a potted history of Eichmann's career in Dept. II-12, dwelt on the role of his "mentor" von Mildenstein. The story did not please those in charge of public relations at Coca Cola's head office, who no doubt felt that the news might



Mossad operative Pino Ginzburg - liaison with the Gestapo in Berlin.

mounted on a truck, was operating along the German-Luxembourg border. As a parting gesture Eichmann reduced Polkes's salary to £15 per month, plus £5 for "special efforts."

I have not found any documentation that Polkes's information was detrimental to Hagana interests. But then most *Sicherheits Dienst* (SD) material was destroyed before the collapse.

ALTHOUGH the Eichmann/Hagen trip did not yield spectacular results, it reinforced Eichmann's reputation as an "expert" in Jewish affairs. That this expertise was not reflected in the emigration statistics was due to bureaucratic obstructionism and a lessening of resolve in the higher echelons of the SS. There was little that Sergeant Eichmann could do about that.

But this was soon to change. Eichmann's chance came with the Anschluss in March 1938, when he was transferred to Vienna to take charge of Jewish emigration from the territory of annexed Austria. Having no resident superiors and armed with new powers, he was now free to display his analytical and organizational talents. Realizing that massive paperwork stood between the aspiring emigrant and a stamped passport, he set out to study and short-cut this tangle of bureaucracy, putting an end to the friction between the police state and party authorities at the same time devis-

ing from Jews and within 18 months 150,000 of them had been packed off.

Obstruction to Eichmann's efforts came from an unexpected quarter. The party, with Goebbels and Streicher in the vanguard, became jealous of the SD's "organized interference with anti-Jewish affairs." There were ugly confrontations. In the end Reinhard Heydrich ordered Eichmann to break off all contact with Streicher's cohorts: Heinrich Himmler interceded with Hitler, who instructed Goebbels to keep out of Jewish affairs.

Eichmann's conveyor-belt methods were duly noted at HQ. In the autumn of 1938 he returned to Berlin to tackle the Jewish exodus with new methods and renewed vigour. One watershed event in the Holocaust saga came unexpectedly to his aid - *Kristallnacht*, which landed the bulk of Jewish males in concentration camps. The Gestapo tried to restrain excessive violence so that the administrative expulsion may take its orderly course. The telephone message to all Gestapo and SD offices read: "Jewish businesses and homes are not to be damaged or looted. Looters are to be arrested. As it turned out, the order was largely ignored."

In January 1939 Heydrich set up a German office (Eichmann's Austrian office had 78,000 Jews left Germany in 1938; 30,000 left in 1939).

lead to a distaste for their product by their Jewish clientele. Von Mildenstein was summarily dismissed. He struggled along for some time and then blew his brains out.

I tracked down his widow in a small town in Westphalia. She did not know that her husband had been in the SS - she never saw him in uniform, never read his books. When I showed her the voluminous documentation dug out of the SS archives, she shrugged her shoulders. "People can write anything. Paper is patient." As a German saying has it, "What shouldn't be, cannot be!" So be it.

THERE HAVE BEEN many crimes against humanity, but none on the Nazi scale and none that have been so well documented (thanks to the German penchant for administrative order). And there are few war criminals whose cases have been as fully documented and investigated as that of Adolf Eichmann. We have the Sassen revelations, the Less interrogation, the official trial records, and the Servatius papers. All this will enable future historians, less emotionally affected than my generation, to evaluate the evidence and formulate conclusions. It is more rewarding to evaluate the actions of one war criminal, however complex and far-reaching, than to try to grapple with a "six-million" abstraction.

(This is the last of three articles.) □

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NOMADS

"I did not come to the Sinai as a photographer in search of an exotic subject to be documented and immortalized. This book is almost an incidental result of a very personal relationship which evolved over a period of many years, at a slow desert-like pace, between the writer of these lines and the people and the landscape of the desert."

Photographs from "Bedouins, the Sinai Nomads" a new book by photojournalist Shlomo Arad and writer Sami Michael, just published by Massada. The book contains dozens of colour photographs taken over a 15-year period.



THEY'RE LEAVING on a jet plane, and don't know when, or if, they'll be back again. "Where are you going?" the gatekeeper asks. "Away from here," is the classic answer.

People have always left Israel, or the pre-state Jewish community. But now, there is reason to believe that the number is increasing, and that the general situation has deteriorated in a broader, more disturbing way than in previous times.

The numbers game is difficult and usually unenlightening. The government agencies that deal with emigration take years to come up with the figures, and there are dozens of ways of interpreting them. Basically, it's all soft information.

There are various ways of categorizing the emigrants. Many of them hold dual citizenship, or have a close relative who is an American citizen, for example. Some have the professional qualifications required for a resident visa abroad. Others find a way around the regulations, and get to where they want to go no matter what. In any case, inquiries to embassies, shipping agencies, and aid organizations like the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel indicate that there is a sharp rise in the number of people leaving Israel, or getting ready to leave.

Old-timers may shrug their shoulders and point out that half the people from the Third Aliya didn't make it in Palestine. Doctrinaire Zionists and pious commentators looked in a time-war may contemptuously dismiss the emigrants as *yaridim* ("descenders") - weaklings using the excuse of the economic situation in order to "slink out the back door." But they are simply blind to reality, to the way real people live in real Israel. Life in this country for many people has become so difficult - economically, socially and politically - that the negative, in their eyes, has started to outweigh the positive, and all too often they feel it just isn't worth it anymore.

INTERVIEWS with some who are planning to emigrate - what may or may not be a representative cross-section - suggest that the old Zionist terminology - the idea of "aliya" (ascent) and "yerida" (descent) - is entirely inappropriate in the face of an emergency situation. A fierce national reappraisal of values and radical solutions would appear to be the only way to stem what could become a disturbing tide of emigration. But there is also the argument that the "shake-out" that's coming has a positive side, and that it is time to relegate the "shame" associated

with those who leave Israel to the trash heap.

The world aliya can be taken literally in some cases - such as the dramatic immigration of thousands of Ethiopian Jews who were otherwise doomed to die in the famine and pestilence of Northeast Africa. For them, Israel is indeed a miracle, and they have ascended. But for millions of Jews in free western countries, the talk of aliya or yerida is arcane.

A few years ago, Baruch Nadel, an iconoclastic Israeli journalist, wrote an article entitled "The Day I

Louis Rapoport

Almost Left Israel." What stopped him from leaving, he wrote, was the heady smell of orange blossoms that wafted his way just as he approached the airport. But not long afterwards, Nadel, a man of the right who had been in the Stern group and eventually became one of the country's first investigative reporters (he exposed the scandalous "black money" situation that still plagues

the economy) left Israel, orange blossoms notwithstanding.

Why do people leave Israel? Is the situation really deteriorating? Should emigrants be regarded as scum, traitors? Is there a way to counter the trend?

Doctrinaire Zionists are classic Jewish mothers when it comes to using guilt. But it doesn't work anymore. It won't make people stay, and it won't bring them back, and it won't entice newcomers.

Aliya and yerida are empty words for Eli and Nancy Turgeman (not

their real names - 13 of 16 people interviewed for this story asked that their names not be used). The Turgemans, who lived until recently in a squalid 60-metre flat in a housing project in Jerusalem's Katamon neighbourhood, have just left Israel for the U.S.

Nancy, 41, came to Israel in the late 1960s from the United States. Eli, 39, was brought to Israel from Tunisia at the age of two. They have two small children.

Economically, life was never easy for them - neither of their families had money. They didn't have any trust funds or monthly cheques from abroad or property in Rehovot to help them out. Eli worked as a printer - at 76-hour week (30 hours of overtime) for many years. In recent months, his net salary for this grinding labour was less than \$400 a month.

"Every night, I'd come home numb with exhaustion. Eat and go to sleep. Not much of a life," he told me.

"But we managed on our income somehow," Nancy interjected. "We never went out, took a taxi, or bought any fancy clothes. We had meat on the table once a week - never more than that."

Nancy was completely at home in Israeli society - her Hebrew was perfect, thanks to a religious upbringing and her own insistence on rarely speaking any English. She came from a middle-class background, but years of poverty-line existence in Israel soon gave her the tired, withered look of those who ride the number 18 bus between Katamon and the Mahane Yehuda market downtown.

THE RECENT 40 per cent erosion in wages suffered by most Israeli workers was a major factor in the Turgemans' decision to leave. But the straw that broke the camel's back was reserve duty in Lebanon. Since June 1982, Eli had served a total of 170 days in Lebanon. His fourth *militim* service in Lebanon was in October. He had to do guard duty at the Ansar prison camp.

"It simply wiped me out. I felt I was guarding prisoners of war, not Nazi terrorists. They have no POW status, no status at all. I just said to myself, I can't do this again - we'll be in Lebanon another three years, and I just can't do *militim* there again. I'm not left or right - I voted Labour this time, I liked last time.

"It shocked me that a bum like Kahane could find support from a generation of Israelis. My friends were saying that of course Kahane himself is just a nut, but that what

Moreover, he continues, the 170,000 figure was based on U.S. Immigration Service statistics, which are based on forms filled out by aliens applying for U.S. citizenship. They are required to list their place of birth, not the place from which they came. "I was born in Poland," says Lahis, "so if I emigrated I would be considered 'Polish' by the U.S. authorities. What about all the Israelis in America who were born in North Africa or South America or Rumania?"

WHATEVER the figures, Lahis remarks, there is increasing demoralization among young people. "I regularly give lifts to soldiers, and they always talk about buying an airline ticket to America once they get out of the army. Some want only to make a visit, and will come back, but many want to run away." Due to the employment position today, demobilized soldiers feel hopeless about establishing themselves, or even completing their education.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM - Songs by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilfon, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

COMMON LANGUAGE - New variations of old songs. (Pargod, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

COMPOSER FROM A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT ANGLE - Naomi Shemer as seen by pianist Liz Magnes. (Zionist Confederation House, Emil Hotta, Yemin Moshe, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

INNOCENT OF CRIME - Danny Sanderson's news show. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

JAZZ IN THE CELLAR - At the American Colony Hotel. Liz Magnes plays jazz piano. (Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.); Nostalgia with the Freddie Weingart Trio. (Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - Hard-rock rock with Selah. (Israel Centre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE TAVERNERS - American and Irish folk music, country music jazz. (Pargod, Thursday at 10.30 p.m.)

URI GELLER - Special performance. (Gerard Behar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ALMOST STRONG - Songs with Gila Almagor. (Beit Leisai, Upper Celler, tonight at 10 p.m.)

BECAUSE OF THE NIGHT - Solo show with Hava Alberstein. (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

BETWEEN BELLS - Musical about a school. (Beit Leisai, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

BLACK VELVET - Irish music. (Old Jaffa, Hasmith, tomorrow at 10.30 p.m.)

WALKING TOURS

In English

Jerusalem

Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m. - Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.

Sunday at 2 p.m. - The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. - The Caminito and Israelite period in Jerusalem

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday at 11 a.m. - Archeology in the Jewish Quarter; Israelite Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. - Sites of special Christian interest (2 hours).

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. - The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Muslim belief.

Friday at 9.30 a.m. - The Old City Walls (2 hours).

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3½ hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets on the spot.

Archeological Tours

Daily at 11.30 a.m., Friday at 9.30 a.m. - Jewish Quarter Burnt House, Cardo.

Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday at 8.45 a.m., Monday at 2 p.m. - Excavations below Temple Mount.

Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m. - City of David, Area "G," Hezekiah's Tunnel, Pool of Silwan.

Monday, Wednesday at 8.45 a.m. - Temple Mount, Dome of the Rock.

COMMON LANGUAGE

(Old Jaffa, Hasmith, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

CORINNE ELAL - Programme of songs. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

DUOS AND QUARTET - Folk songs with The Dudaim and The Portinari. (Old Jaffa, El Hasmith, tonight at 9.45 p.m., tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

IN THE DRESSING ROOM - Solo show with singer Samira Johnson. (Tzavta, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAKI BYARD - Jazz pianist. (Tel Aviv Museum, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO - Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, Eli Dvishai, Zipora Bat-Yehuda. (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

MEIR ARIEL - Sings his songs. (Old Jaffa, Hasmith, Monday at 9 p.m.)

ROTATION SATIRE - Tuvia Tsafir, Meni Peor, Old Jaffa, El Hasmith, tonight at 10.15 a.m.)

SILK ROAD - Evening with Yehudi Ravitz. (Tzavta, tonight at 10.15 a.m.)

SONGS OF ERETZ ISRAEL - Nuhum Heiman and guests. (ZOA House, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

23.23 - Jazz. (Tzavta, Thursday at 11.11 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR - With well-known musicians. (Beit Leisai, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

WHITE AND BLUE GRASS BAND - Country and blue grass music. (Beit Leisai, Upper Celler, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

YAFFA YARKONI - Songs of Eretz Israel. (Beit Leisai, Upper Celler, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

Haifa

IN THE DRESSING ROOM - See T.A. (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Others

APRILS OF GOLD - Colour documentary film recounting the rise of the State of Israel. (Elit, Moriah Hotel, Tuesday, Thursday at 8 p.m.)



'Baroque Splendour,' a programme of Baroque music and dance, at the Tel Aviv Museum on Tuesday.

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

SOPRANO AND GUITAR RECITAL - Cilla Grossmeyer and Yehudi Shyer. Works by Purcell, Dowland, Britten, Schubert, Rodrigo. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

COMPOSERS ON COMPOSERS - Andre Hajdu on Bartok. (Zionist Confederation House, Emil Hotta, Yemin Moshe, Sunday)

LUTE RECITAL - Conrad Junghall (Germany). Works by Bach, (Targ Music Centre, Ein Karim, Monday)

JERUSALEM CHAMBER CHOIR OF THE JERUSALEM ACADEMY - Conductor Stanley Speth. Works by Hager, Bach, Britten and others. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, Tuesday)

MUSIC-LISTENING CIRCLE - Semadar Carmi-Gilerman on 20th century works. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

BACH AND HIS SONS - Avner Brion, flute; David Sliemer, trumpet; Yosef Boussem, Baroque cello. (Zionist Confederation House, Wednesday)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor Lukas Foss. Soloist Zvi Zeitlin, violin. Works by Salomone Rossi-Foss, Stravinsky, Beethoven. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday, Thursday)

"ETNAITTA" - Hallel Tzaf, cello. Works by Bach, Sherrif, Kodaly. (YMK, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

THE CHINESE KNIFE GRINDER - Yuval Theatre production. A combination of vintaged Jerusalem characters. (Khan Theatre, tomorrow, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE DANCE OF GENGHIS COHEN - Beit Leisai production. A Jew and a Nazi veteran in Germany in the Fifties. (Gerard Behar, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

GHETTO - Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vilna Ghetto. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

NIGHT PEOPLE - Short stories by Sobol Mitelputnik. (Tzavta production. (Gerard Behar, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

1,000 NIGHTS + ONE NIGHT (FOR YOU) - El-Hakawati Theatre production. A selection of Palestinian theatre and music (introduction

Tel Aviv area

KIBBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Conductor Shalom Ronly-Riklis. Soloist Zvi Zeitlin, violin. Works by Handel, Orlandi, Mozart, Schubert and others. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

PIANO RECITAL - Irit Rub. Works by Bach, Chopin, Beethoven, Brahms, Bartok. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

TEL AVIV PHILHARMONIC CHOIR - A cappella concert. Works based on the Bible. (ZOA House, tomorrow)

BACH IN NEW DIMENSIONS - Works by Bach, and contemporary composers influenced by him. Conductor Shalom Ronly-Riklis. Special guest Lukas Foss, piano. With the Kibbutz Choir and many well-known soloists. (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday)

QUINTETS - By Schubert and Borodin. With violins, cellos, viola. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvall, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

ARIAS, DUOS AND TRIOS - From operas by Mozart, Weber, Nikolai, Bellini, Donizetti. Soprano, mezzo-soprano and tenor voices. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvall, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

BAROQUE SPLENDOUR - In dance and music. Music by Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, De-la-Barre and others. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE CAMERATA TRIO - Eli Heifetz, clarinet; Emanuel Gruher, cello; Michael Boguslavsky, piano. With guest artists Shlomo Gronich, piano; Emily Berenson, mezzo-soprano. Works by Shostakovich, Shukolsky, Grieg, Avni. (Beit Ariela, Wednesday)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Conductor James Judd. Soloist Uriel Teichor, piano. Works by Silbells, Grieg, Britten, Elgar. (Minn Auditorium, Thursday)

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HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor Siegfried Kelter (Germany). Soloist Yair Klees, violin. Works by Huxley, Bartok, Mendelssohn. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nigler, tomorrow; Haifa Auditorium, Sunday, Monday.)

VIOLIN AND PIANO RECITAL - Arieh Bar-Dorom and Yancov Walt. Works by Dvorak, Saint-Saens and others. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvall, tonight at 10 p.m.)

DUET CONCERT - Sylvia Shmuel, soprano; Hava Tzur, contralto; Michael Eisenberg, piano. (Elin Hod, Beit Gertrud, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

QUINTETS - By Schubert and Borodin. With violins, cellos, viola. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvall, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

ARIAS, DUOS AND TRIOS - From operas by Mozart, Weber, Nikolai, Bellini, Donizetti. Soprano, mezzo-soprano and tenor voices. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvall, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

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What the officials say

Judy Siegel-Itzkovich

he adds that "we won't deal with anyone who threatens to emigrate unless he gets what he wants." He is realistic, and remarks: "We can't take responsibility for every person who loses his job and says he's going to leave."

On the other hand, Shmuel Lahis, who runs ELI, the volunteer organization of citizens against *yerida*, almost singlehandedly, sympathizes with many *yordim*. While he does not justify those who emigrate in spite of having a good job and decent housing - they want to "see the world" or else they're crumbling under pressure - Lahis "understands" the position of demobilized soldiers who want to leave.

THE FORMER director-general of the Jewish Agency, who has a pri-

vate law practice in Jerusalem, relinquished his public post after the Establishment refused to heed his report on emigration to the U.S.

In that report, written several years ago, Lahis concluded that from 350,000 to 500,000 Israelis were living permanently abroad, mostly in the U.S. His findings were based on conversations he had had with emigrants in the main cities, with Agency representatives, and with U.S. officials during a visit of over a month.

Lahis, who speaks with passion about the "cancer" of *yerida*, believes that the figures he gave then are still accurate. True, he says, emigration decreased in the early

Eighties, mostly because the economic situation in the U.S. was bad, and in Israel it at least seemed to be booming. But the U.S. economy is flourishing now, and everybody knows what's happening here. The danger of an emigration of serious proportions is imminent, Lahis says.

The absorption minister, when asked for numbers, adduces statistics obtained from various researchers, and from the government, that 170,000 Israelis are living in the U.S.

Yossi Kucik, accepts them as accurate. But Lahis continues to dispute them, since they do not include the children of *yordim* taken abroad, or born while their parents were abroad. "These children are a loss to the State of Israel," says Lahis.

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ON/O in Jerusalem Cinema

Fri., Jan. 12
Double feature / 1 ticket
RETURN OF THE JEDI 2
POLICE ACADEMY 4
Sat. Jan. 19
TARZAN 6
RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE 7.15
M*A*S*H 9.30
See daily listing for weekday films

EDEN

6th week
MISSING IN ACTION
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4, 7.9

BEIT AGRON

Morris Schaver Auditorium
Today 2: THE HUNGER
Sat. 6.45, 1900 (Part II)
9.15: 1900 (Part II)
11.30: TOMMY
See daily listing for weekday films

EDISON

BREAKDANCE II
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4, 7.9

ISRAEL MUSEUM

Sat. 8.30: LA TRAVIATA
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur. 3.30

APE AND SUPER-APE

Tue. 6.30
BYE BYE BRAZIL

KFR

JOYEUSES PAQUES
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4, 7.9

MITCHELL

TEACHERS
Sat. and weekdays 7.9

ORGIL

WOMAN IN RED
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4, 7.9

ORION

THE BIG CHILL
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4, 7.9

ORNA

Tel. 224733
GREMLINS
Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

RON

17th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4, 7.9

SEMADAR

3rd week
ERENDIRA
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.15

TEL AVIV Cinemas

THE PROFESSIONALS ARE COMING
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN-YEHUDA

12th week
WOMAN IN RED
Tonight 10.12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BETH HATEFUTSOTH

Sun. 8.30
THE HOUSE IN CARP STREET

CHEN 1

GREMLINS
Fri. 9.30 p.m., 12.15 p.m.
Sat. 7.20, 9.40
Weekdays 4.40, 7.20, 9.40

CHEN 2

REUBEN REUBEN
Tonight 10.12, 12.15
Sat. 7.20, 9.40
Weekdays 4.45, 7.20, 9.40

CHEN 3

HAVING IT ALL
Tonight 10.12, 12.15
Sat. 7.10, 9.35
Weekdays 4.30, 7.20, 9.35

CHEN 4

SPLASH
Tonight 10
Sat. 11 a.m., 7.25
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 4.40, 7.25

CHEN 5

TIGHTROPE
Tonight 9.50, 12.20
Sat. 7.20, 9.40
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 4.40, 7.20, 9.40

CINEMA ONE

5th week
MISSING IN ACTION
Tonight 10.30, 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Half price all week

CINEMA TWO

2nd week
ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 4.15, 7.9, 9.30

DEKEL

2nd week
BACHELOR PARTY
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

DRIVE-IN

Fri. 10 p.m. - Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

INSTITUT FRANCAIS

TOUT FEU TOUT FLAMMES
Fri. 12.15 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 12 midnight
See Film

PARIS

10th week
ATALIA
Tonight 10.12 Midnight
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 12.2, 4.7, 7.30, 9.30

ORLY

TOP SECRET
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Half price all week

PARIS

10th week
ATALIA
Tonight 10.12 Midnight
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 12.2, 4.7, 7.30, 9.30

TEL AVIV

THE JIGSAW MAN
* LAURENCE OLIVIER
* MICHAEL CAINE
* SUEAN GEORGE
* ROBERT PAUL
Owner in charge... Come also to see a superb performance... in this magnificent, witty and funny play...
Tonight 10.12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

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* ROBERT PAUL
Owner in charge... Come also to see a superb performance... in this magnificent, witty and funny play...
Tonight 10.12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ESTHER

Tel. 225610
8th and last week
ELECTRIC DREAMS
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GAT

ONCE UPON A TIME IN AMERICA
Sat. 8.30
Weekdays 4.8

GORDON

7th week
87 Ben Yehuda, Tel 244373
* RICHARD BURTON
1984
Sat. 7.20, 9.35
Weekdays 4.45, 7.20, 9.35

HOD

Israel Premiere
TEACHERS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEVI

17th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Tonight 9.30, 11.30
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.45, 4.45, 7.15, 9.30

LEV II

12th week
DUTY FREE MARRIAGE
Tonight 9.30, 11.30
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 1.45, 5.7, 7.30, 9.40

LIMOR

GHOSTBUSTERS
Tonight 10.12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MAXIM

2nd week
STRIPES
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MOGRABI

Israel premiere
Friday night, 10
Saturday night, 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PARIS

10th week
ATALIA
Tonight 10.12 Midnight
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 12.2, 4.7, 7.30, 9.30

ORLY

TOP SECRET
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Half price all week

PARIS

10th week
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Tonight 10.12 Midnight
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Weekdays 12.2, 4.7, 7.30, 9.30

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Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

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Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

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* ROBERT PAUL
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Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

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* ROBERT PAUL
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Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

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Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

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Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

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* MICHAEL CAINE
* SUEAN GEORGE
* ROBERT PAUL
Owner in charge... Come also to see a superb performance... in this magnificent, witty and funny play...
Tonight 10.12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PEER

Israel premiere
Friday 11 p.m.
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEI MONDO

In a new style
with SOPHIE MARCEAU
in the great comedy
JOYEUSES PAQUES
(Happy Easter)
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4.7, 9

SHAHAF

6th week
BROADWAY DANNY ROSE
Tonight 10.12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 8.30

STUDIO

10th week
KARATE KID
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TAMUZ

Cinema Ramat Aviv
Tel. 412761
3rd week
Tonight 10.12, 12.15
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 7.30, 9.30

KOYANISQATSII

A Remarkable film event
a film by Godfrey Reggio
music by Philip Glass
cinematography by Ron Fricke
TCHET
11th week
CARMEN
By Georges Bizet
Directed by Francesco Rosi
* JULIA MIGNES
* PLACIDO DOMINGO
Sat. 6.30, 9.30
Weekdays 3.30, 6.30, 9.30

TEL AVIV

Israel Premiere
BREAKDANCE II
Today 2.15, 10
Sat. 11 a.m.
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

11th week
LOS SANTOS INOCENTES
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

ZAFON

14th week
PARIS, TEXAS
Tonight 10
Sat. 6.45, 9.30
Weekdays 4.6, 6.45, 9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE
3rd week
ELECTRIC DREAMS
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4.6, 4.45, 9

ARMON

3rd week
JAWS III
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4.6, 4.5, 9

ATZMON

JOYEUX PAQUES
* JEAN PAUL BEL MONDO
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4.7, 9

BEIT ABBA KHOSHUY

LIQUID SKY
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 9

CHEN

2nd week
KARATE KID
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4.6, 4.5, 9

MORIAH

Weekdays 5
LA TRAVIATA
Weekdays 7
ATALIA
Weekdays 9
WOMAN IN RED
Thur. 11 p.m.
THE CHALLENGE
Sat. 11 a.m.
ESCAPE IN A BALLOON
and Puppet Show:
The Shoemaker and the Dwarfs

ORAH

HARRY AND SON
* PAUL NEWMAN
* JOANNE WOODWARD
Music by Henry Mancini
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4.6, 4.5, 9

ORLY

5th week
REUBEN REUBEN
Sat. 7.9, 9.15; weekdays 6.45, 9

PEER

GREMLINS
No complimentary tickets
for adults over 14
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4.6, 4.5, 9

RON

* NICK NOLTE
In a great comedy feature
TEACHERS
Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4.6, 4.5, 9

SHAVIT

2nd week
LE BAL
Sat. and weekdays 7.9, 9.15

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

CARMEN
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 6.30, 9.30

LILY

11th week
WOMAN IN RED
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT

TEACHERS
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT

TEACHERS
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT

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Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

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Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT

TEACHERS
Sat. 7.15, 9.30

(Continued from page C)

Philosophy aside, Hunt is the kind of professional who has a very personal approach to his parts. "I like to have discussions with the director, ask him what he expects of me, and then find my own ways of giving him what he asks for." That is why he so much enjoyed working with David Lynch, with whom he was able to discuss his own conception of the Elephant Man.

"That was an enormously challenging part, playing a character without the benefit of an actor's main tool, his face." "Naturally, 60 per cent of the performance was the voice," he says. "The rest was something the Americans call body language. I prefer to call it mime."

OF HUNT'S stories about directors with whom he has worked, one of the most entertaining was his experience with Jacques Demy, for whom he made *The Pied Piper*, "a remarkably forgettable movie."

"Demy had decided he would shoot the entire film in 36 takes, apart from one sequence which was later cut. This required, naturally, tracking shots of enormous length, which he would set up accordingly. Every morning we put on our costumes and make-up, and then I had to get into a suit of chainmail armour that was too big for me

because it had originally been made for another actor. Then they started laying down the track while we waited... The whole thing was so complicated I can't tell you. One day, I said jokingly that if he wanted to make it any more complicated, he should introduce curved tracks.

"Believe it or not, next day curves arrived, so the little train moving the camera was now shunting not only up and down but also along the curves. In the most complicated fashion in order to play our parts in front of the camera."

"For the lighting cameraman it was a real nightmare, for there was no place where he could put his lights without having somebody or something get in the way. We would stand around from early morning until five in the afternoon waiting for all the preparations to be finished. Then we started shooting, and had to get it all right in half an hour."

"So one day I went up to Demy and told him, quite politely, that he must be extraordinarily brave to make such long, complicated shots with no possibility of cutting in the middle. He looked at me down his very long, French nose and said in his very French accent: 'I am director, you are actor.' I thought: I had to get into a suit of chainmail armour that was too big for me

Another story concerns the exiled Polish director, Jerzy Skolimowski. "He is the kind of man who, against your will, you'll do anything for. He really infuriates me. Last time I made a film with him, a year ago, he rang me at about eight in the evening, just as I was about to go out with my wife. He said: 'I have the most wonderful part for you. You have to do it.' I said that of course I'd love to, but what was the part, when, where? I wasn't even aware he was making a film."

"As for when," he said, "it's tomorrow morning at seven o'clock. And it's a two-day part."

"I thought he must be joking, for I hadn't done a small, two-day part in years. And anyway, how was I supposed to report for work the next morning without an inkling of what was being asked of me? I told him as much. But he kept on as if he hadn't heard. 'But the part, John, it's so beautiful I bleed to do it myself.' Believe it or not, next day at seven o'clock I was on the set of *Success is the Best Revenge*. Skolimowski had his own way. He is immensely charming. He's a rogue. I can't bear him, but I love him."

NEITHER THAT film (generally panned at the Cannes Festival, but better received when released in England), nor *The Osterman*

Weekend, which Hunt agreed to do out of his respect for the late Sam Peckinpah, turned out to be a smash hit. But then, no one can really play it safe all the time.

In Locarno last summer, Hunt came in for a short press conference to explain why he had accepted a part in a film made by a Swiss beginner, Dominique Girard. "It one doesn't take chances, one doesn't get anywhere," he said. Later, however, he said that he believes he can smell talent. "I felt Dominique had it, from the way he talked about his film."

NEW RELEASE

The progeny of John Landis and John Belushi are going wild again in something called *The Bachelor Party*, a minor success on the American market which has dutifully hit our screens too. But the team formed by director Neal Israel and actors Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed make the sort of noise that would hardly rate as a backfire compared to the intercontinental rockets of the Belushi gang.

Bachelor Party is all about the young, lecherous, unconventional but basically nice American growing up in the Reagan era. There is a zany, temporarily irresponsible young man, who is about to get

married and has to submit to the traditional stag party, which means a night with some hired bare tits, lots of drinking, and some grass (see how they move with the times?). His young bride, otherwise a liberated, free-thinking female, can't really digest the idea of this last fling and succeeds in extracting a vow of chastity from him. More amazing, he keeps his vow.

There's nothing very original or relevant in all this. It's supposed to be clean fun and pure entertainment. Again, compared with *National Lampoon Animal House* it is nothing more than faint giggles. But then, there are those who prefer the giggle to the belly laugh, and *Bachelor Party* is just for them. □

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This Week in Israel - The Leading Tourist Guide - This Week

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Cinematheque
JANUARY 18 - JANUARY 25
Fri. at 1 pm: *The Man Who Knew Too Much* Dir. A. Hitchcock
Sat. at 7.30 pm: *Diva* Dir. J.J. Beineix
9.45 pm: *Brutal, Sporch, Catrivi*
Mon. at 7 pm: *Voyage to the Edge of the World* Dir. J.J. Cousteau
7 pm: small hall: *Forrest*
8 pm: *Die Deutsche Volkssee*
9 pm: small hall: *The Southerner*
9.30 pm: *Convoy* Dir. S. Peckinpah
Tues. at 4 pm: *Charlotte's Web* Dir. C.A. Nichols, I. Takamito
7 pm: *Slaughterhouse Five*
9 pm: small hall: *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* Dir. S. Peckinpah
9.30 pm: *The Simple Murderer* Dir. H. Alfredson
Wed. at 7 pm: *This Land is Mine*
8 pm: small hall: *Heritage: Civilization and the Jews*
9.30 pm: *The Night Soldier*
Thurs. at 7 pm: (1) *Five to Four* (2) *La Morte de Silence*
9 pm: small hall: *The Women*
9.30 pm: *Niggar* Dir. H. Hathaway
midnight: *The Blues Brothers*
Fri. at 2 pm: *The Trouble with Harry* Dir. A. Hitchcock
Screening at the Cinematheque
Hebron Road, Tel. (02) 712192
Library hours:
Sun., Mon., Wed. 10 am-3 pm
Tues., Thurs. 10 am-7 pm
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Yitzhak Heskia and Sasson Gabai in "French Roulette."

Petah Tikva and Paris

THERE ARE THREE good things about the Cameri's production of George Feydeau's *French Roulette* in Tel Aviv: Nissim Aloni's Hebrew translation, sparkling and amusing as usual; a very beautiful series of interiors by Daniel Vaux; and actor Yitzhak Heskia.

The clever changes of set evoked applause, but also caused apprehension when all the typical Feydeau rushings about and bangings of doors inside the scenery shake dangerously.

Heskia is a versatile and precise actor; wherever you put him - English drawing room, French salon or Israeli living room - he fits in well and acts elegantly and to the point.

I am sorry that I cannot say the same about the other actors in about Ilan Ronen's direction. Some of the best actors the Cameri has to offer simply cannot cope with the niceties of French farce. The acting, as a result, is vulgar and lacks elegance and finesse.

Two years ago, reviewing another Israeli production of a Feydeau play, I said that I could not take vulgarly for wit, heavy-handedness for humour, strutting and fretting for acting, shouting for the expression of feeling, jumping about for stage movement or bellowing for laughter. Alas, I see no reason to say anything different this time. Instead of Paris, as I remarked then, we might as well have been in Petah Tikva.

THIS MAY BE exactly what much of the Israeli public will like in this play. Feydeau's subtle contrivances of playful and amusing sexual activity become clumsy horseplay, something to brag about in male company, perhaps. The precariousness of marriage, combined with French attitudes towards the basic solidity of the family, turns into a petit-bourgeois chasing after adventures.

This is not to say that there cannot be Israeli farce, and that it cannot be very funny. There has, indeed, been some. But Feydeau's plots, improbable and crazy as they are, need a special tempo and charm to become meaningful.

As a matter of fact, in Feydeau's

THEATRE Uri Rapp

plays, morality - the Parisian kind - always wins. The married women are usually guardians of the family values, and the men with the roving eyes come round in the end - sometimes without anything serious happening, in spite of all their assignations.

In this play there is real adultery, not very comfortable because of all those entries and exits, but the adulterers end up very legitimately married, though still not very happy.

For Feydeau's generation, marriage is the problem of bourgeois society and Strindberg and Oscar Wilde, far from each other as they may be, deal with its tribulations, each in his own way.

By not treating the subject seriously, Feydeau takes it very seriously indeed. For him, nothing can really destroy matrimony, even where there are no children.

Sasson Gabai is the most unlikely of French police inspectors who resembles Peter Sellers. I only know the French police from French films and detective stories, and those may not be very true to life, either; but at least they are truer to Feydeau. There's no point in mentioning the shortcomings of some of the other actors, who have shown their abilities in other plays. The last part of the performance was like a long, drawn-out joke instead of a piquant denouement.

But perhaps two and a half hours of empty-headed laughter and gradual drifting into somnolence may be good medicine in these troubled times.

Another Cameri Theatre production, this one at Tzavta, Tel Aviv, is *The Dance School* by Natan Zach. The place is Tel Aviv in its younger days, just before and after the 1948 war, and the non-realistic setting is a dance school.

This is a woman's story of young love; the death of her beloved in war; a failed marriage; several men friends; and a hesitant and aimless intellectual who appears on and off in her life.

Although the local colour of Tel Aviv and of early Israel is always there, it could have happened anywhere, with only insignificant changes.

Here again we have a young generation starting out with high hopes - but in their private lives only; there are no politics in this play - and ending up with meaningless and empty lives.

We've had it before and we'll have it again: the postwar educated middle class failing to come to terms with the challenges of life, and emerging comfortable but saddened.

Zach, one of Israel's foremost poets, manages to turn the most trivial everyday language into poetic imagery. Originally he was asked by director Shmuel Ben-Ner to supply a string of sonnets, to be set to music and presented on stage. Zach's special talents could have turned this into an enjoyable evening. It is a pity he didn't stay with the original request.

Instead, he and Ben-Ner mounted a full-blown play, with a chorus of six people and a narrator thrown in.

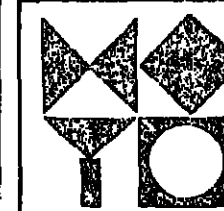
But the story does not escape its original banality; it does not come together as poetry or drama. It cannot arouse much interest or present a challenge; it can only evoke a minor nostalgia among those who had similar backgrounds. But even nostalgia isn't what it used to be.

Sasha Argov plays Mira, the protagonist. She has done some good work lately, but here she seems to be merely going through the motions. The play does not offer her much opportunity. The same might be said of the other participants, and the director.

Sasha Argov did his best with the music, and his best is good; but here too, it sounded like the same old thing all over again.

I am no expert; but to my ears the music sounded like modernized Kurt Weill, with lots of saccharine. □

This Week in Israel - The JERUSALEM MUSEUMS



this week at the israel museum jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

A VANISHED WORLD: ROMAN VISHNIAC, PHOTOGRAPHS: until 1.3.85. These photographs, taken in Eastern Europe between 1934-1939, are one of the most important documents of Jewish life at this time. "People coming to see my photographs at various exhibitions suddenly recognize themselves in them. I took a photograph of an 11-year-old girl in the Zvenigorod camp in Poland. This same girl is living today in the Bronx, New York, and she is now a grandmother. How do I know this? Because she recognized herself in the photograph when it was an exhibition." Vishniac, an Israeli journalist, 1912-84.



Visitors who can identify images and places which have an unusual story behind them, or those who have articles of clothing or other objects appearing in the photographs and are prepared to lend them are requested to write to "A Vanished World", Israel Museum, Jerusalem.

Yiftach Alon - Illustrations for Children's Books (Ruth Youth Wing). From Jan. 23.

African Art - 160 masks, images, and decorative objects are displayed by original visual means. In order to give the viewer an artistic and visual experience similar to that of the African artist himself. Faith-donnan and Martin Wright African Art Gallery.

THE CITY COINS OF ERETZ ISRAEL AND THE DECAPOLIS IN THE ROMAN PERIOD - Library Entrance Hall.
LEA NIKEL: PAINTINGS - Retrospective exhibition, 1950-1984. (Sports Gallery)

Eliahu Gat - Landscape Paintings
Meet an Israeli Artist for children. (Ruth Youth Wing) Courtesy of Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Salick, Los Angeles.
Permanent Exhibit of Miniature Rooms (Ruth Youth Wing)
Permanent Collection of Judaism, Art and Archaeology
Photography - for children, Paly Center.
Egypt: The Other Side of the River - Rockefeller Museum

EVENTS

FILMS

Saturday, January 19 at 20.30
LA TRAVIATA (Italy 1982)
Dr. Franco Zeffirelli with Placido Domingo, Teresa Stratas.
Tuesday, January 22 at 18.00 & 20.30
BYE BYE BRAZIL (Brazil 1981)
Dr. Carlos Diegues

CHILDREN'S FILM

Sun, January 20, Mon, January 21, Wed., January 23, Thurs., January 24 at 15.30
APE AND SUPER-AP (1972)
Documentary on wildlife in Africa

LECTURE

Monday, January 21 at 20.30
STYLE IN ANCIENT JEWISH IMAGERY
with Dr. Avigdor W.G. Posen
SENIOR CITIZENS' THEATRE
Tuesday, January 22 at 18.15
THEATRE IN THE GALLERIES
Judaica and Ethnography Galleries.
Presented and produced by Rina Padwa (reservations only, Tel. 02-698213).

CONCERT

Saturday, January 26 at 20.30
PIANO RECITAL - Pinna Salzman, Chopin solos.

RUTH YOUTH WING

Recycling Workshop: Monday 14.00-17.00; Tuesday 16.00-20.00
Yiftach Alon - Illustrations for children's books, Feinstein Library.
Ruth Youth Wing (from Wednesday, January 23).

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH

Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. at 11.00; also Sun. at 15.00; Tues. at 16.00
Archaeology Galleries - Special Tour: Monday at 15.00
Shrine of the Book - Special Tour: Tuesday at 15.00
Judaica and Ethnography Galleries: Thursday at 15.00
Rockefeller Museum - Special Tour: Friday at 11.00

VISITING HOURS

Museum - Galleries and Shrine of the Book: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-22.00 (Shrine 10.00-22.00); Fri. & Sat. 10.00-14.00
Library: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00
Graphics Study Room: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. 11.00-13.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00
Department of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun., Thurs. 8.30-13.00; Tues. 13.00-17.00
Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00-14.00
Ticho House Gallery: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-16.30; Tues. 10.00-22.30; Fri. 10.00-13.30
Garden Cafe: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-midnight; Fri. 10.00-15.00; Sat. closed.

Construction work may temporarily prevent access to some galleries.
Tickets for Saturdays available in advance at the Museum and at the Klatm ticket agency, Jerusalem, and Rocco in Tel Aviv.

THE ISRAEL MUSEUM IS LOCATED ON RUPPIN ST. TEL. (02) 698211

This Week in Israel • The

Beth Hatefutsoth

The Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora
Visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10 am-5 pm; Wed. 10 am-9 pm.
Friday and Saturday - closed.
Organized tours must be prearranged (Sun.-Thurs. 9 am-1 pm, (03) 426161)
Photo Archives: Sun., Thurs. 9.30 am-12.30 pm; Tues. 9.30 am-2.30 pm

Permanent Exhibit and Chronosphere - The main aspects of Jewish life in the Diaspora, presented through the most advanced graphic and audio-visual techniques.

EXHIBITIONS

1. World of Yesterday - Jews in England 1870-1920
2. The Jewish Heritage in the Eye of the Camera - Photo exhibition based on the worldwide photo contest
3. The Enigma of the Celarova Menorah

EVENTS

1. Jewish Music in Israel "The Jewish Song" - a continuation of the Jewish Folklore Poetry. Lecturer: Dr. Avner Bahat.
Sunday, January 20, 1985 at 10 am.
For members of Friends Association of Beth Hatefutsoth only.
2. Screening of the film: "The House in Carp Street" The story of the Jewish community in Prague at the time of the Nazi invasion in March 1939. With Arne Berchman, Edith Schiltz, Wolfgang Koling, Dir.: Kurt Hoffman.
In German with Hebrew subtitles.
Sunday, January 20 at 8.30 pm.
Admission fee: IS1000; for members of Friends Association: IS800.
Courtesy of bank leumi בנק לאומי
3. The Jews of Yemen: The Contribution of Yemenite Jews in Theater and Music. Lecturer: Tuvia Ovadia.
Monday, January 21 at 7 pm.

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2), Klausner St., Ramat Aviv, Tel. (03) 426161.
Buses: 13, 24, 25, 27, 45, 49, 74, 79, 274, 672.

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Audience participation

BEING strategically placed between the music loving public and the performer, between the performer and the composer, and between the composer and the public, I feel it necessary, for once, to take the concert-going audience to task for shortcomings in their attitudes and behaviour.

Last week I heard an apt remark by a visitor. Everywhere else, he said, when people have a cold and cough a lot, they go to a doctor; in Israel, they go to a concert.

As we enter the "coughing season", an interesting phenomenon has been observed by me and others: people don't cough during loud orchestral passages or in the intermission, but usually when their interest is not absorbed by the music. The sensitive observer can gauge from this phenomenon the impact of the performance on the listeners. Witness the performance of the Verdi Requiem which brought Liturgica '84 to a close. It began in a cacophony of coughing, which gradually faded into absolute silence as the magnitude of the work and the soloist held the audience spell-bound.

In this connection, what are we to make of the dear elderly ladies who persist in unwrapping their sweets or cough lozenges just when the music has started, and never before, or during an orchestral tutti? And they do it very, very slowly and carefully in order not to disturb their neighbours, who are accordingly driven up the wall by the prolonged crackle of the paper.

Then there is the latecomer, who wanders around the hall in search of his (mostly her) seat, unruffled by the music and apparently oblivious of the disapproving stares of the audience. Once again, at the last IPO concert, I witnessed a lady walking the entire length of the balcony to her seat behind the orchestra, watched with fascination by the whole audience - no other being in sight to stop her progress.

BUT THE MORE serious complaint against audiences in general concerns their indiscriminate applause for big names and weak performances. I take into account that the attitude of a critic who has to go to concerts three, four or more times every week during the season, listening to the music more intensively than the average listener, and to more music all the time, differs from that of the public as regards programme choices. It is time that master works (such as Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, or his Fifth Symphony, or Mahler's First and the like) will always give unalloyed pleasure to the listener who comes to a concert prepared to enjoy it because he is going to hear his favourite composer and/or work, and perhaps this is the only concert he will be attending in a month or longer.

The over-satiated critic, on the other hand, who knows every note by heart, having heard that same composition hundreds of times, tries hard not to be overcome by the fatigue of his ears and mind, and to listen to every performance as if it were a premiere. But after all, even he is human. So it is understandable that when a performance is not truly outstanding, the enthusiastic reaction of the audience is not matched by that of the critic, who can barely show appreciation.

What is intolerable, however, is the completely uncritical acceptance of mediocre performances. How often have I noted in a review that



MUSIC AND MUSICIANS
Yohanan Boehm

while the audience raved, I was left cold?

An artist with a great reputation can be very unsatisfying, yet, invariably, he will get a big hand, with encores demanded; the intensity of the applause will hardly be less than that spent on a really outstanding performance. One would assume that our audiences, reputed for being discriminating and knowledgeable, would exhibit their discrimination, would demonstrate their disapproval, by refusing to clap thunderously or even to stay on in the hall; but not so. Apparently a big name crows them into submission.

A DIFFERENT kind of walk-out experienced recently points to another sore subject: programming. At the last IPO concert, after the Beethoven Fifth Piano Concerto, which was received with great applause, there was an exodus in the intermission, because the next item on the programme was - Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony! Not only were there many empty seats when the concert resumed, but after every movement further couples left the hall.

This particular work is not "modern" in our sense of the word, reflecting a rather "traditional" method of composition. Surely one can assume that the escaping audience has not heard the work a sufficient number of times to conclude it genuinely doesn't like it. Quite the opposite is true and it brings to mind an old German saying, "What the peasant doesn't know, he doesn't eat."

An intelligent person, especially one with musical interests, should be prepared to listen to some music beyond the accepted classical and romantic repertoire. He may not get excited about it, but he should do so if only to expand his horizons - to learn something new and, perhaps, appreciate his own preferences even more as a result.

I am surely known for cultivating conservative tastes, but I always try, at least, to understand these trends and quests for something new and exciting. One wishes that our music-loving audience could show more alertness and more curiosity. They might be in for some pleasant surprises if they would only open their ears, hearts and minds.

A change of attitude could change the profile of programming, which is kept within very conservative limits because artists and orchestras, who have to rely on box office takings or subscriptions from the public at large, cannot afford an adventurous or stimulating programme policy.

Obviously, preference will always be given to music from the Baroque era, with Bach's music filling the auditorium every time. Music of the 18th and 19th centuries is so well known that listening does not pose problems of understanding. But one cannot ignore the 20th century, with all its experiments, errors, charlatanism - but also offering a lot of perfectly acceptable, if not downright provocative and stimulating music, acceptable to listeners without theoretical knowledge or adventurous minds.

One should not be afraid to taste that which is an unknown quantity (to paraphrase the old German dictum) or be permanently discouraged by one or two unsatisfying experiences. Nearly all the great composers were adjudged "offensive" at one time or another in their careers. The audiences then were even given to uttering loud boos or worse, throwing tomatoes and eggs, a reaction I am not necessarily espousing.

TO COUNTERBALANCE this attack on the listener, a word to the orchestra members. For them, it is often dreary routine labour, churning out music every day except Sabbath, as in the case of the IPO, who have to play the same music 10 to 12 times in succession. And if the conductor is not an extremely strong personality who can overcome natural resentment of the musicians, or excite them with his way of making music, boredom will set in, and the resulting performances will be mediocre or worse.

These musicians should remember that many listeners come to a concert as to an event of special significance in their lives, and look forward to an enriching experience. All they may get to see is musicians coming on stage, warming up their instruments, practising difficult passages, talking, looking into the audience to greet some friends and then, when the concert starts, sitting back and relaxing into a stupor, just playing the notes demanded of them.

I have purposely painted the picture more black than white, to bring out, for once, a point which has been bothering me for a long time. An orchestra, proud of its reputation or fighting for wider recognition, should realize that it ought to be able to count on all its members not only to deliver the best possible playing all the time, but also to exhibit a positive attitude towards music and music making.

If the players have to contend with a second-rate conductor or soloist - which is the fault of their management - they should not display their contempt to the public, but rather try all the harder to compensate for shortcomings. It is their reputation as an orchestra that is at stake if they play as badly as they are directed. Accounts have to be squared later in the management office, by not inviting those artists again.

Music should be above squabbles, and to perform it in the best possible manner is the highest law for any musician and artist, at any time and on any occasion.

The critic might then be out of work - and maybe that wouldn't be such a bad idea!

Sea Dolphin, El-Rashdie St., East Jerusalem. Tel. 282788. Open daily, no credit cards.

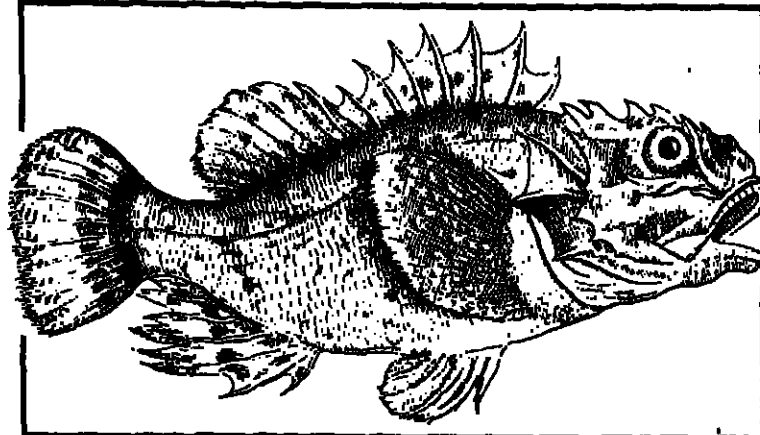
IF ANY restaurant can be said to be a standby for visitors to Jerusalem, it is the Dolphin, tucked away in a quiet corner of the eastern sector of the city.

The first Arab-Jewish enterprise to open after the unification in 1967, it has been the object of more than one bomb attempt. But the soldier permanently stationed at the door only seems to add to the allure of the establishment.

Readers have often asked why this most popular eating place has never been reviewed in these columns and the answer lies in the fact that, despite its popularity, I have always had my reservations. Recently I decided to test my judgement.

The Dolphin is nicely decorated, with a fish net stretched across the ceiling and comfortable chairs and tables in what is basically quite a small place. But as soon as we walked in, I recalled two of my objections. There was the odour of

Distant shores



MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

fishy oil, the sort of thing that might be fine in a fish and chips shop, but seems out of place here. Then there was the noise - from a happy family group enjoying themselves, but

making it impossible for anyone else to conduct a normal conversation.

WE OPENED our meal with two of the salads, calamari and an "Arab

vegetable salad." The first was very good. The calamari were tender and nicely seasoned in a tomato sauce which, though a trifle mild for my taste, still managed to assert itself without overcoming the seafood. The vegetable salad had little to recommend it apart from freshness. The vegetables were cut into large chunks and not the tiny cubes I had expected; there was virtually no lemon and little oil. Only a bit of finely chopped parsley gave the tomatoes and cucumbers some Middle Eastern character. The hot pitot was satisfactory.

TO HELP with this, and the rest of the meal, we ordered a bottle of Montfort Sauvignon blanc, properly chilled and well served.

For my main course I chose a sea bass baked with olives. The fish had been fried first and then baked in a sauce that included milk, vegetables and olives, and I must admit that the combination was excellent in conception. In practice, however, the fish, while not exactly off, was also not quite as fresh as it might have

been, and the rather elaborate cooking method did not altogether hide this.

My companion had far more luck with her shrimps in butter and garlic. The shrimps, though not the giant variety that we once enjoyed at the Dolphin, were fresh and very tasty and the portion was quite generous. We had no complaints about the chips served with them.

For dessert, I ordered baklava, which, from the taste, seemed to be the product of one of the better bakeries in the area.

My companion was far more adventurous and decided to try the chocolate mousse, always a gamble in a Middle Eastern restaurant. To my surprise it was excellent. Made with cream, it had more whipped cream on top and, for good measure, a fresh sweet strawberry.

The Turkish coffee was fine, but then I never imagined it wouldn't be.

The bill came to IS19,000, which seemed far from exorbitant for what we had. Nonetheless, when it comes to fish, Jerusalem still seems to be too far away from the sea.

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SATURDAY, January 19 at 8.30 pm.

ZOA HOUSE DRAMA CIRCLE
presents 3 short plays
"TALE OF CHELM"
by Linda Gayo Shapiro (1 tale)
"DIVORCE ANYONE?"
by John Patrick (2 divorces) - directed by Mike Slobodkin
MONDAY, January 21 and THURSDAY, January 24 at 8.30 pm

ARCHAEOLOGY IN BIBLICAL TIMES
Second in the English Lecture Series presented in cooperation with the Society for the Protection of Nature. Lecturer: David Inbar.
SUNDAY, January 27 at 8.30 pm

LIGHT CLASSICAL OPERA
Soprano NANCY NAGGAN (Virginia)
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Guest tenor ADI ADAR. At the piano MARINA SCHMIDT
Program: duets and arias from operas by Mozart, Weber, Donizetti, Nicolai, Bellini, Chopin.
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Thursday, January 24 at 8.30 pm.

Program:
"Intimate Impressions" - Lhikens/Monipou
"Opus 1" - Yampolsky/Webern
"Grand Pas from Paquita" - Petipa/Miljkovic

Tickets available at Habima's box office and all other ticket agencies. For more information, please call The Israel Ballet, Tel. (03) 256610.

ALTHOUGH the *Indian Legends* programme by Ron Shinar and Shri Devi at the Israel Museum on the afternoon of January 8 was aimed at children, and was performed in front of a large audience of them, adults could, surely, more readily grasp the *mudra* (sign language) and the verbal explanations.

Nevertheless, the little ones – except for the under-threes – seemed wrapped up in the tales, the jingling ankle-bells and everything that went with them.

The two performers did solos and duets, Shinar demonstrating his already well-known expressive skills. He made Indian dance look so easy that there were probably several attempts at it in many homes that evening.

"There will be a lot of broken plates in Jerusalem tonight," my neighbour remarked after Shinar's *Plate Dance*.

Newcomer Shri Devi (Susan Hall) is an attractive dancer with a great deal of ability, especially in footwork and hand technique, but she lacked definition and conviction.

Although women's dances are meant to have more refined grace than robust attack, even when the man and the woman make the same moves – and Devi possessed that grace – her involvement was less evident, and thus less effective.

However, in *Chakradar* (spins) by Devi, *Amad* (Court Dance) by Shi-

Indian charms

DANCE
Dora Sowden



nar and *The Flute Player*, where the two appeared as Krishna and Radha, the performances were totally charming. And in *Legend of Princess Chandramuni*, Shinar was a virtuoso, although plumper than he need be.

AREN'T CHILDREN shy any more? It didn't seem so at the Ohel Shem Theatre in Tel Aviv (afternoon, January 7). The Batsheva Company presented Lotte Goslar's *Crown's Games* and when Shai the compère called for child volunteers to share in the antics on stage, there was a rush of tiny tots as bold as brass.

The disappointment of those who came too late or didn't participate was plain to see. One little girl even burst into tears.

Yet this was a show with no time or cause for tears. It was one long clownish riot, with enough sophisticated humour to keep adults happy and enough circus fun to delight the really young.

Multicoloured costumes and plenty of false noses added to the jollity. There was rough stuff too – but the batons were soft and the boots huge enough to leave toes unhurt. The whole company took part in the lark with a zest worthy of their own youth and a capacity derived from their dance experience.

Haim Ohn, for instance, was the life and soul of a "washing day" that outdid the one in Goslar's previous *Pantomime Circus*. Shai Gutesman held everyone's ear from first to last, while Jay Augen was the very image of a dancer noble in the skit on classical dance (with Iris Gil-Lahad). Nira Trifon, as the earthbound baby fairy that Goslar herself made

famous, rather overdid the awkwardness. The secret here is to be slick while giving an impression of awkwardness.

Yet everyone provided wonders of mirth. Come again, Lotte Goslar. We need cheering.

AN EYEWITNESS has told me of the Bat-Dor Company's performance, which was attended by Italian Tourism Minister Lelio Lagorio (January 3).

In the middle of *Piaf Vaudeville*, the taped Piaf songs essential to the dancing failed. The full house (at the Bat-Dor Theatre in Tel Aviv) sat unimpressed for the few moments it took to get the machine going again – but the performance resumed so smoothly that it was met with thunderous applause, the diplomat as enthusiastic as everyone else.

And, said my informant, the minister afterwards remarked that since the Bat-Dor company's exceptional appearance at the Spoleto Festival, Bat-Dor is very much *persona grata* in Italy. Sometimes a hitch is as good as a highlight.

AT LAST I've got his name right. Mark Morris' name was given to me as Marc Mority and then as Moritz – neither of which I had heard of. But Mark Morris is a name in American dance, with many reports about him as dancer and choreographer, and a large article in the December issue of

Dance Magazine.

So I went to Tel Aviv to find out what he would be doing for the Batsheva company to the music of Bach for the composer's tercentenary celebrations in March.

Morris is 28, looks 18, and has wildly curly hair, and Welsh-blue eyes (his origins are Welsh). He is also tall and handsome, and wears a little gold ring in his left ear.

He has, he said, trained in ethnic, classical and modern dance, as well as in flamenco. Since 1980 he has choreographed 32 works for various companies and for his own group, the Mark Morris Dancers, which he calls a "pick-up group," drawn from other companies when available and required.

He has been working in New York for the past eight years, dancing in the Eliot Feld, Lar Lubovitch and other companies. But last year, he returned to his home base, Seattle.

In New York, he and his group recently appeared in the "Next Wave" series at the Brooklyn Academy and he is going back to rehearse for a performance in Boston.

"I now have a public," he says, laughing, "not only the boy and girl friends of the company."

About the Batsheva dancers, for whom he is creating two works, he says: "They are very quick, but work too hard. I have to get them to relax."

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Doing their bit

ROCK, ETC. / David Horovitz



Brian Alexander (left) and Sid Knop at Scandals. (Silverman)

YITZHAK KLEPETER, Erez Halevy, Meir Ariel and Ephraim Shamir are just some of the stars who pitched up at Jerusalem's Penny Lane cafe-theatre on Monday to do their bit for the world's starving.

The 12-hour event was jointly organized by Penny Lane and The Hunger Project, an international voluntary organization which aims to end world hunger by the year 2000. All receipts are to go towards the campaign.

Scope, a jazz-funk group led by keyboard player Danny Barchava, opened up proceedings, and as the Lane filled up during the afternoon and evening, Ariel, Klepeter and home group Natural Sound in turn played short and well-received sets.

The most applause, however, was reserved for Ephraim Shamir, who zipped through a batch of Poogy's best-loved numbers. With his guitar turned down low, Shamir had his audience singing along, almost word perfect, with every song he played.

MEANWHILE, at Scandals pub off Jaffa Road last week, Scottish duo Sid Knop and Brian Alexander made their second, much-anticipated appearance.

News of the pair's stunning first show three weeks earlier had obviously got around, and the place was full to bursting.

For those lucky enough to be near the front, the show was every bit as good as expected, characterized by

the intricate harmonies the two singer/guitarists have perfected over the years.

Those towards the back of the room, however, were less fortunate as the sound system reduced songs

like "Love the One You're With," and "Hey, Jude" to a muddy rumble.

Nonetheless, the set represented a move forward for the duo as they improvised their way through a couple of rock'n'roll standards and even

called up a couple of friends to attempt an a cappella version of "Only You."

TOUR NEWS: Jazz-rock guitarist extraordinaire John McLaughlin is due in Israel on February 17, for a series of three concerts – as part of his world tour.

He'll be playing at Tel Aviv's Mann Auditorium on February 18, Jerusalem's Binyanei Ha'uma on the 19th, and at Yad Lebanim in Yagor on the 20th.

McLaughlin, widely acknowledged to be one of the best instrumental guitarists of his generation, was born in Yorkshire in 1942. He began playing professionally in an English jazz orchestra, then with Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker, before forming his Mavishnu Orchestra.

Accompanying him on this tour are keyboard player Mitchell Forman, bassist Jonns Hellbord, and saxophonist and flautist Bill Evans.

AFTER A successful single gig in Israel last summer, American jazz pianist/composer/instructor Jaki Byard is returning this month for a series of concerts and master classes. Byard has performed with such artists as Maynard Ferguson, Charles Mingus and Eric Dolphy, and has taught at Boston's New England Conservatory of Music. His visit is sponsored by the U.S. Embassy and Artia Ltd. Solo con-



Shlomo Bar of Natural Sound

certs are slated for the Haifa Auditorium on January 23, the Tel Aviv Museum on January 24, and Jerusalem's Gerard Behar Centre on January 26. Musicians interested in the master classes may call 03-650605 for details.

PERHAPS THE major revelation in this book is the extent (detailed, name by name in an appendix) to which the Palestinian Arab leadership engaged in the lucrative sale of lands to the Jews during the Mandatory period. Several historians, some Arabs, have already indicated the Palestinian leadership's guiding their people to political disaster and destitution. Kenneth Stein's book adds a new, socio-economic aspect to the indictment.

In a work which will probably never be surpassed for its monumental research and scholarship, Professor Stein has begun to fill in a gap in our knowledge of the Mandatory period. To him, the question of land sales to the Jews has been a relatively neglected, shaded area, notwithstanding the several official investigations which the problem provoked in the 1930s. In recent years, research has concentrated on the political conflict, and the question of immigration. Well, on the latter issue has undoubtedly been inspired by, and related to, parallel work done on the rise of anti-Semitism in Europe during the 1930s, and on the Holocaust.

Why, until now, has work on the land question been relegated to a secondary place? After all, as Stein states, immigration of itself would have been to no avail, had not the various Zionist institutions bought lands on which to settle the new immigrants, lands which would form a solid economic, not to mention strategic, base on which to establish a Jewish state.

In part, it has been due to formidable technical hurdles. An enormous number of deedy files dealing with the intricate negotiations that usually preceded each sale has had to await a scholar with the patience and skills of Kenneth Stein. In addition, Stein himself lists several other objective reasons. First, the physical increase in the Jewish population was more conspicuous than the accumulation of property by the Jews, often in remote, sparsely-inhabited areas. Significantly, the first riots during the Mandatory period centered on Jaffa, where the great majority of Jewish fatalities occurred. The victims were new immigrants, ferried ashore by Arab boatmen. The first High Commissioner, Herbert Samuel, both recognized and called attention to the problem by attempting to halt the riots with public announcements suspending Jewish immigration.

Second, Britain herself, being unable, or perhaps unwilling, to control the economic forces which ruled the land market, placed more emphasis on the immigration problem. Third, the political consequences of Arab land sales to Jews were not initially fully understood by the British, much less by the Arabs themselves. And last, but perhaps most important, of all the reasons, the land market was financially important to the Arab owners themselves. It was a "protected" domain, which enabled the effendi class to maintain a certain life-style and status, for so long as they were permitted to manipulate the market at will, in full collaboration with the Jews. During the 1930s, the sales of lands to Jews enabled a class of bankrupt small owners to keep its head above the water.

AS STEIN establishes, with monumental statistical detail, the struggle was unequal from the start. No British legislation could ever "protect" the Arabs against their own landowners' determination to profit from selling to the Jews. The only objective obstacle to land purchase was the Jews' own dearth of capital. As

Poverty and profit



THE LAND QUESTION IN PALESTINE, 1917-1939 by Kenneth A.V. Stein. University of North Carolina. 314 pp. No price stated.

Michael J. Cohen

Stein notes, with keen insight, the land market, perhaps more than any other factor, persuaded the Zionists that Arab political opposition was insurmountable and artificial. They realized that official restrictions and regulations could always be circumvented, and that, no matter how stringent the protests, Arab offers to sell off land would continue to overwhelm them. Behind the scenes, the most rabid anti-Zionists were willing to close profitable deals signing away their patrimony. Ironically, each time that new legislation was announced, the flow of offers to sell became a flood, as Arab owners rushed to preempt the new measures. Likewise, when the Mandatory announced measures to protect the Arab cultivator or tenant, Arab owners acted swiftly to evict their tenants, prior to the new measures.

The decisive, though not the sole, factor in the whole process was the backwardness and destitution of the Arab rural economy. Over 25 per cent of the Moslem population eked out less than a subsistence living from the land. Primitive methods yielded poor results and Palestine was beset by periodic natural setbacks, such as drought, field mice, locusts, plagues, and even earthquake. In the 1930s, a worldwide over-production in cereals, and its dampening in Palestine, caused a drop in local prices, reducing yet further any profit the Arab fellah was able to wangle from his plot. The inability to pay their tithe, or mortgage debts, forced more and more small owners to sell off their lands in the 1930s, despite the rising anti-Zionist political climate.

However, it should be noted that, while there may be little doubt that Arab poverty was the principal motive behind land sales, then equally, there were many Arabs, especially the absenteees, who, though economically solvent, engaged in the sales to Jews, "enthusiastically, voluntarily, and collusively."

The net result was the "proletarianization" of the Arab fellahin, a

process accelerated, though not created, by Jewish land acquisition. The British, in their parsimony towards Palestine, were unwilling to bail out the Arab peasantry financially. In 1930, the British expert, Hope-Simpson, recommended that all further land sales to Jews be prohibited. He had estimated that there were no further reserves of arable land in Palestine, beyond the needs of the Arab population. But his plan was predicated on a huge development scheme to be funded by the British government. The Cabinet, plagued by the great recession that had begun in 1929, at first reduced Hope-Simpson's £7.2 million proposal to £2.5 million, and then to £500,000. Eventually, a mere £84,000 was spent, mostly on resettling landless Arabs. No effort was put into the reform of Arab agricultural methods.

The Arabs themselves rejected the paternalism of the likes of Chancellor, the High Commissioner, and of such experts as Hope-Simpson. Behind their schemes for the improvement and intensification of the Arab rural economy, the Arabs perceived plots to concentrate the Arab population into a smaller area, so as to make room for the Jews.

In addition, as always, Arab landowners were unwilling to forgo the huge profits to be had from selling lands to the Jews. Projected legislation and political protests quite often produced the opposite effect to that desired. Offers to sell overwhelmed the Jews, as Arabs tried to preempt legislation, or were tempted by the rising prices which any anticipated land shortage produced. The market simply went deeper underground, enriching an ever-growing class of brokers, lawyers and various middlemen (a situation not dissimilar to that in the West Bank today).

Land continued to pass into Jewish hands, even at the height of the Arab rebellion, from 1936-1939, and after the 1939 White Paper Land regulations were promulgated. In February, 1940, "Various ruses were devised to guarantee the anonymity of the seller, to expedite the transfer procedure, and to circumvent the legal rights of the tenant cultivators." (p. 71) Entire Arab villages disappeared due to land sales. Urban jobs, per diem labour, attracted the fellahin from the land to the town. The result was a partial

breakdown of a rural society based on traditional values, socio-economic upheaval, and frequently, radical violence which served to release pent-up frustration and bitterness.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

breakdown of a rural society based on traditional values, socio-economic upheaval, and frequently, radical violence which served to release pent-up frustration and bitterness.

THE MAJOR turning-point came in the 1930s. Until then, Jewish land-purchases had concentrated on large, uncultivated and often untenanted areas, whose owners were absenteees. As economic conditions worsened in the 1930s, more and more small owners and cultivators were reduced to penury, and forced to capitalize on at least a part of their land. A greater number of tenants had to be moved off the land, in return for monetary compensation. Stein has calculated that, from 1932 to 1945, some 65 per cent of all land bought by the Jews came from resident Palestinians, primarily small owner-occupiers, who had fallen on hard times. The magnitude of these sales at last aroused the Palestinian leadership.

The Arab Executive resolved to investigate the transactions of its own members, but Stein was unable to establish whether the investigation resulted in any report of any kind. Undoubtedly, these very same leaders continued to retain an interest in the sale of land to the Jews, the more so as the market continued to rise. Stein has calculated that, of the 89 various members elected to the Arab Executive between 1920 and 1928, at least 25 per cent were involved in land sales, either in person, or via a member of their family. Of the 48 members who attended the 7th Palestine Arab Congress, in June, 1928, at least 14 (30 per cent) were involved. A 12-page index at the end of this book lists those Palestinians who, Stein has established, engaged in land sales. It includes all the prominent families - the Husaynis, the Nashushibis, and the al-Hadis, Musa Alami, who in the 1940s became the Palestinians' spokesman to the Arab League, and who tried to establish an Arab Land Bank (similar to the JNF) to save Arab lands from Jewish purchase, was also involved. He sold 900 dunams of land in the Beit She'an area. Many families now living under Israeli rule would no doubt be somewhat distressed to find their names in this damning appendix.

The Zionists kept their own confidential lists of Arab leaders involved in land sales. They deliberately withheld it from the Shaw Commission in 1929, so as not to jeopardize future sales. But the British administration had its own sources, and was fully apprised of the nature of the transactions. They "carefully guarded the prestige of the landowning class by never publicly faulting it for collaborating with the Jews in land sales." (p.30). Politically, the British feared that any abrupt reorganization of the land regime would have been construed by the Arabs as an "overt attempt to turn the country over to the Zionists at once." (p.30) From the economic point of view, the British themselves were the first to appreciate that any restrictions on land sales would in turn curb Jewish immigration and the capital that came with it. The British government relied heavily on this capital, not only to fuel the economy, but, more particularly, to pay for the Jews' own social services, and to keep the Palestine budget in healthy surplus. (In 1928, the Yishuv, at that time 17 per cent of the total population, contributed some 44 per cent of the government's revenue.)

Some readers will find the language distastefully reminiscent. Given the economic and climatic vicissitudes of the country, wasn't the Arab peasant, using traditional, primitive methods, doomed to penury? Baldly stated, Stein's indictment is that the British, and the Jews, had the temerity to bring the "benefits" of the 20th century to Palestine. But wouldn't any European colonising force have exploited the peculiar conditions of Palestine to its own benefit? Indeed, it may be surmised that the Zionists, always under international scrutiny, and hypersensitive to criticism of their enterprise, were neurotically preoccupied with the legal niceties of the process. Would the Palestinians' fate have been better under the French (vide the *pieu noires* in Algeria), or perhaps the Americans, who left behind most of their "liberal traditions" when they put it euphemistically, "opened up" the West?

But this is an important, indeed seminal work. The mass of facts compiled speaks eloquently for itself. The Arab seller and the Jewish purchaser engaged in a mutually-beneficial trade, the principal victim of which was the Arab fellah. Given the conditions pertaining in Palestine, after four centuries of retrograde Ottoman rule, the meeting between a feudal community and the West was cataclysmic. Even if it was an inevitable process, it was one which left in its wake a human tragedy which still haunts our region to this day.

PERHAPS the weakest aspect of this fine book, one with which many

Israeli readers will find fault, is the conclusion, which Stein draws in respect of the Jews. In his sweeping, often "moralizing" castigation of all involved - the Arab effendi class, the British administrator, and the Zionist settler - Stein falls at times into self-contradiction.

Stein is the first to blame the Arab effendi class which, distanced socially and economically from the fellahin, sold off the Palestinians' birthright, at a fat profit: the Arab middle class too - the merchants, moneylenders, the brokers - foreclosed on indebted peasants, and forced them off their land, in order to sell it to the Jews. As Stein himself concludes, the "proletarianization" of the fellahin was inevitable, the Zionists merely hastened the process.

The British too were culpable. With their paternalistic, yet parsimonious, policies, they "increasingly put the onus for the unsettled situation in Palestine upon the Zionists instead of upon British frugality and Arab collusion in land sales to the Jews."

As Stein himself demonstrates admirably, there was a large, and decisive, sector of both the Arab and the British community who maintained an interest in the continued sale of Arab land to the Jews. However, having stated that, Stein reserves some of his most vicious barbs for the Jews, who are censured for having brought their unsavory *Diaspora* character traits with them:

"The Zionist brought with them immigrant baggage that included survival against nefarious regimes and bureaucracies of eastern and western Europe. Many Zionists were accustomed to using wily, manipulative, innovative, and calculating methods to survive." (p.214)

Not only did the Jews benefit from the hierarchical Arab social structure, negotiating with "relatively few notables and with a poor uneducated peasantry," but they "manipulated" the British bureaucracy too. The Zionists employed "artful ruses," and the rights of agricultural tenants were circumvented by them with "alacrity and finesse." (p.187-88)

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IF PREJUDICE and custom are the weightiest fetters hampering Western women's progress, it was the law in all its manifestations that kept medieval women so firmly subjugated, as Professor Shulamith Shahar of Tel Aviv University shows so engagingly and convincingly in this original and comprehensive study.

While the Church had succeeded in smoothing away the worst excesses of barbarism, so that women were no more mere goods and chattels, no longer fair booty in war, nevertheless ecclesiastical law - which in so many ways set the tone for medieval society - was a prime cause in creating and maintaining a negative common denominator for all women. For women's rights in the Middle Ages were never the equal of men's, and the status of women, whether in the church or in law society, among the nobility or the peasantry, in town or country, was frequently unenviable even in a society that was for so many men, too, nasty and brutish.

Shahar ranges widely over more than three centuries, and throughout Europe, in dissecting medieval society, and proving that it was precisely their disadvantaged situation that made of women in the Middle Ages a separate class, the fourth estate of her book's title. Shahar's sources, which she draws on so imaginatively, include both the familiar - the letters of Abelard and Heloise, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the works of Hildegard of Bingen - and such arcane records as manuals for confessors and inquisitors, court proceedings and memorial rolls. In sifting and interpreting this vast body of material, she has rendered women's studies a pioneering service, and provided the general reader with illuminating insights into the dark chapters that lie behind us, but whose shadows still threaten.

Two central caveats stand out: theory and practice were not always synonymous, and money frequently paved the way out of disadvantage. Thus, while the law quite explicitly barred women from public office, women in the nobility - and in the nunneries - frequently did exercise powers of government. And Shahar points out that those women who did enjoy such privilege were in fact more powerful in the Middle Ages than ever before or for long after.

THERE IS only one judge capable of writing books on the law which include sections on his village cricket team and the joys of dry fly fishing. The same judge once began an important judgement with the sentence, "It was blackberry time in Kent." Lord Denning's broad Hampshire tones may not be heard from the Bench these days, but they have become familiar to a public normally indifferent to the person who wears the judicial robes. He still commands public attention, and his books have reached a wide audience.

Any illusions that the noble lord is a folksy straw-chewing yokel should be dispelled. After his elevation to the Bench, he wrote articles for academic law journals, despite official disapproval. He consistently used his office to mitigate the rigours of the law and to grant injunctions when it was just and convenient to do so, whether or not precedents existed. He went to the extent of leaving the highest court in the land the House of Lords, in exchange for the position of Master of the Rolls, head of the Court of Appeal, so that he could enjoy more scope for his ideas. Frequently, the legal scene was enlivened by exchanges between him and his more conservative

brethren, who were afraid that Lord Denning's freewheeling approach did more harm than good. Even in retirement, he updates an extensive legal library, and pronounces on matters of public importance.

Yet his popularity does derive from the image the projects as a typical Englishman. His preference for justice in the particular case over the rigid application of legal dogma or ideology, his support for the underdog, arouse a feeling among the public that he is one of them and at one with them. His latest book, *Landmarks in the Law*, will surely reinforce this feeling.

LORD DENNING has delved into English history in search of landmark cases, "lighthouses from

THE FOURTH ESTATE: A History of Women in the Middle Ages by Shulamith Shahar. London, Methuen. 350 pp. No price stated.

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Yet the law, made by men and for men, did militate against women. In rape cases, for example, women only seldom emerged victorious, the suspicion existing then as now that the woman had enjoyed and/or provoked the rape. Similarly, the law took a far more lenient view of adultery by men than by women. And Shahar gives gruesome details to show the savagery with which the death penalty was meted out to women as compared with far less barbarous ways of executing men.

FOR MANY women, life in the nunneries provided both an escape from male domination and a fulfilment of their talents. But that route was almost exclusively reserved for the wealthy, since the nunneries de-

manded a substantial dowry of the girls they accepted. Yet it was still often cheaper to provide for a daughter or a sister to become the bride of Christ than to wed her to a flesh-and-blood husband (not to speak of any political problems thus circumvented), and it was this consideration that doubtless accounted for the large numbers who did enter the nunneries. If this was a major factor in recruitment to the nunneries, it is scarcely surprising that life within the convent walls was not always ascetic. Examples of tardiness in rising to pray, of gabbling prayers, of sumptuous banquets, of illicit meetings with lovers - one story even tells of a candle left in a nursery for the use of pregnant nuns - all lend force to Boccaccio's hazy tales. Yet for some, the nunneries were communities where their leadership qualities could be used, and for a small number, too, they provided an intellectual outlet, so that the medieval church society was also enriched by some prominent women mystics and writers.

Married women were commanded

where that would lead to their transgressing divine law. Shahar cites the case of a couple accused of taking a royal writ. The husband was hanged, while the woman - who was held to have merely obeyed her husband - was spared. But again there were exceptions, the strong women who dominated their husbands. In some regions, Shahar relates, men were punished for suffering their wives to beat them, and the humiliating penalty meted out to them - to be seated backwards on a donkey, their hands clutching the beast's tail - was that usually reserved for prostitutes and fornicators.

Within the upper nobility, women did at times find themselves in positions of power; but where this happened, Shahar has found, they ruled and behaved as men, battling for their own right to rule, and for the rights of their husbands and sons. Their power was never anchored in law, nor did they in turn try to bring about any change in the status of their fellow women.

Where nobelwomen did make a lasting contribution was in their patronage of literature, and Shahar offers some interesting thoughts on women's role in attracting and inspiring poets and other writers, often rebels against society's conventions, precisely because women stood out as the victims of that society. There is evidence, Shahar shows, that the patronage afforded by rich women in the High Middle Ages enabled some writers to thumb their noses at traditional norms and speak out against their society's hypocrisies.

ONE MIGHT perhaps have expected that in the towns, those new and freer forms of social organization, women would have enjoyed more equality with men. But this was not so. Even there, a property-owning woman's citizenship was limited in its rights and comparable to that of a son still dependent on his father; but where a boy would eventually graduate to full citizen status, a woman had no such prospect.

Women did play a considerable role in the towns' economic life and were to be found in most occupations. Yet here again they were at a disadvantage within the guilds that ruled the various trades, particularly during economic crises when female



Mae West was an American institution, the original Statue of Liberty, noted for her record-breaking sexual appetites. In 'Mae West: the Lies, the Legend, the Truth' (Robson, 1975), George Edley and Shabaz Musgrove trace her career from child vandyville star at the turn of the century, to burlesque dancer ('hey, honey, you left your motor running') and Hollywood original whose 40-year career culminated in 'Myra Breckinridge'. A.B.

The Law's victims

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Within the upper nobility, women did at times find themselves in positions of power; but where this happened, Shahar has found, they ruled and behaved as men, battling for their own right to rule, and for the rights of their husbands and sons. Their power was never anchored in law, nor did they in turn try to bring about any change in the status of their fellow women.

Where nobelwomen did make a lasting contribution was in their patronage of literature, and Shahar offers some interesting thoughts on women's role in attracting and inspiring poets and other writers, often rebels against society's conventions, precisely because women stood out as the victims of that society. There is evidence, Shahar shows, that the patronage afforded by rich women in the High Middle Ages enabled some writers to thumb their noses at traditional norms and speak out against their society's hypocrisies.

ONE MIGHT perhaps have expected that in the towns, those new and freer forms of social organization, women would have enjoyed more equality with men. But this was not so. Even there, a property-owning woman's citizenship was limited in its rights and comparable to that of a son still dependent on his father; but where a boy would eventually graduate to full citizen status, a woman had no such prospect.

Women did play a considerable role in the towns' economic life and were to be found in most occupations. Yet here again they were at a disadvantage within the guilds that ruled the various trades, particularly during economic crises when female

workers were blamed for male unemployment. Women were paid less than men and even as independent craftswomen were barred from training apprentices.

Surprisingly, the Middle Ages were far more enlightened about prostitution which, though despised, was still legal and accepted. Prostitutes lived in defined neighbourhoods, were forced to wear distinguishing clothing, and were even allotted special seats in church. But at the same time their rights were clearly set out, and it was as much a crime to rape a prostitute as any other woman. Prostitutes, English confessors were instructed by Thomas Coghlan in the 12th century, "should be counted among the wage-earners. They hire out their bodies and supply labour. It is wrong for a woman to be a prostitute, but if she is such, it is not wrong for her to receive a wage. But if she prostitutes herself for pleasure and hires out her body for this purpose, then the wage is as evil as the act itself."

TURNING to the peasants, Shahar points to a fallacy in the widely-held view that attributes women's lowly status to the earliest division of labour between the sexes: men were the leaders because they were engaged in the primary occupations of fighting, hunting and home-building. But peasant women in the Middle Ages worked alongside men in almost every activity and to a greater extent than either noblewomen or burgherswomen. Yet for all that they enjoyed far fewer rights than men on the sole ground that they were women. Among the peasantry, too, men wielded the power in the village community and in the family.

Shahar's book, with its meticulous scholarly underpinning, fills a gap in the study of the social history of the Middle Ages.

For the general reader, it provides a detached picture of a society far too often idealized as some Atlantis of innocence to which we would do well to return. If proof were needed that women should be in the forefront of resistance to all forms of medievalism, past and present, then the cumulative evidence that Shahar has so painstakingly and imaginatively pieced together provides it most convincingly.

"Guineas are hand-some." This increased the bribe by five per cent, a corrupt version of Value Added Tax. And Lord Denning analyses the famous case of *Burdell v. Pickwick*, which is found not in any law report, but in Charles Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*.

The author devotes a chapter to a brief history of Anglo-Jewry. His interest in the subject was sparked off in 1938 when, as a barrister, he was asked to give an opinion as to whether the Jews had any right to reside in England. The anti-Semitic client knew that Jews had been expelled in 1290, and believed, or hoped, the ban was still in force. He was disabused of this belief in no uncertain terms.

Lord Denning emerges as a warm philo-Semite in an English sort of way: He entitles his chapter "Persecution," and commends the Sermon on the Mount to us as a source of comfort, but the integrity of his feeling is not in doubt. He adapts the view that the expulsion of the Jews was a good thing because it forced the English to develop their financial and intellectual life on their own. Once the Jews returned, the English could meet them on equal terms without jealousy. I am not

sure I agree, but I like the gorgeous implication that no non-English nation is capable of any financial or intellectual life without having a few or two on the premises.

There are a few inaccuracies. The students who wrecked the Garden House Hotel in 1970 were protesting against the Greek military government, and were not "anti-Greek." William Joyce, the Nazi broadcaster known as "Lord Haw-Haw," was not generally considered a "foul traitor." Most people regarded him as a figure of fun. In any event, the House of Lords decision that held him to be a traitor was based on its finding that Joyce was a British citizen because he held a British passport (which he had obtained by deception). Many writers believe that decision to have been motivated by a desire for vengeance, and badly based in law.

However, the book itself - updated to August 1984, and including cases arising out of the British miners' strike and the Dikko affair - is excellent, and serves well as an introduction to at least part of the history of English law. Lord Denning is an entertaining and masterful guide, and I hope, despite hints to the contrary, that this will not be his last work.

Justice preferred

LANDMARKS IN THE LAW by Lord Denning. Butterworths, London. 394 pp. £7.95

Ralph Amelan

brethren, who were afraid that Lord Denning's freewheeling approach did more harm than good. Even in retirement, he updates an extensive legal library, and pronounces on matters of public importance.

Yet his popularity does derive from the image the projects as a typical Englishman. His preference for justice in the particular case over the rigid application of legal dogma or ideology, his support for the underdog, arouse a feeling among the public that he is one of them and at one with them. His latest book, *Landmarks in the Law*, will surely reinforce this feeling.

LORD DENNING has delved into English history in search of landmark cases, "lighthouses from

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

THIS WEEK AT THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM

17 Shaul Hamelech Blvd. tel: 257361
Information and box office: 261287

VISITING HOURS: Sun.-Thurs. 10.00 a.m.-2.00 p.m. 5.00-9.00. Sat. 11.00 a.m.-2.00 p.m.; 7.00-10.00 p.m. Friday Closed.

EXHIBITIONS
ZANITSKY: A RETROSPECTIVE
YULLA — PHOTOGRAPHIC WORKS
SILENTSCAPES — PAUL CAPONIGRO/PHOTOGRAPHS
The first retrospective exhibition of one of the major contemporary American photographers. About one hundred black-and-white landscape and nature photographs. The exhibition was brought to Israel by the Information Service of the U.S. Embassy, Tel Aviv.

MUSIC
PIANO RECITAL — IRIT RUB. Works by Bach, Chopin, Ben-Chaim, Bartok, Saturday, 19.1, at 8.30 p.m.
"BACH IN NEW DIMENSION" Conductor: S. Ronli-Riklis. Guest: Lukas Foss, piano. With soloists, musicians, and singers from the Rinal Choir. In cooperation with Kol Israel. Producer: Joan Franks Williams. Works by Bach, Foss, Mar-Chaim, Schidlovsky and others. Monday, 21.1, at 8.30 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENT
BAROQUE SPLENDOR in Dance and Music. Dancers: Amira Mayroz and David Rapoport. Musicians: Rokman, cello; Van Houwenlingon, baroque flute. In authentic costumes. Works by Bach, Handel, Scarlatti and others. Tuesday, 22.1, at 9.00 p.m.

JAKI BYARD — the brilliant jazz pianist. Thursday, 24.1, at 9.00 p.m.

CINEMA
THE HOLY INNOCENTS (Spain, 1984. In colour, 105 min., in Spanish, with Hebrew and English subtitles). Daily at 4.30, 7.30, 9.30 p.m. Saturday at 7.30, 9.30 p.m.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION
6 Tarasat st., Tel. 289780. Visiting Hours: Sun.-Thurs.: 10.00 a.m.-1.00 p.m., 5.00-7.00 p.m. Sat.: 11.00 a.m.-2 p.m. Friday closed.

EXHIBITION
TWO YEARS 1983-84, ISRAELI ART — QUALITIES ACCUMULATED

THE ISRAEL ECONOMIST

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Our extensive coverage of the Israeli financial and economic spheres is supplemented by critical reportage and essays from private sector and academic experts.

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FREE COPY writes:
The Israel Economist
P.O.B. 7052 Jerusalem 91070

The Israel Museum, Jerusalem

will present the
Joseph H. Hazen Award for Literature
on Twentieth-Century Visual Art
In May 1985

The award will be the equivalent of \$1,000 in shekels. Essays in Hebrew or English, written in Israel during 1984, whether or not they have been published, will be considered. There are no restrictions regarding the length of the article and its form (book, research report, article).

Essays must be received at the Israel Museum before February 15, 1985, and will be reviewed by a panel of judges composed of members of the Israel Museum staff and an art historian from another institution.

Please send entries to: Hazen Award, Bazelet Division, Israel Museum, Jerusalem.

ISRAELITISCHES WOCHENBLATT
REVUE JUIVE

Founded in 1901
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Published in German and French. This independent Swiss paper will keep you informed about what is happening in Israel all over the world in the fields of religion, politics and culture. Large advertising section for business and personal notices.
Sample copies and advertising rates available.

Tenement symphony

WHIO, THESE days, recalls Anzia Yezierska? Here name carries me back to my J-A English class at Manley High School, Chicago, high on half a century ago, where Miss Estelle Houck, her greying black hair drawn back in a severe bun, initiated us into the marvels of the short story, supplementing our assignments by reading aloud from Galsworthy ("Quality"), Kipling ("Wee Willie Winkie"), Maupassant (the inevitable "A Piece of String") — and Anzia Yezierska (something from the collection *Hungry Hearts*, and whose title escapes me). Over the intervening decades, the first three writers retained their renown, but Yezierska's five novels faded from sight.

After a long silence, she has now surfaced again, thanks to the Women's Press of London, which thereby does the reading public, especially the Jewish one, a signal service. Anzia Yezierska, born in Russian Poland around 1885, emigrated to New York as a child. She was one of nine children. At 17 she left her Lower East Side home and her tyrannical Talmudic scholar of a father to become a "person" in her own right. The bulk of her literary output appeared between 1915 and 1932, then went out of vogue until she was about eighty. For decades she stretched her meagre income from royalties and occasional writings, dying in 1970. She was a revolutionary in her search for personal fulfillment in ways other than being the *shetel* ideal, the willing

and brings him home to her widowed and remarried father. Realizing the old man still needs her help, she forgets the past antagonisms and extends it.

Bread Givers is written rather like several short stories strung together. Yezierska is not one for going into much detail even where one would often wish or expect it. The result is rather jerky and episodic; major and minor crises succeed one another with little transition. The book, however, is crammed with local colour and the cadences of Yiddish rendered literally into English ("Give a look only on those roses for my hat"; "Long years on you!"). Flaubert might have been addressing Yezierska when, in a letter to a fellow author, he remarked, "The reading public doesn't understand that, when we write, it's our hearts that we're serving up."

A NOTE of caution, several notes in fact, should be sounded for potential readers too young or far removed from the time and milieu of *Bread Givers*. Let their perspective not be distorted, particularly regarding Moishe Smolinsky. His childish, monolithic egotism puts him so far beyond mere male chauvinism that a new term must have to be invented for him. It's not only Women's Libbers who will feel that he should be hanged, drawn, and quartered! However, there were extenuating circumstances for the Moishe of that era.

Meanwhile, bravo to The Women's Press for rescuing Anzia Yezierska from obscurity. Perhaps we can now hope for the reissue of *Salome of the Tenements* (1922), *Children of Loneliness* (1923), *Arrogant Beggar* (1927), and *All I Could Never Be* (1932).

BREAD GIVERS by Anzia Yezierska. London, The Women's Press. 297 pp. £3.95

Morris Springer

servant of a man, the extension of a husband.

Bread Givers (1925) is the tale of Sara Smolinsky, youngest of the four daughters of Moisheh and Rivka. They all work in shops, Sarah as a presser from the moment she is big enough to swing an iron. Moisheh, when he isn't studying Talmud or attending one of his numerous lodge meetings, preaches constantly to his brood about their obligations to him: "Why should children think only of themselves? Here I give up my whole life to spread the light of the Holy Torah. Don't my children owe me at least a living?" Any attempt to mitigate this servitude calls down fire and brimstone or, still worse, whining self-pity. He drives off the suitors his daughters have chosen in favour of those of his own choosing, ruining their happiness thereby. He is easily swindled in his one naive attempt to go into business with money from a dowry.

Sara, nicknamed "Blood-and-Iron" because of her rebelliousness, breaks out of this strait jacket at 17, goes off to live by herself, irons shirts by day, attends night college, graduates as a certified teacher, and even wins a \$1000 prize for an essay on "What the College Has Done for Me." Decently lodged and clothed, she makes a success of her teaching, falls in love with the school principal,

Flambards is an estate in what the author describes as a "tight community" in the English countryside. Even the Second World War causes no more than ripples in its ways. True, some of its young men have died, others have come back maimed, but, on the whole, the region is as undisturbed as Jane Austen's in the Napoleonic wars.

Christina, widowed when barely out of her teens, is the owner of Flambards, and decides to marry Dick, who was a groom in the stables but now manages the farm. It turns out an uncomfortable marriage, for Dick does not adjust to her level of society — riding to hounds, motor racing, "having fun."

There are no villains, and the complications are domestic. The effect comes largely from the keenly observed minutiae of feeling and thought, and from the clear-flowing, simple style.

LEEY HAYS' Once Upon a Time is described in the publisher's note as a novelization of the screen vehicle which stars Robert de Niro. Its six scriptwriters based their work on *The Hoods* by Harry Grey.

No wonder that the story makes such a patchwork impression. It includes murder, rape, robbery and general mayhem.

Five boys from the slums, all Jews, decide to pull themselves out of poverty by any means whatever. One of them early falls victim to a bullet. Noodles, the "hero," gets a six-year term in prison, but the gang share their spoils with him when he emerges.

It is all tough and nasty, bare and brutal. The film darts back and forth, over the period of 1925-68 that it covers, in cinematic style. The horror is that its savage vividness may be as relevant now as then.

MURPHY'S BOY by Torey L. Hayden. New York, Avon. 324 pp. \$3.50

MOTHERHOOD: The Second Oldest Profession by Erma Bombeck. London, Macdonald. 177 pp. £7.95

FLAMBARDS DIVIDED by K.M. Peyton. Oxford University Press. 263 pp. £5.95

ONCE UPON A TIME IN AMERICA by Lee Hays. New York, Signet. 254 pp. \$6.50

Dora Sowden

Yet against all odds, a warped life is eventually straightened out. The publishers claim this is a true story.

YOU DON'T have to be a mother to get some giggles out of Erma Bombeck's book. She understands the joys, frustrations, chores, demands and deprivations, and conveys them through stories, asides, and satire. An overlay of humour and wit preserves the book from sourness.

Bombeck writes of the way children can turn their parents into giving more than they can reasonably afford, of parents who sigh — with relief — when their children eventually leave home, of children who pass a widowed parent back and forth. She writes also of the reverse of all this.

K.M. PEYTON is an award-winning British author whose major success has been a trilogy entitled *Flambards*. She has now written a sequel that can be read with pleasure, and without knowledge of its predecessors. *Flambards* provide just enough background.

Under the influence

ARBA HA'ONOT: LUAH SHANA ASTROLOGI TASHMA (The Four Seasons Astrological Calendar) by Marilyn Ben Moshe. Kanne Publishers, Jerusalem. 216 pp. No price stated.

Greer Fay Cashman

MARILYN BEN MOSHE'S book offers a lot more than the average calendar. Anyone who has toyed with the idea of studying astrology will find a brief, not too complicated introduction here. The compilers of this pocket-book volume employed a clever psychological tactic by starting their thumb-nail sketches of the twelve signs of the zodiac on page 7, straight after the table of contents and the listing of the Gregorian calendar dates of Jewish festivals.

Readers may protest that all this business of horoscopes and astrological charts doesn't attract them at all. Yet perhaps few can resist perusing a character analysis of their own star signs. Naturally, they refrain from acknowledging the negative qualities that could be applied to themselves but use them as expert evidence in their criticisms of others.

For those who have mastered the intricacies of the planetary signs and influences, the calendar itself contains guidelines as to the propitiousness or otherwise of each day of the year at certain times of the day. All charting is done in accordance with Greenwich Mean Time.

Immediately following the calendar is a month by month forecast for each star sign, by which the reader can keep track of his future for a whole year. Then there's a long, well-documented section about the stellar and solar systems.

WHAT CAUGHT the attention of this reviewer were the occasional calendar notations of birthdays of the famous. However, the author's propensity for listing Israeli journalists and entertainers in a strangely disproportionate ratio to other national and international personalities can be excused only on the basis of providing food for thought about familiar figures.

Considering that this calendar is published in Israel in the Hebrew language, there are some grave omissions in the birthday lists. Among those ignored are Theodor Herzl, born May 2, 1860; David Ben-Gurion, born October 16, 1886; Chaim Weizmann, born November 27, 1874; and Naphtali Herz Imber, born December 27, 1856.

Taurus seems to have been a fateful sign for statesmen and politicians, and for the State of Israel itself, established on May 14, 1948. Sharing the star sign with the State are, *inter alia*, Herzl, Golda Meir, Hosni Mubarak, Karl Marx (not listed), Mordechai Gur, Evita Peron, Harry S. Truman, Mordechai Wisnubsky, Ephraim Katzir and the Ayatollah Khomeini.

If anyone wanted to do in-depth research, it would be easy to assemble an impressive list under every sign of the zodiac. Astrology breeds strange bedfellows. It is fascinating to see how often people with such different political viewpoints are united under the same star sign. For instance Prime Minister Shimon Peres and former Prime Minister Menachem Begin are both Leos.

Peres was born on August 2, 1923 and Begin on August 16, 1913. Napoleon Bonaparte, also a Leo, was born on August 15, 1769.

THE AMERICAN team was a disappointment in the World Championships, played last October in Seattle, Washington. (In the championships, won by Poland, the Israeli team was tenth in its 27-nation qualifying group, while the Israeli women's team finished 11th among 25 entrants.)

Today's deals come from the trials to select the U.S. team. Both involve "logical guessing."

Deal 1
Vul: N-S

North	South
♠ Q86	♠ K43
♥ 95	♥ A K Q J
♦ Q1085	♦ A K
♣ Q54	♣ A93

The bidding with the winners sitting East-West: (East-West passing throughout at both tables):

South	North
2♠	2♥
3NT	4NT
All pass	

With 32 high card points, this contract should be an easy one. But see what happened.

The opening lead was the club deuce. Probably a neutral lead would have been better, but against four no-trump West had the reasonable hope of finding a fit with partner. South feared that if East had the club king, he would kill dummy's queen, so he played low. East's ten forced the ace.

Declarer then won the ace and king of diamonds, and followed with the spade jack. He intended to overtake with the queen and run the remaining diamonds, but West would not allow this. He won with the spade ace and led the club six. Now South had a problem: had West led from the king, or did East hold

Logical guessing

BRIDGE
George Levinrew



the king-ten club queen from dummy. He guessed wrong. The defence won two more club tricks, setting the contract.

The bidding with the winners sitting North-South, found South in a six no-trump contract:

South	North
2♠	2♥
2NT	3♠
3NT	4♠
4NT	5NT
6NT	All Pass

Most players might well reach the slam contract. But could they make it? South did not have a guess on the first round; West led a neutral heart. Declarer knocked out the spade ace. It was easy to make the slam. Had the opening lead been a small club declarer, to make his contract, would have had to rise with the

queen, win two top diamonds and knock out the spade ace.

Deal 2
Vul: none

North	East (D)
♠ K86	♠ QJ1075
♥ K4	♥ 2
♦ 9	♦ A Q752
♣ A K J8532	♣ 104

The bidding was nearly identical at both tables, reaching the contract of three no trump by South. The play of the first eight tricks was identical, the winning cards for each trick being: Diamond ace king, queen, diamond 10, ace-king of hearts and clubs.

Would you consider the play in the end game by the winners, guessing or good judgment? Here is the end position, with the defence having won three tricks and the lead for the ninth trick being in dummy:

North	East
♠ K8	♠ QJ107
♥ -	♥ 7
♦ J85	♦ -

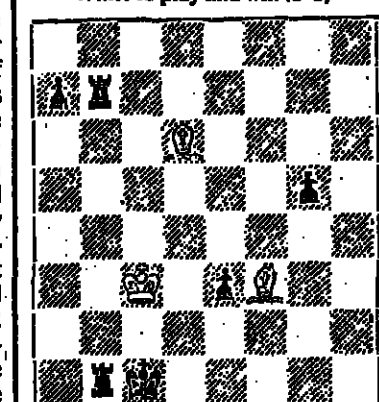
West	South
♠ 4	♠ A9
♥ J98	♥ Q107
♦ -	♦ -

At the table where the winners sat East-West declarer won two top spades and gave West a heart. The queen of clubs now set the contract one trick. In the replay, West was thrown in with the club queen for the ninth trick, and had to give declarer either two spades and two clubs or two spades and two hearts.

CHESSE

Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3208
OFFER COMAY, Tel Aviv
Schakend Nederland, 1980
White to play and win (3-6)



SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3206 (Amirani). 1. Qf6 Kc2 2. Qf2 Kh1 3. Qf1 Kh2 4. Qf3 Bf4 5. Qf4 Kh3 6. Qf5 Qg8 7. Qh2 Kh4 8. Qh3 Qg8 9. Qg8 4... a2 5. Qc8 a1 Q6. Qh8! Qh8 7. c8Q and 8. Qh8, wins.

TEL AVIV ASA SEIZES LEADERSHIP

TEL AVIV University ASA went to the top of the First Division following its 4½-1½ victory over Rishon LeZion Feldklein in the second round. On the first board Natan Blinboim (ASA) beat IGM Vladimir Liberson.

Tel Aviv Youth Centre trounced Hadera Hapoel, 4½-1½. League

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

KARPOV 13th game of the match
1. Nf3 Nf6 2. c4 b6 3. g3 c5 4. Bg2 Bb7 5.0-0 g6 6. Nc3 Bg7 7. d4 cd 8. Nd4 Bg2 9. Ke2 0-0 10. e4 Qc7 11. b3 Ne4 12. Ne4 Qe5 13. Qf3 Qd4 14. Ba3 Ne6 15. Rad1 Qe5 16. Rd7 Qd5 17. Be7 Ne5 18. Qd1 Nd7 19. Qd7 Qa2 20. Bf8 Rf8 21. Re1 Qh3 22. Nd6 Qc23. Re7 Qf6 24. Ne4 Qd4 25. Qd4 Bd4 26. Rd7 Bg7 27. Ra7 h6 28. Rb7 Bd4 29. Rd7 Bg7 30. Ra5 B3 Nd2 Rf6 32. Re7 Re6 33. Nf3 Bf6. Draw.

KASPAROV 14th game of the match
1. d4 Nf6 2. e4 e6 3. Nf3 b6 4. g3 Ba6 5. b3 Bb4 6. Bb2 Be7 7. Bg2 0-0 8. Bc1 d5 9. c4 Nd5 10. Ne3 Nd7 11. Nd5 cd 12. Re1 cd 13. de Be 14. Ne1 Nb6 15. a4 Rb8 16. a5. Draw.

WOMEN'S WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP
10th game of the match
1. e4 e6 2. d4 d5 3. Nd2 a6 4. Nf3 c5 5. ed ed 6. Be2 Nf6 7. 0-0 Be7 8. de Be5 9. Nb3 Ba7 10. Bg5 Nh7 11. Nf4 h6 12. Bf4 0-0 13. Nf5 Ne5 14. Nbd4 Nf6 15. Be7! Rf5 16. Nf5 Ne6! 17. Qd5

BRILLIANT TOUCH
White — Kgl: Qe2, Rd3; Be4; Ne5; Pa2, b2, f2, g2, h2. (11)
Black — Kf8; Qf6; Rd6, Rd8; Bb7; Pa7, b6, g5, h6. (?)

1. Nd7 Rd7 2. Rd7 Bb6 3. Qe5! and White wins. (Karpinskaya-Airapetian, Erzurum, 1982).

ART OF ATTACK
White — Kd3; Qh6; Rh1, Rh2; Be4; Ne2; Pb3, e4, f4, g4. (10)
Black — Kh8; Qb2; Ra8, Rb8; Nh5; Pb4, d4, e5, g6, h7. (10) Black to play.

1. — Rh4! 2. Bd5 (2. Nf4 Qc3) 2... Rf3 3. Kc4 Qb3. White resigns. (Priestsev-Belov, Narva, 1984). P

WHAT'S ON

Notices in this feature are charged at IS2415 per line including VAT. Every day of the month costs IS48,300 per line, including VAT per month.

Jerusalem
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 Tourists and Visitors. Come and see the General Israel Orphan Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressively modern buildings. Free guided tours weekdays between 9-12. Bus No. 14, 24 or 5. Kiyat Mocha. Tel. 523291.

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HEBREW UNIVERSITY
 1. Tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus, Buses 9 and 28.
 2. Mount Scopus tours 11 a.m. from the Brodman Reception Centre, Sherman Building, Buses 9 and 28 to last stop. Further details: Tel. 02-882819.

AMIT WOMEN (formerly American Mizrahi Women). Free Morning Tours - 8 Alkali Street, Jerusalem. Tel. 02-699122.

Ennabul-Warid Rel. Zlatni Women, 26 Ben Maimon. To visit our projects call: 02-66468, 02-66470, 02-66471, 02-66472, 02-66473, 02-66474, 02-66475, 02-66476, 02-66477, 02-66478, 02-66479, 02-66480, 02-66481, 02-66482, 02-66483, 02-66484, 02-66485, 02-66486, 02-66487, 02-66488, 02-66489, 02-66490, 02-66491, 02-66492, 02-66493, 02-66494, 02-66495, 02-66496, 02-66497, 02-66498, 02-66499, 02-66500.

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WIZO To visit our projects call Tel Aviv, 232939; Jerusalem, 229000; Haifa, 89537.

PIONEER WOMEN - NA'AMAT, Morning tours, call reservations: Tel Aviv, 256996.

Haifa
 What's On in Haifa, dial 04-640840.

Other Centres
VISIT THE WEIZMANN HOUSE, REHOVOT. The Weizmann House is open Sunday-Thursday, 10 a.m.-3.30 p.m.; closed on Friday, Saturday and holidays. For group tours please book in advance by calling: 08-483201 or 483326.

ART GUIDE

Notices in this feature are charged at IS2415 per line including VAT. Every day of the month costs IS7245 per line, including VAT per month.

MUSEUMS

Israel Museum Opening Exhibition: Yiftach Alon, Illustrations for children's books (opens 23.1). Continuing Exhibitions: Leva Nikel, painting, 1950-1964, City Coins of Israel, Vint and the Decapolis. African Art, A Vanished World-Roman Vintage, photographs (until 1.3). Permanent Exhibition of Miniature Rooms, Meet the Israeli Artist, for children. Artists Present in the Gallery, Etanin Gint, landscape paintings; Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology, Photographs, for children (Palestine Centre near Rockefeller Museum).

Rockefeller Museum: The Other Side of the River - Ancient Egyptian funerary objects. Ticho House works by Anna Ticho, hand-knit, library, garden etc.

Old Yishuv Court Museum: Life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century. World War II. 6 Or Hahaim, Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun-Thur., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Heletz Shalom: Permanent Exhibition of

Judaica. Diorama Room: History of Jewish People. Caucasian Carpet Exhibition at the I.A. Mayer Memorial Institute for Islamic Art, 2 Hapsalmuch St., Jerusalem. Tel. 6612912. Visiting Hours: Sun-Thur. 10-1; 3.30-6. Sat. 10-1 (bus no 15).

Galleries

Mishkenot Sha'ananim: J. Robert Fisher Hall, Lea Nikel, Works on Paper. Sun-Thur. 11 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4-6 p.m. Fri. 11 a.m.-1 p.m.

Yakov Greenwald Gallery: Jewish ceremonial objects in silver for connoisseurs of modern art. Sun-Thurs., 10 a.m.-3 p.m. Fri. 10-1 p.m. Haput Hagayot, opp. Jaffa Gate. Tel. 02-282077.

Tel Aviv

MUSEUMS
Tel Aviv Museum: Exhibitions: Design for Disabled Persons. Zuritsky, A Retrospective, Silences, Paul Capoggin, photographs, Helena Rubinstein Pavilion. Two years 1983-4 Israeli Art Quilts: Accumulated, Museum Visiting Hours: Sun-Thur. 10-2; 5-9. Fri. closed. Sat. 11-2; 7-10. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion: Sun-Thur. 10-1; 5-7. Sat. 11-2.

Haifa
MUSEUMS
 The Rubenstein and Edith Hecht Museum at Haifa University is open daily except Fridays 10 a.m.-1 p.m. and on Tuesday afternoons 4-6 p.m.

ISRAEL THEATRES

Habimah

The National Theatre

Tomorrow, Saturday, Jan. 19

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he's saying is what must happen! The feeling in the streets of Katamon is that there is a real shift to the right. It scares me...

"I would never refuse to serve in the army - I wouldn't go to jail like some of these people do. It's better just to leave. The men who rule this country are totally insensitive to the people. But I believe that I could somehow deal with all of the ideological problems if it wasn't for the economy."

The Turgemans wore the look of poverty, and hard luck plagued them in recent months. A \$1,500 lawsuit was lost, and part of Eli's modest salary was attached. The bank subsequently lowered the amount allowed on their overdraft, and a big cheque to the grocer bounced. The grocer didn't charge 2 per cent interest per day on the cheque, as some merchants do, but it was an ugly business nevertheless.

"There were terrible pressures all around," Eli said. "We were running around like rats trying to keep things from falling apart. I wondered - is this life? If it is, life is not worth it."

Eli's parents and his eight brothers and sisters wholeheartedly supported his decision to leave. "If any of them had a way to get a visa to the U.S., they would go too," Eli claimed.

The Turgemans got \$30,000 for their three little rooms. Most of it went to the mortgage bank. They left for California with next to nothing.

ONE OF their neighbours, Yossi Muallim, says he too will take his family to Los Angeles, where he has a brother; but it may take him a couple of years. Muallim, a taxi driver, works nearly the same number of hours a week as Turgeman did: a 12-hour work five days a week, six hours on Friday and six hours on Saturday night. "I have four children. I should be three people, earning three times as much. I make maybe \$450 a month. I can't stand it anymore. I am entitled to a day of rest. They don't give that to me."

Muallim says he always voted for Herut and the Likud, but he now believes that former finance minister Yoram Aridor and former defence minister Ariel Sharon destroyed the country, a sentiment that is shared by a wide body of opinion. "Aridor caused this inflation just to win an election. Sharon has wasted billions of dollars because of his dreams. Sure he's a great fighter. I know him. He was my commander in the 101st commando unit in the 1950s. But to give this man political power was crazy. We're all paying for it."

The previous government rushed through the Demobilized Soldiers Law last summer, strictly for vote-getting reasons, he continues. But the idea was an excellent one.

This law, which the Finance Ministry is trying to abolish, allows demobilized servicemen priority in employment and job training, as well as certain customs benefits on basic household appliances.

The main cost to the Treasury derives from benefits in Section 9, which allows a demobilized soldier, completing his high school education in an institution supervised or approved by the Education Ministry, to have 75 per cent of his tuition covered by the Treasury. Lahis claims that the Education Ministry, harassed already by cuts, is reluctant to implement this benefit except in stages.

Actual benefits to demobilized soldiers are relatively small. But Lahis insists that the psychological boost provided by the law - the

Muallim doesn't want to hear about Zionism, about Gush Emunim, Peace Now or the Arabs. "They can all go to hell," he says.

Muallim will not have an easy time getting a visa. In recent months, there has been a sizeable increase in the number of Israelis applying for visas at the U.S. Embassy in Tel Aviv and at the American Consulate in East Jerusalem. There has also been an increase in visa applications from West Bank Arabs.

But it is not easy to emigrate unless an immediate relative holds American citizenship. The State Department no longer calls it a "quota" (since the unfortunate policy that held sway during the Holocaust) - it is now called "numerical limitation," and no more than 20,000



immigrants are allowed in from any one country.

In any case, as one American official noted, there has recently been a flood of inquiries. But the key is to have a job, or a place at a university. Without that, or an American parent, spouse or child, it could take years to get a visa.

THE ECONOMIC crunch has hit a number of professional people as hard as it has members of the working class. Bill and Alice Cowan, who settled in Israel in 1971, right after they finished college, are "just getting started."

They both work more than full time, as well as take care of four small children. They are not among those who have a factory somewhere in the family - they are entirely self-supporting. Bill teaches at the

university and takes home a salary of IS228,000, or about \$375. Alice is an independent teacher, "one of the few who pays taxes," and makes about \$300 a month. They get about \$80 from the National Insurance Institute in children's allowances. It is not nearly enough - they run about \$300-\$400 short every month. For as the Absorption Ministry's ads say, it costs the average western family in Israel about \$1,200 a month to live.

The Cowans pay \$300 a month rent (they were robbed of all their savings by a crooked contractor some years ago), and are bitter about the high cost of housing in the country. "There's no such thing as a normal mortgage - so we don't stand a chance of buying a place. We have to move every year or two. And the

spirit than to the religious nationalistic.

THE COWANS feel they are being forced out of Israel. They do not want to leave, and dread life in America. "This is home - not there." And they're "praying for some kind of miracle" that will make it possible for them to stay. "During all our years in Israel, even in the blackest hours, we never thought of leaving the country, not until Aridor pulled the rug out and we couldn't pay for food," Bill says.

They too feel they are deprived of a day of rest - no Sabbath in the Jewish state. "Saturday is the day for cleaning house, because there's no time during the week. Work-sleep, work-sleep, work-sleep. There's no time to ourselves, no strength left; and we're becoming incapable of joy," Alice says.

They see themselves as "Sixties people," idealists who worked to change things - Alice organized a consumer boycott of Supersol, for example. "What was important was how we lived," says Bill. "We never cared about money; it never was a problem until our subsistence level was undercut. Either you get crushed or you survive. We didn't leave when we were cheated by the system, or by the contractor - none of that was cause for leaving. You can fight the system and get the municipality to reopen a kindergarten - social problems can be dealt with. But what can we do as individuals about the economy?"

The economic realities are taking too great a toll for the Cowans. Alice: "I can't be a normal mother, don't have time to read to the children: I'm under constant pressure to make money, and I'm angry all the time. It's not a way to live, and I'm sick of it. It's not living. The main question is, am I ruining my children?"

THE FIRST THREE years in Israel are usually considered the hardest for the new immigrant, and aid groups like the Association of American and Canadian Immigrants get a lot of heavy traffic from the newcomers. But lately it has become almost too much to handle: the AACI counsellors are being swamped with requests concerning information about leaving the country, or about jobs that no longer exist.

In Jerusalem, three counsellors each see eight people every day. "Every other one is leaving the country. It's very depressing," says Ira Cohen, AACI's regional assistant director. Mostly, they want to know about freezing their rights -

and works to the detriment of Israeli industry. He reasons that returnees who can't bring in imported goods would buy Israeli ones instead.

Israeli consulates abroad have agreed to handle contacts with yordim who want to come home; at present, the Jewish Agency is nominally responsible, but hasn't done much.

Ya'acov Tsur and Kucik recently went to the U.S. to speak to thousands of yordim, especially those employed as engineers, scientists and technicians.

According to a new study of yordim in these professions by the Ministry of Science and Technology, there are anywhere from 25-32,000 emigrants in the U.S., with such training, including up to 8,700 engineers and scientists, plus up to 1,600 university lecturers.

Lahis offers one very practical suggestion that might provide at least a partial solution: the establishment of a central computer in Israel that would be connected with Israeli

housing, foreign-currency bank accounts, paying the Kupat Holim sick fund 25 per cent of the in-country fees - in case they come back.

Single immigrants have always had a rough time, and the economy has become the grim reaper. Cohen cites the example of a young woman who managed to buy a flat, but even with two full-time jobs she can no longer keep up the linked mortgage payments. She has to leave.

Cindy Breakstone, one of the counsellors, cannot bring herself to tell prospective immigrants to come now. And she doesn't believe that the people who are leaving should be looked upon as traitors.

"There's a different perception today than there was in 1973, when I immigrated."

All the counsellors are themselves having a hard time making a living while counselling other people who are in trouble - they feel they're in the same hole. Recently, all of the AACI counsellors from the various regional offices held a session where they "let it all hang out," according to Breakstone. "All of us have been experiencing the big increase in pressure - people leaving, people seeking jobs. What can we do? What can we do to help ourselves?"

Cohen mentions that there is an effort to meet the emergency, with an employment search, and matching veteran families with new immigrants. But it is hard to be sanguine. "The reality is so far from the dream today, and the gap is getting bigger. Hassles everywhere. People just can't take it - there's not enough that's positive to keep them here."

Young couples like Steven and Sylvie Posner, who came to Israel two years ago, are leaving because they can't find jobs. Steven, 26, was a member of Betar - the Herut youth organization - at Brooklyn College, and worked in hotels. Sylvie, 25, was a secretary in her native Paris before immigrating.

He feels guilty about leaving "because so many Israelis are running away." But he feels he was treated badly by the people who employed him when he finished his ulpan Hebrew course, and is disgruntled in general with the way business is conducted in the country. "But we plan to come back in three years."

But will there be jobs? Hadassa Wheatly came back to Israel five months ago with her husband Ian, an Englishman who converted and wanted to live in the country of Hadassa's birth: "It was his idea - he's a big Zionist - but he couldn't find work in Israel."

(Continued on page 10)

consulates and Agency offices abroad. It would possess an up-to-the-minute list of all jobs available in Israel, with detailed explanations of requirements and specialties. This would certainly help Israeli emissaries, who must counsel potential yordim and returning Israelis whose first priority is finding a job. It would also help Labour Ministry counsellors, who must depend on word-of-mouth personal information, classified ads, and public tenders - much of it possibly outdated - to know what's available. The computer could help young people also to decide what professions promise most, and what training they would need to get into them.

According to Labour Ministry sources, the computer idea has been discussed in the past but never implemented, even though it is not very expensive. If it would prevent the yordim of some of our young people - our best natural resource - and help Diaspora Jews move here, it would be well worth the investment.

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 for silent comedy film, with drama school or some acting background, should apply in person (with a recent photo) on Tuesday, January 22, between 4 and 8 p.m. to
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Once again, a wonderful weekend of wily wordplay - February 14-16, at the Gaiel Kinneret Hotel in Tiberias. Get together with Israel's Scrabble enthusiasts, for the camaraderie, the prizes, and the excitement of spirited competition, in a professionally organized tournament.

At the same time as the main tourney, there will be a special six-game competition, finishing before Shabbat, to allow for participation of Sabbath-observant players.

Price: IS14,000 for registration (payable by February 4, to Ziontours Jerusalem), plus IS52,500* to be paid upon arrival. * Please note: the IS52,500 is guaranteed beyond the price freeze including any possible devaluation of up to 15%.

Price is per person in a double room for two nights half board, includes VAT and service. Single supplement available. Participants are requested to bring their Scrabble sets if possible. For further information call Ziontours, (02) 233326.

Please complete the form below, in full and send it immediately by registered mail - no later than February 4 - together with your cheque.

To: Ziontours Jerusalem, 23 Hillel St., Jerusalem 94581. Please register me for the 6th National Scrabble Tournament, I enclose a cheque for IS 14,000 per person for registration, the remainder payable upon arrival.

Number of players _____ Additional non-playing guests _____

If we will be bringing a Scrabble set ☐ Yes ☐ No

Additional details should be included on a separate piece of paper.

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Tel Aviv - JANUARY 26, 8.30 p.m. Histradrut Hall, Eliezer Yaffe St. Tel. 052-25281

Netanya - FEBRUARY 9, 9.00 p.m. Ohe! Shem, Razel St. Tel. 053-36692

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BACH CONCERT

KONRAD JUNGHANEL - Lute

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Beauty is in the lies of the beholder



Israel's Maya Wechtenheim (left), with "Miss Mediterranean", from Lebanon.

The "Miss Mediterranean" beauty contest was held recently in Cyprus, a country not overly friendly to Israel. And sure enough, when the winners were announced and the Israeli contestant, Maya Wechtenheim, emerged as the runner-up, the audience booed and the Cypriot press raised a hue and cry.

However, the protests were aimed at the judges, because everyone felt the Israeli was deprived unfairly of the title. The award of first prize to Lebanon over Israel, they felt, was politically motivated. The contest sponsor's representative was so angry at the outcome that he presented a part of the winner's prize to Maya instead.

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GOING AWAY

(Continued from page 9)

him is a high-level building technician, but "all he got was the run-around." Of course, the construction industry has been decimated in the economic crisis. But "looking for a job here for months without a hint of success broke him," Hadassa says.

Hadassa's mother was a member of the Irgun underground during the pre-state struggle. "The older generation tells you, 'We left wealthy homes and stuck it out through thick and thin.' There was a great ideal then. But there's nothing to keep the spirit going now."

Her husband could not accept that what she says has become a norm of cheating and crookedness. So they're packing up and going back to "a decent life in Nottingham."

TENS OF THOUSANDS OF Israelis leave every year for a year or two of study, government or Jewish organization business, sabbaticals. A good many never come back. In the current climate, this trend is likely to increase. And these people are often the cream of the crop.

Yoram and Maggie Harel returned from a two-year stay in the U.S. in early 1983. Yoram, 39, was born in Jerusalem. Maggie, 38, came to Israel in 1975 from New Zealand, "a Zionist guy." Her conversion was not by an Orthodox rabbi, so they had to be married in Cyprus.

The bright, attractive couple and their two children live in a spacious house in a mostly Arab neighbourhood. Their Jewish neighbours are black-garbed Orthodox living in an enclave physically distant from the ultra-Orthodox stronghold of Mea She'arim, but spiritually very close.

When we were in the U.S., I missed Israel," Yoram recalls, "but it was a shock coming back, when I suddenly realized what makes life so difficult here."

The Harels are not being pushed out by the economic situation. Nor is it the army - Yoram is a major in a fighting unit. "But I serve in the Israel Defence Forces, not in the Rearrange the Middle East Forces," he stresses. Like Eli Turgeman, Yoram does not believe an Israeli can refuse to serve in Lebanon or in the territories. His dissatisfaction is much deeper than that. "I'm not sure anymore if Israel is the answer. Zionist goals are not my goals."

Zionism appears to have been swept away by those who believe in a Greater Israel or a religious Israel, who say that democracy isn't really a part of Judaism, and who easily justify the subjugation of another people.

"We Jews, who have been wronged by nationalism, are doing the same thing to our Arab neighbours. When you are in the army, and you are fighting, you have to believe in what you're fighting for. I had to ask myself, who is closer to being my brother, Sharon or my Arab neighbours? There's no doubt in my mind - my Arab neighbours. I went to the Yom Kippur War from this house, and the Arabs came and wished me well. My *haredi* religious neighbours, of course, did nothing of the sort."

Maggie did not suggest that they leave - she felt it was not her place to do so. They haven't told the children yet, and this will be the hardest part. "The most positive reason for staying is that Israel remains a great place for children; the society is children-oriented," says Maggie. "It's heartbreaking to have to tell them that we're going to leave. When we were in the U.S. for two

years, the kids felt good saying that they are Israelis who are going back home in such and such a time. They have a tremendous sense of identity here."

Yoram, a professor of physics with broad experience in the computer industry, will have no trouble finding work in the U.S. They're selling the house, and they're not storing anything, as do many of the people who believe they're only going away for a few years. "It's a very sad decision for me, and it's haunting me, as if I were on trial, justifying myself. Every time I have a pleasant day, I change my mind."

BUT THE Harels have decided - they're going, probably in the summer. The only thing that could make them change their minds would be if Israel undertook a peace initiative and struggled to reach a settlement



based on the principle of territories for peace. But such a development is highly unlikely, in Yoram's opinion.

They voted left-liberal, the Citizens Rights Movement, but have remained uninvolved politically. Cynicism won the day.

Those people who must leave for economic reasons, or psychological or other reasons, feel they have little choice. They cannot survive on hope. It is a painful decision for most of them. They should not also be burdened with guilt laid on thick by self-righteous souls who think people are only looking for an "excuse" to leave.

But if cynicism prevails among those leaving for political and social reasons, and the "good Israelis" leave everything to narrow power-brokers and zealots, this country will continue on a downhill course. The mythic joke about emigration - "Will the last one out of the airport please turn out the lights" - won't ever happen. There's no America to escape to for three million Israelis. But the light of hope for a peaceful, viable, democratic country will continue to dim. Western immigrants are not going to "ascend" to such a place, and it will be absurd to condemn those who decide to "descend."

A veteran Israeli, a man who devoted most of his 65 years to the Jewish people, is struggling with the question of whether to remain in Israel. His feelings about his country have nothing to do with the economy, or the everyday meanness some people encounter in the streets.

He believes Israel is on a collision course with disaster, because the country's leaders do not deal with the fundamental issues concerning national and religious identity, relations with the Jews outside Israel, and relations with our Arab neighbours. He hasn't given up, though he's been on the verge for quite some time now.

"I told someone the other day that what I should do is stay at the airport, to catch people before they catch the plane out of here. People who talk about leaving Israel should either do something to change things here or they should leave."

"If I could stay at the airport and catch people - good people who aren't leaving because they want a bigger car or something, but because they're frustrated - and tell them, look, you are perfectly entitled to leave, but there's a bunch of us - 10 people - who are trying to do something. Why don't you join us? But the fact is that people aren't ready for that, don't want to commit themselves to what is needed here - nothing short of a revolution."

IN HIS VIEW, the entire approach to immigration and emigration is distorted, a product of Zionist mythologizing. If Israel were a normal country - and Zionism was once a movement to normalize the existence of the Jews - immigration would no longer be called *aliya*. "People still talk of 'ascending' to Israel, so it all becomes ceremony, something to do with religion. The whole notion of calling someone who immigrates to Israel an *oleh*, one who ascends, should be repugnant. It's racist in American terms. What kind of a nation is it that vulgarly declares itself superior, that says if anyone stops being an American and comes to Israel, he ascends, and if anyone leaves Israel, he descends? Some people left here and ascended, and others came here and descended."

"A former minister of education - a prominent Labour leader - once made a speech that the *yordim* are all traitors. I happened to see him two days later over breakfast, and I attacked him. I said that the very words 'aliya' and 'yerida' are good reasons for leaving Israel - you don't need any more reason than that."

In his view, an Israeli girl who becomes a prostitute and junkie at 15 and then leaves for France and eventually becomes a scientist hasn't "descended"; and conversely, an American professor who comes to Israel and becomes a hustler of inflated shares on the stock market hasn't "ascended." In a normal country, you come and go as you please. You are not made holy by going to Israel, and you are not traitorous scum if you leave the country.

NOT EVERYONE is willing to take a fresh look at the concepts that guide our society. But there are some people who are not content to let the old formulas go unchanged without at least thinking about them. Something is obviously wrong if only 60,000 American Jews have come to Israel since 1948, while five times that number of Israelis or more have gone to the U.S.

What would happen if, for example, a genuine land reform were enacted - if the land in Galilee and the Negev and the central plain were no longer held in trust for "the Jewish people" but made available cheaply to Israelis and to Jews abroad - and a good number of non-Jews - who might be willing to immigrate to this tortured but vibrant land? Perhaps hundreds of thousands would come, and tens of thousands who want to leave would change their minds.

Immigration may still be seen in terms of *aliya* - fulfillment, integrity, idealism. But these qualities can still be retained while at the same time rethinking what it means in the post-Zionist era to come to live in, or to leave, the State of Israel.

"BEFORE, there was no demand and no money," says Nilli Cohen. "Now there is a demand - and no money."

It reflects a considerable improvement in the prospects for Hebrew literature in the wide world.

Cohen is the secretary of the Institute for the Translation of Hebrew Literature, administering its daily activities from three cramped rooms in Rehov Shlomo Hamelech, Tel Aviv, amid overflowing bookshelves and stacks of books and papers on the floor. Despite the clutter, she seems to find what she's looking for.

The institute is a government-sponsored body funded principally by the Ministry of Education and Culture, the Foreign Ministry and the World Zionist Organization. The directorate, headed by Dr. J. Michman-Melkman, names a three-man committee of writers and critics to determine which works are worthy of translation at the institute's expense or subsidized publication, which would make the material more attractive to a publisher abroad.

In the past the institute has been accused of having good intentions without adequate professional judgement - critical and commercial. Some critics contended that the institute was peddling second-rate stuff. The best Israeli writers - Amos Oz, A.B. Yehoshua and Yehuda Amichai are the names most familiar abroad - had no need of subsidization to sell their wares. Other writers "graduated" from subsidization and made their own deals directly with translators and publishers in the U.S. and Europe.

It was generally agreed that the institute was needed to promote good lesser-known writers until they could make it on their own. The difficulty was knowing what would appeal to readers of English, French, Spanish or whatever, and how to "package it," as they say in America. Translation is not only a matter of verbal equivalents - if there are such things - but of transposition into another culture.

NILLI COHEN, at the institute for the last eight years, has seen a definite increase in demand for its products in the last two years. To some extent she thinks the demand is a result of long-term investment of effort, but there are several specific developments that have made a difference, she feels.

One is the assemblage of "presentation folders," prepared for the Frankfurt Book Fair in 1983, and updated for 1984, by Anna Immanuel. They include, in mimeographed form, excerpts from projected anthologies of fiction and poetry, as well as from short-story collections and novels, with introductions where necessary. There are no signed-and-sealed deals yet as a result of book fair contacts; they usually evolve slowly. But Cohen expects some contracts by next year.

A second, recent, change is one of format. In *Modern Hebrew Literature*, an English-language periodical which the institute publishes semi-annually for universities, libraries and individual subscribers. For nine years it was a small pamphlet, unpretentious and unattractive, with a selection of reviews of current Hebrew literature, excerpts in translation, and occasional interviews with writers. In the last year or so it has been edited by Dr. Anat Feinberg, with a gradual improvement in content. It was careful and serious, but the quality of the writing remained irregular. If this too was a way to push a product, it lacked verve.

Suddenly, its face changed in Volume 10 - the fall-winter 1984



Literary exports

Marsha Pomerantz

issue. There was no dramatic departure in content - but a larger size, more modern type set in double columns, with photos of writers accompanying interviews and excerpts, and photos of the Hebrew book covers, sometimes more attractive than the writers, setting off the reviews. Even the white space took on a function other than waiting around for print to fill it.

Cohen says the managing board had agreed to a new format provided it didn't cost more to produce; the only extra has been the graphic design, by Margalit Tsafati. And the result: "We've been deluged with manuscripts," says Cohen. Which apparently proves that books are judged by their covers and that everyone wants to be associated with a pretty face. Presumably the selections for *MHL* can now be more stringent, since there's a greater number of reviewers submitting work.

Whatever motivates them, it isn't remuneration. The pay is standard Writers' Association rates, with about half hacked off for income tax. They can end up with \$10 or \$15 for about a thousand words - when they finally get it. It is reasonable to assume that the interest in writing for *MHL* parallels an increased interest in reading it. The demand is there - and still no money.

Cohen's feeling about the results of the facelift are bittersweet. "Sure," she says, "maybe if we had 10 rooms of office space with attractive furniture we'd sell more translations."

THEY'LL NEVER have that, but they had - and for now, have lost - something else that could sell books. The third major change in recent years, and the most significant, was the publication of a new periodical called *Forthcoming*, a magazine of Jewish interest in the U.S.

The initiative of David Rosenberg, an American poet and editor

money to print when there's no editor, and of course it's hard to get a replacement editor when there's no money. Cohen says they need guaranteed funding for three years before they can resume the project.

THE INSTITUTE'S usual sources of support are waning dry. The U.S.-Israel Cultural Foundation came through with a small grant, and Cohen says they are considering longer-term funding. In the Jewish Agency, the situation is "woeful, to put it mildly," says Cohen. The Agency's joint Programme for Jewish Education in Israel and the Diaspora would be a likely sponsor, but its funds are frozen because of a dispute between the government and the Diaspora education department. "We appealed to Jewish Agency Executive Chairman Arye Dulin directly," says Cohen, "and never got a reply."

The cost of putting out *Forthcoming* is about \$50,000-\$60,000 a year, which is not an inordinate amount, considering what it has done to promote interest in Hebrew literature. It was very well received among publishers around the world, says Cohen, and there is a publisher in France interested in doing a French version - Israeli work in translation plus French-Jewish writing. But it has to be subsidized.

Though *Forthcoming* is stalled, a number of book projects are going ahead: in Barcelona, the Riepodras publishing house is putting out Yehoshua Sobol's play *The Soul of a Jew*, followed by a volume of eight novellas which was edited for an English version by Alan Leclerk and Gershon Shaked, and then a volume of the selected poems of Rachel.

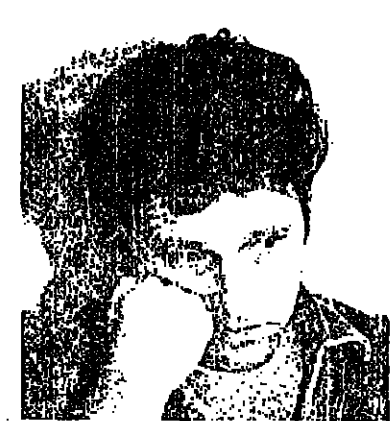
In France, Actes Sud is publishing selected poems of Yehuda Amichai next month, an anthology of poetry at the end of the year, translated by Dr. Michel Leclerk; eventually, it plans to bring out a series of novels.

In the U.S. the Jewish Publication Society - under David Rosenberg - is bringing out Yehoshua Sobol's *Past Continuous* next month, and then an anthology of stories about the Holocaust, called *The Times our Fathers Died*.

FINALLY, the institute is aiming some work at an audience a little closer to home: it initiated the publication of an anthology of short stories in Arabic, edited and translated by the poet Anton Shammas, as well as a translation of A.B. Yehoshua's *The Lover*. Originally there was a plan to publish some translations in Egypt, but with normalization at a slow pace, that attempt proved unsuccessful. So the books are being brought out as a series on Modern Hebrew Culture edited by Prof. Sasson Somekh - in a cooperative venture with the Tel Aviv University School of Language and Literature and the Al-Mashriq Publishing House of Shfaram. The books are available through the Israeli Academic Centre in Cairo and will be on display at the Cairo Book Fair this month.

Despite the constant struggle for funds, Cohen seems pleased with the new interest in the institute's products. "Someone from the Danish radio asked me how we do it," she says. "They want to know, since there's also a small country with a little-known language."

Probably it helps to be a nation on the edge of existence and at the centre of the public eye. But whatever has put Israel in that position has also given it a wealth of "material" that is best expressed and absorbed, if at all, through the arts. Now that the packaging and distribution are improving, the public eye might have access to greater depths.



(Left) Nilli Cohen and, top to bottom, Oz, Yehoshua, Amichai, Sobol, Be'er.



Writing in colour

Meir Ronnen

ISRAELI ARTISTS are faring well at the Israel Museum, despite the fact that much of it is closed for renovations (prior to the opening of four new pavilions and galleries on the occasion of the museum's 20th anniversary celebrations this May); for while the Eliahu Gat retrospective continues in the lower entrance hall, a retrospective of some 75 paintings by Lea Nikel opened this week in the huge Sertus Gallery, replacing the splendid retrospective of Moshe Kupferman. The Sertus is often reserved for major visiting shows or exhibitions of ethnology and archeology. But as none have been forthcoming lately, this large hall has been given over to leading Israeli artists instead. Nikel's will be the last Israeli show at the museum preceding the inauguration of the Israel Art Pavilion.

Nikel (b. Zhitomir, Russia, 1918) was brought here as an infant and grew up in Tel Aviv; she was a student of Chaim Glikberg in the Thirties and studied at the Sternsky-Streichman Studio after the end of the Second World War, when the New Horizons group was emerging. She is not only one of our pioneer abstract-expressionists, but was the first Israeli to use pure colour. Despite a few - a very few - attenuated references to architectural details or cyphers for figures and butterflies, and despite a few early muddy formalised still life and figure paintings, Nikel has always been a truly abstract painter.

Nikel's real formative years were spent in Paris in the early Fifties; as

with all the New Horizons painters, the post-war School of Paris is the starting point for most of her work. The muted muddiness of much of New Horizons painting also came from Paris, where it was eventually stilted aside by some of the pioneering Frenchman of the Fifties: the likes of Bazaine, Ubac and Esteve; and by Mathieu, the father of *tachisme*, or action-painting. Much of Nikel's gestural calligraphy in pure pigment still bears traces of Mathieu (who used to "write" with a tube of colour in each hand, the nozzle half-pinned closed with a plier). It is only occasionally that Nikel has been able to subdue line to mass, though this now happens more frequently in her recent, more monumental paintings, which are easily her best canvases (this show comprises works from 1950-84).

For Nikel, now in her sixties, seems younger and more vigorous than ever, bringing to her work a clarity that has heretofore appeared only in flashes.

For with all the joy of colour and action inherent in her work, Nikel often seems to be painting her way out of a maze. A spontaneous artist, she brings her critical faculties to bear *ex-post-facto*, adding more and more while trying to paint her way out of trouble, improvising colour and harmony as she goes and even adding bits of canvas, collage-like, from other paintings. Most Nikel paintings are several pictures in one, from which one yearns to scissor out the best sections. In one work a complete smaller painting has been stuck on top of what was anyway already four paintings in one. It's a case of more is less. In the end, one



Lea Nikel: Painting, 1964 (Israel Museum)

can't see the wood for the trees. Notable exceptions to this difficulty are a trio of vertical works painted in Rome in the late Sixties.

The evergreen Nikel of 1984 is working towards a set of more reductive solutions. There are parallels in her recent large works (all hung at the far end of the gallery) with those of Finn, Zaritzky and America's John Mitchell (Nikel worked in New York between 1973-77). A particularly fine work from 1984 hangs on its own (behind the last wall panel). It shows Nikel not only at her joyous best, but in a new light, at the outset of an even more illustrious career. (Sertus Gallery, Israel Museum). Till early April.

(An exhibition of works on paper made by Nikel at Mishkenot Sha'ananim are now on show at Mishkenot's Fisher Gallery in Yemin Moshe).

A WONDERFUL collection of coins struck in 37 different towns on both sides of the Jordan during the Roman occupation (63 BCE - 260 CE) is now on view at the Israel Museum. The coins are displayed along with archeological drawings, 19th century views or current photographs of the sites. The display and its informative texts are all part of a sumptuous new book by Nusiatics Curator Dr. Ya'akov Meshorer, a work of major scholarship published by the Israel Museum. At the moment, only the handsome Hebrew edition (designed by Orr Yafeh) is available, but the English edition, entitled *The City Coins of Eretz Israel and the Decapolis in the Roman Period*, will be available shortly.

Of note is the excellent presenta-

Jewish Art Week registration opens

Post Art Editor

"Jewish Art Week in Jerusalem", opening May 15, promises to be the scene of a unique Jewish Art "happening".

Directors and curators of Jewish museums, scholars, students, collectors and other lovers of Jewish Art, will gather for an intensive week of lectures, seminars, tours, study groups, exhibitions and a major Judaica auction.

The Jewish Art Week is being organized in conjunction with the Centre for Jewish Art of the Hebrew University, the Israel Museum, the Jerusalem Foundation and Sotheby's. It is planned as an annual event establishing Jerusalem as the centre of major Jewish art activities, till now scattered all over the world.

The week will coincide with the celebration of the Israel Museum's 20th anniversary, the 60th anniversary of the Hebrew University, the Israel Festival and the Jerusalem Film Festival.

Applicants registering before February 16 will be charged \$160 (\$180 after that date). For enquiries write or call Daniella Luxemburg or Rivka Saker, at P.O. Box 50006 Tel Aviv 61500; Tel. 03-223822; 03-226616.

tion of this exhibit, which offers each coin at eye-level, together with its own Hebrew and English description, boxed for instant identification. Despite the multitude of texts and details provided, the arrangement thwarts the usual combat fatigue that usually quickly sets in when trying to match object to label (an extreme case may be observed in the Museum's new African pavilion, where the labels to some dance masks are five feet below the exhibits in question and in almost total darkness, requiring the earnest visitor to get down on his hands and knees with a flashlight).

The coin show is a mine of information and will be open for three months. But after a look at the coins, visitors without time to read all the texts will certainly want to acquire the book. (Israel Museum Library Foyer). Till March 31.

Gat revisited

Gil Goldfine

ELIAHU GAT'S Tel Aviv exhibit, an extension of his current retrospective at the Israel Museum in Jerusalem, is an excellent one because it concentrates on his best works from his best period, the exuberantly coloured landscapes, still-life and nudes from the past decade or so. The intimacy of the gallery with its soft lighting, coupled with the considered arrangement of the pictures, strikes a healthy and enjoyable balance.

Working through a number of referential styles he was attached to the ideology of several groups: The Ten, Tzupit and Aclim. Gat has settled down with his own painterly personality, singular yet fashioned after a long line of European masters from Delacroix and Goya to Monet, Soutine and the local lyrical abstractionist style.

Gat is an achiever. He is now able to control the balance between representational subject matter and abstraction by following a path that leads from the real to the imaginary. His landscapes are not refined, but forcefully based on a technique of linear criss-crossing and aggressive meandering of brush stroke over placid colour fields. In his earlier canvases, the linear confluence was often so dense and frenzied that it obscured the underpainting and ended up as confined, bordered masses of scumbled nerve tendrils with no compositional outlet. In his more recent landscapes and interior-exterior scenes Gat welds the colour fantasia of ochres, pinks, yellows, reds and oranges he has attached to the painting of Israel's "heat" (as opposed to impressionist light), to his special, but at this stage mechanically stabilized, method of drawing and composition. Long mountain vistas, in the wake of Ticho and Krakauer, contain high horizons and narrow slices of sky which are specially flattened despite the sense of distance. Gat manages this effect by

creating any number of angular openings that recede into the picture plane then, by using an interplay of similar tints, tones and hues on all spatial levels, brings the scanning eye back to the foreground. For Gat, light, matter and the physical pigment are all the same. It is this philosophy that unifies his paintings. Colour cascades from figure to earth and from pieces of fruit to sky and back to rarefied valleys in an ever present condition of lyrical harmony.

After seeing Gat's paintings piecemeal over the past few years, it is an engaging experience to view an entire room of his late canvases and to appreciate the fact that he is an artist faithful to his direction and himself. (Zvi Noam Gallery, Leivik House, 30 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv). Till Feb. 9.

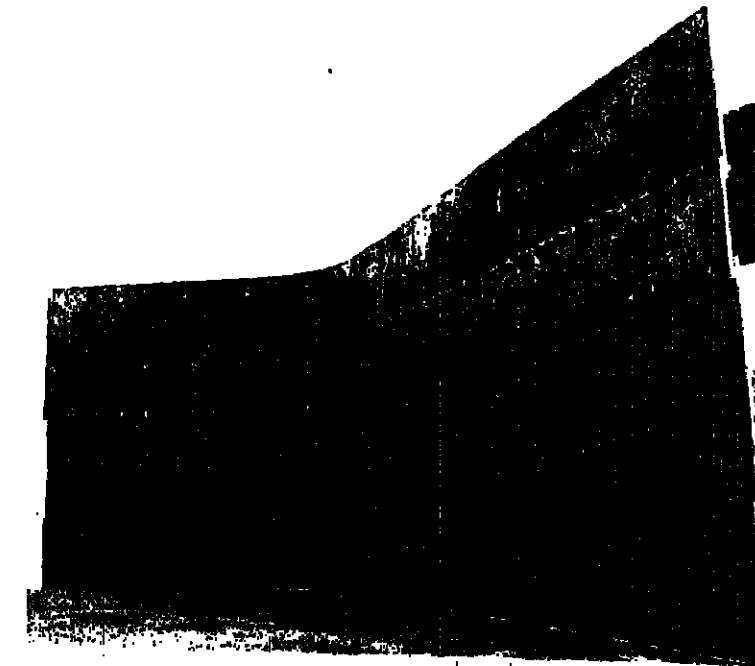
YEHIEL SHEMI, winner of the Sandberg Prize, shows a single, abstract, Cor-Ten steel sculpture whose dimensions (800x300x200) are incidental to the aggregate, monumental, visual power it projects. Shemi fills the gallery space almost to its limit with what is essentially a single, large band standing on the floor. The work is almost ribbon-like and entirely planar. It stands on a curvilinear thin edge, defying a sense of balance, stability and lastingly. It has a modest curve which bends in the opposite direction to the tensility of its offspring band. The two elements alter the state of the space as well as entering into a sculptural dialogue controlled by their diversified effect: endurance and permanence versus tenuousness. Industrial nuts and bolts used to hold the panels at the band together create a deliberate surface cadence.

This work has abandoned Shemi's more familiar angular and geometric fashioning of opposing planes. (Gordon Gallery, 95 Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv). Till Jan. 27.

PASTEL PAINTINGS by Yochel Albert are flat abstractions absorbed



Eliahu Gat: painting, (Zvi Noam Gallery, Tel Aviv).



Yehiel Shemi: steel sculpture (Gordon Gallery, Tel Aviv).

from the impressions and dimensions of nature. Colour and surfaces are of a decorative substance but with lyrical underpainting and a scumbling of pink, turquoise and green and white lines. Albert achieves many atmospheric effects. The greater the abstraction, the more successful they are, for it is with the non-objective character that one can cut through unnecessary associations - from Monet to Streichman - and appreciate the purity of the brushing of colour. (Tova Osman Gallery, 100 Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv). Till Jan. 23.

CLAIRE SZILARD was awarded the Silver Medal for her watercolours at the Paris exhibit entitled "Revelations." Szilard is an excellent technician who uses subject matter as a romantic crutch ending up with "melodramatic" scenes of decrepit buildings fronted by ancient gnarled trees, a possible allegorical appraisal or autobiographical reflection on her life. Whatever the reality is or was, Szilard reduces it to illustrative drawings where thin washes are supported by graphite shadow and contours instead of overpainted tones, looking towards a greater reliance on the water medium as a total, all encompassing means of expression. Several other sheets in this limited show of a dozen pictures deal with overall patterning of floral decor. A rather weak display by an experienced artist who has shown better. (French Institute, 111 Hayarkon, Tel Aviv).

YONA SPEIGELMAN, in her first show, exhibits several canvases of personal impressions indicating the strong influences of her Jaffa studio surroundings. Flat, chip like, flashes of browns, sepia, blues and reds are surrounded by squared slashes of white applied with a palette knife to form a stucco design over the entire surface. Possibly creating an association with the stone facades of Old Jaffa, Spiegelman infuses the semi-abstract composition with subtle hints of her environment; and shows what she has learned from her studies at the Avni school and with her own problems of wrestling with colour and form. (Open Gallery, Kikar Kadmim, Old Jaffa). Till Feb. 1.

New art books

Meir Ronnen

Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century by Avram Kampf (Bergin & Garvey, 240 pp., 193 illustrations, 16 in colour, \$45.50) is a handsome book that grew out of the author's 1975 exhibition at New York's Jewish Museum. The title is a gem, for any direct attempt to forge a link between Jewishness and Modern Art is fraught with folly; and yet Dr. Kampf, almost willy nilly, can't help quoting historians who attempt to do so. But, for the most part, he wisely contents himself with describing the approaches of some 90 artists of Jewish origin, most of whom in one line or another set out to make works of Jewish content or theme (or who at least gave biblical titles to a quite abstract painting), though some sometimes wonder whether a few of the artists would have read the same Jewish import into their own works. Kampf does

succeed in reminding us of what motivated different artists at different times; the best of them often abandoned the Jewish bit in subsequent attempts to make their way as artists of universal value (and in several cases to ingratiate themselves with the local Establishment). Since Kampf's Jewish Museum show, a great many more young Jewish artists have appeared on the scene but, for the most part, their Jewishness seems to count for very little (apart from a few backs in the Jewish market). Certainly Judaism as such has not been a factor in the history of modern art. In any case great art speaks to all, whatever its subject matter or lack of it. The real subject of art is originality of creativity. Ultimately, this sort of book, however well meant, smacks of the old saw about the elephant and the Jewish Problem.

In Romanticism and Realism - The Mythology of Nineteenth Century Art by Charles Rosen and Henri Zerner (Faber and Faber, 244 pp., 220 illustrations \$15, paperback \$6.95) two illustrious Harvard professors, in the course of eloquently "redefining" 19th century art, set out to rehabilitate what most of us lesser mortals have long dismissed as anecdotal kitsch, even while being charmed by the execution. The authors conclude their essay by unabashedly deploring the distinction between High and Low Art; and while admitting that the latter had no effect on the course of the history of painting, point proudly to its influence on film spectaculars like those of Cecil B. DeMille. I found all this a fascinating example of well-informed observation from which all the wrong conclusions are drawn. But are these pillared academics merely incorrigible innocents? One can't help noting that with the current dearth of High Art on the market (it's now nearly all in museums) dealers have of late gone all out to hog 19th century Low Art, now labelled with the newspaper sales tag "important". This book

looks suspiciously like a case of aiding and abetting.

If there's anything worse than a tone-deaf musicologist it's an art historian who reads about rather than looks at art. A few I know of seem to have been brought up on Braille. In any case, the experts come off very badly in *The Art of the Forger* by Christopher Wright (Gordon Fraser, 160 pp., fully illustrated, £12.50; paperback £7.95). The author, once a student of Anthony Blunt's, did his post-grad work on Georges de la Tour (1593-1652), the famous "candlelight" painter. Wright's detective work calls into question a whole string of possible forgeries and copies he attributes to a well-known *fin de siècle* copyist and restorer. Heading his long list of fakes is de la Tour's "The Cheat" (in the Louvre) and the same artist's "The Magdalen" (in the New York Met). Author Wright, his prose purring with righteous indignation, casts Blunt as a villain intent on suppressing his revelations (something Blunt had much practice at in other fields). While some critics have picked a few holes in Wright's reasoning, his costume dating (with

expert assistance) and observations on particular passages of painting are most convincing; so are his readings of X-ray photographs. Right or partially wrong, Wright's book is a mine of information.

Another Light - Swedish Art Since 1945 by Olle Granath (The Swedish Institute, 233 pp.) is a descriptive and fully illustrated review by a Swedish newspaper art critic who worked his way up to become Director of the Museum of Modern Art in Stockholm. It shows the Swedes well without, though without taking an international lead. High technical and artistic standards are evident. An interesting volume.

Moshe Mokady by G. Tadmor (Kibbutz HaMeuchad/Keter Books, in Hebrew, with 45 illustrations) is the first of a new mini-series of mini-format books on Israeli artists edited by Dr. Mordecai Omer. The few colour illustrations aren't bad but some aren't much bigger than postage stamps and give but a rudimentary idea of the late artist's work. It's hard to see the point of publishing an illustrated monograph in such small format. It's not the sort of book one takes to *pull out*.

New shows in Haifa

Edith Varga-Biro

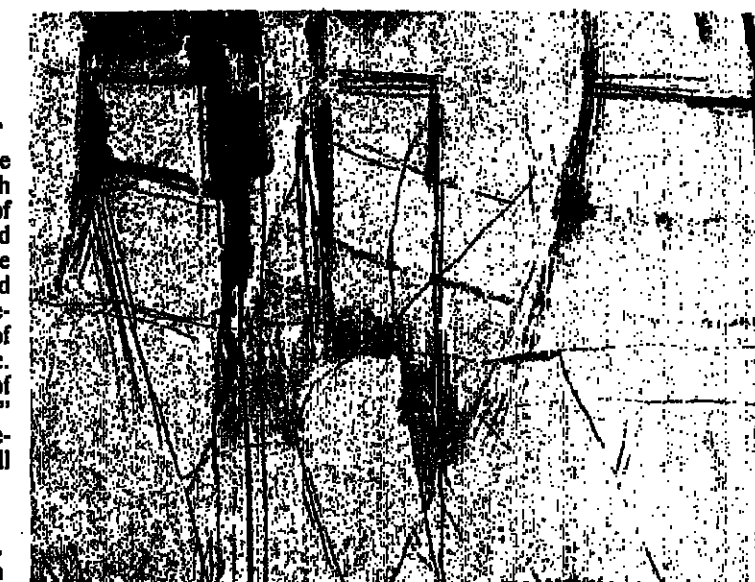
NEWCOMER DALIA SHOSHANY (b. Haifa, 1953) still shows the strong influence of her studies with Rafi Lavie and Yair Garbutz: newspaper collage and over-coloured, busy compositions. The best works are white and delicately toned backdrops to as yet shyly drawn, rather tender lines. Despite the purely abstract intention, some works are suggestive of the human body. Shoshany has a fine feeling for painterly surface (she uses mainly acrylic) and in several works succeeds, through the inclusion of an irregular dark grid, also to control it structurally. (Haifa, Cinematheque Lobby). Till Jan. 25.

DAVID LEVINSKY (b. 1939, Kibbutz Afeq), who has worked with his left hand since he lost the right in the Yom Kippur War, is essentially a realistic draughtsman of landscapes. In his best drawings he singles out

one individual feature, as in "The Old Quarry in Gan Shmuel", which he intensifies through a cluster of dark lines. Levinsky's most inspired subjects are gnarled old trees, the trunks rendered as a mass of looped pencil strokes. The "Ancient Olive Trees", placed in the foreground of the drawing, are strikingly dramatic. The claw-like intertwined strains of the "Ficus near Beit'an Aharon" gives the work a tortured expressiveness. (Artists' House, Haifa). Till Feb. 2.

YEHOSHUA GROSSBARD (b. 1902, Poland) is a veteran Haifa painter, known for his geometrically composed cityscapes in oils. He is also a pioneer in the renewal of Jewish paper-cuts, in Israel and abroad, where his samples fetch surprisingly high prices. He has just published a second volume of his paper-cuts (available for IS3,000 at the Haifa Theatre and Prosa Bookstores, Tel Aviv).

Grossbard usually works in a man-



Dalia Shoshany: "Drawing on Canvas" (Haifa Cinematheque Lobby).

ner which springs from the folk art of the *shetl*. In his first album he published charming motifs and a folk-bestiary, each pair of animals symmetrically facing a central tree or menorah.

His new book, which could also serve as a source for amateurs, has

an abundance of well-reproduced paper-cuts. There are delightful thimble-sized examples of the purely traditional. Grossbard tells us that he sometimes does them while waiting for his turn at a Kupat Holim clinic and that it serves as an excellent tranquilizer...

The foreword by the late Gisa Frenkel, the greatest authority on the subject and source of encouragement to a generation of papercutters, is scientific and concise. Grossbard himself tell of his activities in popularizing "the use of papercut to beautify the surrounding in which we all live."

ISRAELIS are the world's greatest experts at creating facts in defiance of the law of the land. Whether we approve of such action depends on our point of view and the identity of the men of action: in pre-state days we all endorsed this method of thumbing Jewish noses at the British Mandatory regime and extending Jewish holdings in defiance of the Hushfield White Paper.

On the other hand, when Rabbi Moshe Levinger and his grisly gang use the system against the legal government of Israel, all people of good sense are appalled by their contempt for the rule of law.

The latest fact-maker is Israel Broadcasting Authority Director-General, Uri Porat. A debate is taking place in government circles about whether television advertising should be introduced into the Israeli way of life. Objectors claim that the aim of such advertising is generally to make us raise our standard of living and to increase our consumption, at the very moment when the government is trying to force us to tighten our belts, till they enclose little more than our spinal columns.

In the meantime, while everyone is talking, Porat is doing. As silently and invisibly as the traveller who stole the love of the loquacious poet, William Blake, Porat has introduced television advertising into the Israeli way of life. I have not yet decided whether he is a goodie or a badgie, whether he wears a white hat or a black.

It began as the so-called "service telecasts," which used to feed us government and semi-government advertisements. Gradually these were expanded to include appeals to us to eat more fruit and vegetables, and to invest our savings in Mital Hapayis and Sportefo. We were told that, if we did not speculate, worthy causes could not accumulate funds.

Then came a new idea: sponsorship. Porat found sponsors for important events that it was obviously vital that the public should see, such as the Olympic Games, between midnight and six a.m. Cloud angels began to proliferate.

NOW WE ARE getting a new kind of sponsor of a new kind of programme. The latest is a shampoo firm that is bringing us a serial called *Princess Daisy*.

I must confess openly - it is a fact that I can hardly hush up - that for some time now I have not had much reason to use shampoo. To those who have never seen me, I will drop a hint: no grass grows on a busy street.

But assuming for the sake of argument that I was in desperate need of a shampoo, and was faced with the difficult task of deciding which brand was most likely to augment my beauty, I doubt whether I would take my custom to a firm *any* enough to sponsor *Princess Daisy*, which must be a strong candidate for the equivalent of the Oscar for the silliest serial ever made.

In the latest episode, Prince Ram rapes his half-sister, Princess Daisy, twice, once out in the fields when nobody is around, the second time under the roof of their stepmother, Annabelle, with a whole lot of people in the house. If Daisy had only screamed, the rape might have been prevented. She threatened to yell a couple of times, but those threats were not enough to save her.

What makes the good-looking prince so unutterably evil, even worse than J.R. of *Dallas*? Is it the hot blood of his Russian papa or the cold blood of his Scots nanna? Or does he use too much shampoo, either externally for his long black hair, or internally, instead of Dad's

Creating facts

TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon



Broadcasting Authority head Uri Porat: Who needs shampoo?

vodka or Mommy's Scotch?

These are mysteries as yet unsolved. At one stage, after rape II, we see the villain washing his face and head in a basin, but whether he was using shampoo I could not see.

There may be sadists and masochists who approve of rape and incest, and so may be grateful to the sponsor of this serial. But most Israelis, I am sure, are neither of these, and will be put off by this nonsense.

A SPONSOR of a different colour is a manufacturer of chocolates, to whom we are indebted for bringing us Maccabi Tel Aviv's basketball matches. I use the word "indebted," but, in fact, when Maccabi play like idiots and lose, we do not feel that the sponsors have done anything good for us; applying the principle of guilt by association, we hold them responsible for our broken dreams.

If I were a shareholder in that particular company, I would question the wisdom of the sport-loving chairman, who pins hopes of a dividend on Kevin Magee's suspect ankles or Mickey Berkowitz's dubious resistance to a virus. But, of course, there is no real danger to the company's dividends, as they enjoy a virtual monopoly of the Israeli market, and so can come out safely as



Silliest serial? Muriel Van Kamp in "Princess Daisy."

made and shown in the U.S. to the suffering public. Either these sponsors are zombies themselves, or they are convinced that the public must be zombies - perhaps because so many people buy their products - so they must on films like *Princess Daisy* being shown on prime time. They would rather hitch their wares to this junk than to *Jewel in the Crown* or *Barchester Towers*, for example.

In England, the sponsors can buy spots, but they cannot dictate what programme is to be shown or how it is to be produced. This may explain why British TV films are so incomparably superior to the American rubbish.

IT IS wonderful that the national unity government is going to withdraw from the Lebanese morass in the next few months - it cannot be too soon. We are all horrified by shots we still see far too often of the funerals of men who die for no good cause.

Even those among us who said from the beginning, in June 1982, that Arik Sharon's war was an unworthy one for Israel, have no desire now to crow "We told you so." We feel like the Americans felt towards the end of the Vietnamese misadventure - just get us out, somehow, anyhow.

The other evening, on Educational Television's five o'clock news programme, *A New Evening*, I heard two members of Knesset, Simcha Dinitz and Ehud Olmert, taking opposite stands on withdrawal. They discussed the issue in calm, rational and even-tempered way that I found myself wondering if such a debate could have been possible six months ago. Then everyone screamed as shrilly as a hyena driving prey for a tiger.

It is a measure of how effective Prime Minister Shimon Peres' cool and soft-voiced style has been that his voices are now muted. Furthermore, he has made it possible for some key ministers of Likud to support withdrawal. It would have been a thousand pities, with lives hanging in the balance, if the issue had been turned into a party political wrangle.

So Peres is two up - the first package deal and now the withdrawal. If he can get the politicians in the religious parties to see reason and drop their nonsense about the Law of Return, then verily I will believe that the Angel of the Lord has descended among us.

EARLIER in this piece I wrote about the unreliability of my subconscious, and it certainly has been playing me tricks. A woman from ABC, as soft-voiced as the premier himself, rang me up to complain that I had credited NBC with that remarkable programme about the Ethiopians, and indeed she was right. It was an ABC film. I apologize.

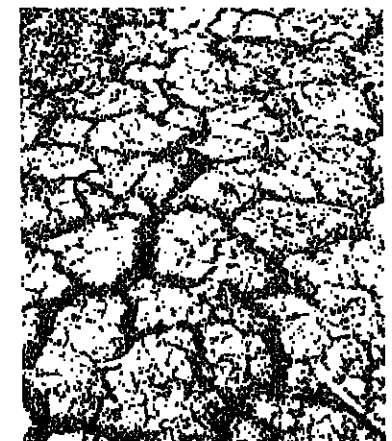
A man from Kibbutz Haon, where they are farming ostriches, phoned to complain that I had done them a grave injustice in my comments last week. He said that the ostrich in the marathon was not hitched by a cord to an automobile to make it run; the cord was placed in a ring around the ostrich to protect it from human beings. It did not run blindfold; the blindfold was placed on its head to stop it running. He said that ostriches love running, and are perfectly happy to race against human beings.

Being neither an ostrich nor an expert on ostriches, I am prepared to believe him, and to withdraw my criticisms. But I still think we should give up putting our heads in the sand.

The nature of things

D'vora Ben Shaul

WHEN THE weather stays warm and the winter rains don't come, a situation we are all too familiar with this year, one wonders what this topsy turvy situation does to the orderly progression of activities in nature.



Surprisingly, it doesn't really upset things as much as one might imagine. The main reason for this is that a good part of the mechanisms in plant and animal are regulated, not by the ambient temperature but by the number of hours of daylight.

Of course the warmth keeps insects alive that would ordinarily have died off by this time of year, and last night there was a pesky mosquito in my room! But this is a boon for the shrews and the hedgehogs and the insectivorous bats - so one must, I suppose, see both sides of the picture.

But most of the birds are still acting out their winter roles and only the sparrows and the palm doves, the real "bird brains" of the avian world, actually try to build a nest just because the sun is shining and the breeze is spring-like.

The world of vegetable matter suffers more and many small plants and wildflowers that sprouted on schedule with the first of the season's rains now find themselves drying up before they have had a chance to flower or bear seed.

Of course, in the long run, a dry winter is a very bad omen, for the water tables fall and a lot of other things go out of balance. There are no winter rain ponds in a year like this and in consequence a summer shortage of toads to keep the mos-



quito and fly population in check; and the gazelles in the hills munch last year's dried-up grass.

But drought or no drought the cycle of the year moves on and the bulb and tuber rooted plants come up on time. In the hills the narcissi are over and done but there are cyclamens and anemones and soon the fields will be red with the early poppies.

However warm it may be, even a dozen sunny days don't make a spring.

I LIKE plain speaking. I like to call a spade a spade, a tampon a tampon, and an Israeli product an Israeli product. That is why I was annoyed to read an entire press bulletin on a new tampon called Feminix with no mention of where it is made, but only the statement that it was "developed in Swiss laboratories." A firm called Rostam Ltd. was said to be "marketing" the product.

One quick phone call confirmed that Rostam of Ramat Gan is itself the manufacturer of Feminix. Its packaging carries the company name and a post-box address, but no indication if this is the manufacturer, importer or distributor. Nor does its current widespread advertising campaign, which includes a home-mailing of samples to teenage girls and young women, make any mention of the Israeli identity of these tampons.

It seems to me that a country which dares produce a Lavi fighter plane could be trusted to produce a reliable tampon. But the majority opinion at the firm was that women would lack confidence in the product if they knew it was made locally. This is not an isolated case of an Israeli product trying to masquerade as an import. It happens all the time in the cosmetics field, as I shall discuss later on in this column.

THERE IS a double irony as regards the origin of Feminix tampons, as they have had an identity crisis of another sort. Rostam complains bitterly that it was denied "programme sponsorship" on Israel Television, because the sponsorship committee refuses to allow explicit mention of the term "tampon."

For its side of the story, Television House says that Rostam originally agreed to the subtler terminology "feminine hygiene products," and then at the last minute demanded the word "tampon." The committee refuses in the name of good taste and on also the grounds that the general terminology is better suited to the concept of programme sponsorship, which our television stubbornly insists is not quite the same as advertising. Talk of calling a spade a spade...

As already reported in our "Postscripts" column, the Israel Feminist Movement is outraged at what it considers an anti-women and medieval decision by a committee of men. Unofficially, someone at Television House is said to have told the would-be tampon advertisers that "today it will be tampons, tomorrow it will be condoms." That is nonsense. Obviously, a television station has the right to set criteria of morals and aesthetics in commercial promotions. American TV commercials with their technical details about haemorrhoids and acid stomachs may err on the side of over-permissiveness.

Perhaps one should draw the line at "tampon," but that's a matter of opinion. Kol Israel permits it in radio advertising; but television poses additional problems. What do you allow pictorially? What should you show in ads from an underwear manufacturer, for instance? It's not so simple.

Strangely enough the committee which approves service announcements on television as opposed to sponsorship has approved the explicit use of the term tampon in principle if some public, non-commercial body, such as the Ministry of Health, is interested in presenting guidance to women on the use of such hygiene products.

GETTING BACK to the new product itself, this is not the first time a made-in-Israel tampon has attempted to capture a share of the local market. Some years ago, we had Salvaplast's Nymphon and decided back then was an early version called Diana.

Rostam says its predecessors made mistakes, mainly in their marketing and promotion approach. If memory serves me, however, the main problem with Nymphon was that they cost more than the world-famous brands sold here.

Feminix is a tampon of the small, compact type with an applicator. Market research showed Rostam that this was the type that the majority of potential customers, particularly younger women and girls, prefer. The firm says it is hygienic, is made of a mixture of cotton and rayon, is both soft and highly absorbent, and is simple to insert and to dispose of.

It promises to be cheaper than the familiar imported brands, and more specifically, cheaper than "o.b." tampons made by Johnson & Johnson in Germany, which is its obvious competition. It is difficult to compare price levels in the long term, since Feminix is being sold at special introductory discounts at most outlets. For instance, at Super-Sol in Tel Aviv this month, a box of 40 Feminix "mini" or "normal" tampons costs IS2,691 instead of the list-price IS3,948. By comparison, a box of 40 similar-sized o.b. tampons at Super-Sol is currently IS4,653, but it comes with a gift package of Lady Lee panty-liners.

I am waiting to see what the new Feminix tampons will cost in the cheap household-supply outlets around the open-air markets. One shop near the Carmel Market has been selling a box of 40 o.b. tampons for IS2,400, and the Tampax brand for IS2,100. These are a far cry from the importers' list prices to the pharmacies and chain stores. The maximum list price for Tampax mini and regular, for instance, is IS5,820, while the super and super-plus types



For women only

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

go up to IS6,220 and IS7,238 respectively. At the moment, the Co-op Supermarkets of the Tel Aviv-Dan Hasharon chain have a half-price sale on Tampax products, but they are still cheaper in the Carmel Market.

The Tel Aviv import firm Invest Impex, which brings Tampax direct from the manufacturer in England, gives two possible explanations for the wide gap in prices at various purchase points. One is the familiar villain of extended credit terms at chain stores - a situation which is changing for the better nowadays, so the gap may narrow. The official importer also points a finger at the so-called "jobbers," who do not buy direct from the factory abroad.

The danger to the consumer, says Invest Impex, is that the indirect imports may lack the required Hebrew labelling and instructions, and there may be no-one to accept responsibility if there are any complaints.

Invest Impex says that at least one small importer has been using a fictitious name and address on labels, and that it has pressed charges accordingly.

The importers of o.b., Disentrad of Haifa, say it is almost inevitable that the imported products will cost about 15 per cent more than the new local tampons, because of taxes and transport costs. However, Disentrad is confident that Israeli women will continue to buy o.b. because of their superior quality, resulting from Johnson's long experience. It says o.b. is the largest-selling tampon in the world outside of the U.S., where the applicator-type is more popular.

To a large extent, the argument between applicator-type and digitally-inserted tampons is a matter of cultural habit. The promoters

of Tampax argue that the applicator-type is obviously more hygienic, while makers of the new Feminix say there is no hygienic disadvantage to the digitally-inserted tampons provided the hands are clean.

Because tampons are a para-medical product, the Health Ministry makes some specific labelling requirements for them. There must be a Hebrew instruction sheet inside each package, and the exterior of the box must note this. The instructions must state that tampons should be changed at least once every six hours.

This latter requirement is intended to protect users against the very rare disease known as toxic shock syndrome (TSS), which occurred in the U.S. some years ago among menstruating women using certain extra-absorbency tampons. The cause of the disease is said to be a bacteria, not tampons themselves. Symptoms include a sudden high fever with vomiting and/or diarrhea, and a doctor must be consulted immediately. While extremely rare, TSS can be fatal. Some imported brands continue to carry specific warnings about TSS, though this is not required here by law.

THE WHOLE world knows that Uzi submachine guns and Gabriel missiles are Israeli products; but when it comes to local cosmetics, their origin seems to be a military secret.

There are two new Israeli cosmetic lines with similar foreign-sounding names - Careline and Ultra Care. If you read the fine Hebrew print on the label on the back of the beautiful Careline bottles, you discover that the contents are manufactured by Pharmagis, Yeroham. The Ultra Care line by Fischer Pharmaceutical Laboratories of Bnei Brak comes in packaging which doubles for export and is printed entirely in English. To satisfy local Health Ministry requirements, there is a sticker with in-

formation in Hebrew. To avoid confusing the two names, one can remember that Ultra Care contains ingredients to protect the skin against ultra-violet rays. The sun-screen feature is present in a face cream which the company's director, pharmacist Dr. Eli Fischer, says should be applied every morning, year around. He told a press conference that three-quarters of the sun rays we absorb get through during the hour or two we are out in the open during the ordinary course of a day, and not just when we go to the beach. Ultra Care face cream is said to give protection even against the strong UV-A type of sun rays which penetrate the lower layers of skin, as well as the UV-B rays given off by fluorescent lighting. There will shortly be a companion face cream for men.

One of the ingredients of the entire Ultra Care line is Vitamin E, also said to help counteract the harmful effects of the sun. The line includes a body lotion and hand cream, both with panthenol, which is said to help regenerate skin cells.

For the first time in Israel, the company says, there is a cream specially designed to protect babies' faces from sun, wind and cold. This is the Dr. Fischer Baby Outdoor Cream, which moisturizes the skin and gives protection from ultra-violet rays. Surprisingly, it also contains panthenol for cell rejuvenation - which one would assume is unnecessary for people quite so young.

In contrast, Pharmagis does not make so many para-medical claims about its Careline skin-care products. It offers a very complete line of facial cleansers, toners and moisturizers, as well as body lotion, hand cream, conditioning shampoo, and deodorant.

Careline has been on the market since last summer. The bottles have a motif reminiscent of antique-style wallpaper, and they are almost too attractive to throw away when empty. Unfortunately, you can't buy the original product in bulk to refill them.

Ra'anan Hemed, manager of the cosmetics and consumer division of Agis Industries, the parent company of Pharmagis, told me there is no deliberate attempt to hide the local origin of Careline - but no attempt to flaunt it either, because of the traditional bias of the Israeli consumer in favour of imported goods. By the same token, when Agis sends its introductory batch of Careline products to the U.S. next week, it will carry the regular local labels with some Hebrew lettering, which American consumers are expected to find exotically appealing. They are being distributed in the U.S. by Dinur Cosmetics Ltd. of New York.

I tend to agree with the writer in Shekem's monthly consumer magazine who argued that many Israeli products would eagerly buy Careline products if it were stressed that they are made in the Negev town of Yeroham, which desperately needs the work. Agis currently employs some 60-70 workers, mostly women, in manufacturing internationally-known pharmaceuticals under licence, and its cosmetic lines. Pharmagis also makes the DSD (Dead Sea derivatives) cosmetics which tend to be more popular abroad than at home.

Agis also makes a cosmetics line for men called Magnum, a shaving foam called Act One, and a men's deodorant, Fun. All have labelling predominantly in English.

The same is true of its baby-care line, renamed Shofman's Baby Love after Agis recently acquired the veteran Shofman plant for baby oils and creams.

Martha Meisels